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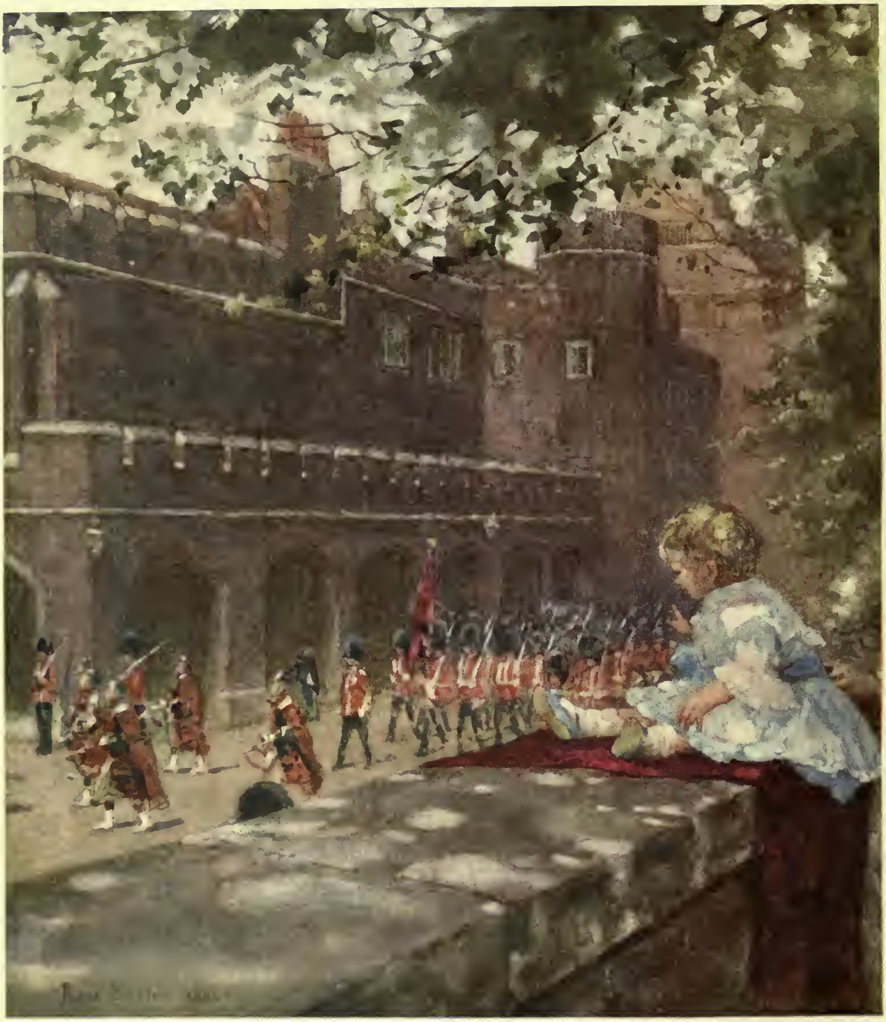

H.R.H. PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES WATCHING THE SCOTS GUARDS
FROM MARLBOROUGH HOUSE

FAMILIAR LONDON
PAINTED BY
ROSE BARTON

LONDON
ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK
1904

Could I but paint the things around,
Then men would know where truth is found:
But human hands full treacherous prove,
E'en when one's heart is filled with love
Of all one sees, each hour, each day.
Then let my readers hold away
Harsh censure, and with kindly heart
Take will for deed, in kindly part.

In pity spare us when we do our best
To make as much waste paper as the rest.

DA 684
B 29

NOTE

The reproductions in the following pages of some of my drawings of this great and beautiful city would never have appeared had it not been for the great kindness and courtesy I have received from all quarters where the pictures had found homes. Let me most sincerely thank each and all of those owners of my work who have, by so generously placing the originals in my hands, so well assisted me.

ROSE BARTON.

London, *October* 1904.

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CONTENTS

I

PAGE

MAGNITUDE OF THE TOWN—HORSES AND DRIVERS—THE CHAPTER COFFEE-HOUSE—ST PAUL'S CATHEDRAL—THE TOWER—LADY JANE GREY—LONDON BRIDGE—THE ROYAL ACADEMY 3

II

HYDE PARK—THE THEATRES—FUNERAL OF QUEEN VICTORIA—GATES OF DEVONSHIRE HOUSE—APSLEY HOUSE—EXPECTING AN EARTHQUAKE . . . 27

III

THE MANOR OF HYDE—DUELLING IN THE PARK—CORONATION OF KING EDWARD—ILLUMINATIONS IN THE CITY—THE BANK OF ENGLAND—THE ROYAL EXCHANGE—AUSTIN FRIARS—CROSBY HALL . . 51

IV

CHELSEA—CLOTH FAIR—DON SALTERO'S COFFEE-HOUSE—STREET CHILDREN—DUSK ON THE RIVER—THE "KING'S PRIVATE ROAD"—THE PHYSIC GARDEN . 79

PAGE

V

BATTERSEA FIELDS—THE CHELSEA PENSIONERS—THE CHARTER HOUSE—COLONEL NEWCOME . . . 101

VI

TRAFALGAR SQUARE — NOTES ON ART — MODERN RESTAURANTS—THE THAMES FISH—OLD CITY LAWS 117

VII

ST JAMES'S PARK—THE MALL IN OLDEN DAYS—SKETCHING IN LONDON—WESTMINSTER ABBEY—SOMERSET HOUSE —THE HOSPITALS—THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT— NEWSPAPERS A HUNDRED YEARS AGO . . . 137

VIII

MR G. F. WATTS, R.A.—MEMORIAL OF THE GREAT FIRE —THE INNS OF COURT—THE TEMPLARS—CHARLES LAMB AND OTHERS—TEMPLE BAR—OLD LEGAL DENS —LEICESTER SQUARE—HAUNTS OF DR JOHNSON— PRISONS 161

IX

THE SHOPS—THE EAST END—THE POLICE—FOGS—THE DOCKS — KELMSCOTT HOUSE AND MR WILLIAM MORRIS—THE PASSMORE EDWARDS SETTLEMENT— THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL—THE NATIONAL GALLERY 189

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

		Owner of Original.	Facing page
1.	H.R.H. Prince George of Wales watching the Scots Guards from Marlborough House	*H.R.H. The Princess of Wales*	*Frontispiece*
2.	Westminster	*S. Holland, Esq.*	4
3.	The Drive, Hyde Park	*R. S. Standen, Esq.*	6
4.	The Row	*Miss Jenkyns*	8
5.	Ludgate Hill	*A. W. Ridley, Esq.*	12
6.	Grosvenor Place on a Wet Day	*C. H. Jackson, Esq.*	16
7.	Under Hungerford Bridge	*Miss Stirling*	20
8.	A Hot Afternoon in Piccadilly	*Lord Newlands*	22
9.	Brompton Road on a Foggy Evening	*Miss Lyall*	26
10.	Oxford Street from the Corner of Bond Street	*C. H. Jackson, Esq.*	28
11.	A Pinch of Salt	*Mrs Crosbie Barton*	32
12.	Spring-time	*Mrs Bonham Carter*	36
13.	Isthmian Club, Piccadilly	*Sir Bruce Seton, Bart.*	38

	Owner of Original.	Facing page
14. Sailing-boats on the Serpentine	*Lord Iveagh* . .	40
15. The Crossing, Hyde Park Corner	*Sir Bruce Seton, Bart.* .	44
16. Hyde Park Corner: Wet Day	*Lord Iveagh* . .	46
17. Azaleas in Bloom, Rotten Row	*Sir Bruce Seton, Bart.* .	52
18. In Kensington Gardens .	*Miss Lyall* . . .	54
19. By the Ring, Hyde Park: Evening	*Lord Iveagh* . .	56
20. Waiting for Royalty . .	*C. H. Jackson, Esq.* .	60
21. H.R.H. Prince George of Wales	*H.R.H. The Princess of Wales*	62
22. In the Strand: Waiting for Election News	*Lord Iveagh* . .	66
23. The Royal Exchange . .	*Lord Iveagh* . .	70
24. Cloth Alley, Smithfield . .	*Major-General Sir Hugh McCalmont, K.C.B.*	80
25. Flower Girls in the Strand .	*Lord Iveagh* . .	82
26. Rus in Urbe	*Miss Rose Barton* .	86
27. Old River-wall, Chelsea .	*Earl Cadogan* . .	88
28. The Last Lamp, Thames Embankment	*E. Meinartzhagen, Esq.*	92
29. Who is it?	*Miss Jenkyns* . .	94
30. Entrance to the Apothecaries' Garden	*Sir Bruce Seton, Bart.* .	96
31. Out for the Day . . .	*Earl Cadogan* . .	102

	Owner of Original.	Facing page
32. The Pensioners' Garden, Royal Hospital, Chelsea	*Miss Rose Barton* .	106
33. Emanuel Hospital, Westminster	*Lord Iveagh* . .	116
34. Nelson's Column in a Fog .	*H.R.H. The Prince of Wales*	118
35. Gordon's Statue . . .	*Lord Iveagh* . .	120
36. Haste to the Wedding . .	*J. G. Sandeman, Esq.* .	126
37. Fire	*Mrs McCalmont* . .	128
38. St Mary's-le-Strand . .	*Mrs Fielden* . .	132
39. Drinking - fountain in St James's Park	*Lady Guinness* . .	138
40. Feeding the Gulls from the Bridge in St James's Park	*Miss Rose Barton* .	140
41. Parliament Street . .	*Lord Iveagh* . .	142
42. Changing Guard, Whitehall .	*W. A. Arkwright, Esq.*	144
43. St Bartholomew's Hospital .	*Col. Sir W. T. Makins, Bart.*	150
44. The Guards marching near St James's Palace	*W. A. Arkwright, Esq.*	152
45. The Thames, Charing Cross .	*Lord Iveagh* . .	156
46. Toddlers	*Miss Radcliffe* . .	158
47. Cromwell Road . . .	*W. J. Talbot, Esq.* .	162
48. St James's Street: Levée Day	*Sir Bruce Seton, Bart.* .	166
49. South Kensington Station .	*Lord Iveagh* . .	168
50. Brompton Road, looking East	*Mrs Gerard Leigh* .	172
51. Constitution Hill; The Blues	*Mrs Gerard Leigh* .	176

	Owner of Original.	Facing page
52. Villiers Street, Charing Cross	*Lord Iveagh*	178
53. Fleet Street	*Lord Iveagh*	182
54. The Lady in Waiting	*Lady Musgrave*	190
55. Tottenham Court Road	*Lord Iveagh*	192
56. Three Little Ducks	*Sir Bruce Seton, Bart.*	194
57. Hammersmith 'Bus	*J. G. Sandeman, Esq.*	196
58. Nelson's Column, and Portico of St Martin's-in-the-Fields	*Major-General Sir Hugh M^{c}Calmont, K.C.B.*	200
59. Bell Inn, Holborn	*Sir George Brooke, Bart.*	202
60. St Martin's-in-the-Fields	*Lord Iveagh*	204
61. Waterloo Bridge	*Lord Iveagh*	206

The Illustrations in this volume were engraved in England by the Hentschel Colourtype Process.

I

FAMILIAR LONDON

I

MAGNITUDE OF THE TOWN—HORSES AND DRIVERS—THE CHAPTER COFFEE-HOUSE—ST PAUL'S CATHEDRAL—THE TOWER—LADY JANE GREY—LONDON BRIDGE—THE ROYAL ACADEMY

"He who is tired of London is tired of existence." I am inclined to agree with Dr Johnson. I never leave London without a pang. I never come back to it without realising afresh its beauty and its glamour. In fog or sunshine, in rain or snow, with its turmoil and its rush, I love the Town.

"Sir," said Dr Johnson, "if you wish to have a just notion of the magnitude of this city, you must not be satisfied with seeing its great streets and squares, but must survey the little lanes and courts. It is not in the showy evolution of buildings, but in the multiplicity of human habitations which are crowded together, that the wonderful immensity of London consists . . . . the intellectual man is struck with it, as comprising the whole of human life in its variety, the contemplation of which is inexhaustible."

The population of London in the middle of 1875 was estimated at 3,445,100, and its area was 122 square miles. In 1901 the population had increased to 5,633,806, and the area of the Metropolitan Police District was upwards of 688 square miles. The houses built between 1849 and 1902 numbered 763,649.

I often wonder how many there are in London who see it as it really is. Not long ago, I happened to be in Westminster on a December afternoon. It had been raining heavily all day, and the sky, which had just cleared, was flooded with a golden light. The towers of the Abbey stood up against it in misty blue. A string of hansom cabs coming along, reflected in the wet streets, looked like a procession of black gondolas. It was a striking effect. I gazed at it entranced, and then walked home feeling as if I had had a glimpse of fairyland. I was met with the remark, "Did you ever see a more odious day? I am splashed with mud from head to foot"!

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WESTMINSTER

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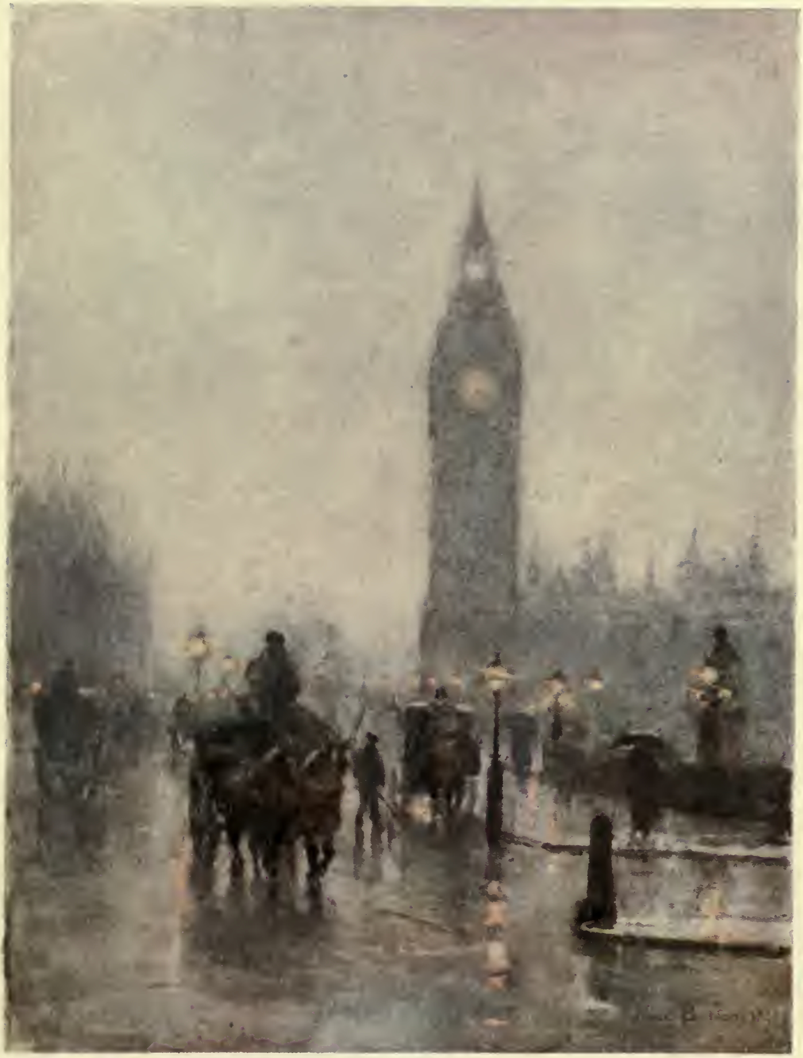


Men talk rapturously about "mountain distances" and "air perspectives"; but what can be more striking than the blue-grey fog that turns the end of a London street, as you look down it, into mystery and beauty that give to the present a tinge of the uncertainty of the future, and throw a halo of poetry over the most commonplace homes?

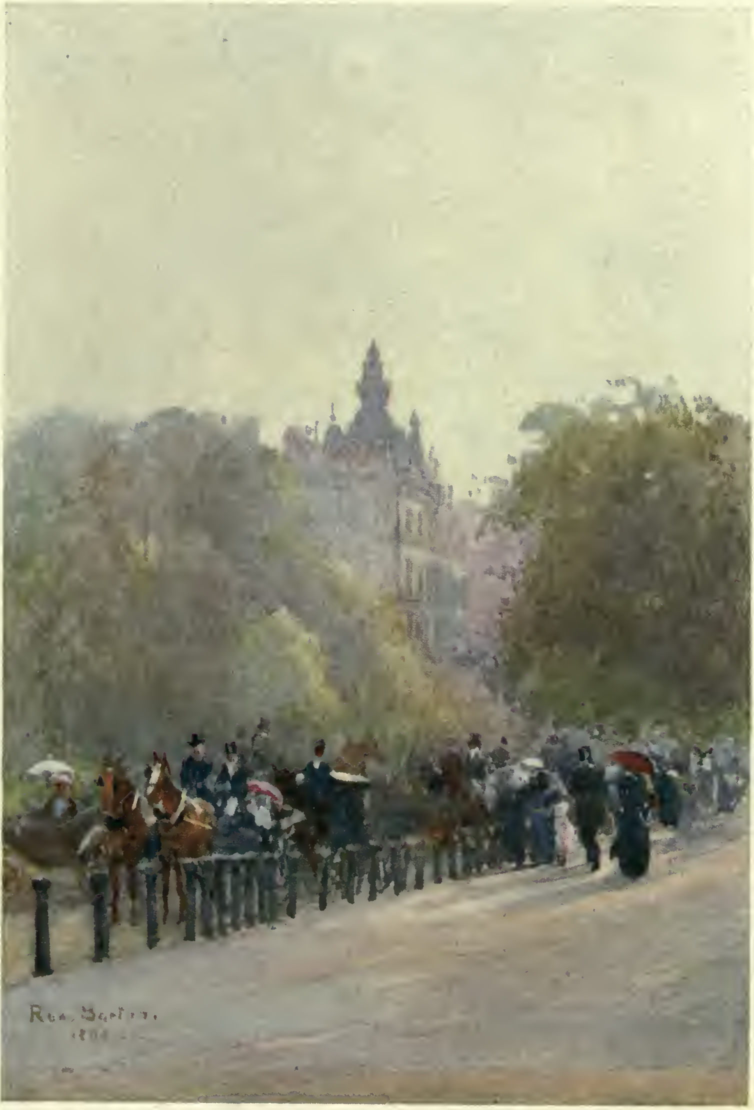
I do not find my love of fogs shared by many people. I have found only one person who spoke at all enthusiastically about them, and he did so from a point of view other than my own. He was the chairman of a Gas Company, and told me that each fog put vast sums into his official coffers! I confess I do not like a fog that gets down the throat, and makes the eyes smart—when, if you do venture out, it is with the feeling that you may be robbed, or even murdered, between one lamp-post and the next; but in a fog that is fairly thick, yet not dense enough to stop the traffic, it is wonderful to see the shrouded forms looking gigantic as they come towards you. The scene is weird, ghostly, almost silent. The fog deadens sound, and you hear little more than the shouts of charioteers.

One sees many changes—green fields destroyed; hill and dale, brook and wood, wiped out never to reappear, all the vestiges of their youth and beauty covered up with bricks and mortar for their tomb—there is a great deal of melancholy in my work. A sonnet by Wordsworth, composed one morning on the bridge at Westminster, expresses what I feel:—

Earth has not anything to show more fair;
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
The City now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres and temples lie
Open unto the fields and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep,
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill.
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! The very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still.

The Thames, so full of beauty, strength, and sadness,—which has hidden so many miserable lives from their fellow-men—which has borne on its flood such success to the lives of others,—is, in the upper reaches, where it flows through pastures and woods and downlands, a river of the painter and the poet. With what splendid dignity it passes by the panting, grasping crowd of men and their

THE DRIVE, HYDE PARK



dwellings—out to the great sea, whence it is carried back by storm and fog to its old birthplace in the West!

Where can be seen such horses as we see in London, or such riders and drivers? In the height of a London Season it is marvellous to watch the way in which all kinds of apparently insurmountable difficulties are overcome either by the butcher's cart or by dray or 'bus; and then what a perfect sight is a meet of the Four-in-Hand Club in the Park, or the driving of our Artillery in their gallop at the Military Tournament! Still, there is a good deal of truth in a remark which an Irish friend made after looking over the stables of the late Emperor of France in Paris years ago. He was with an Englishman, who asked him what he thought of the horses, and he promptly answered, "Well, my dear fellow, the fact of the matter is this—all the best French horses are English, and all the best English are Irish."

It seems to me that a great deal might be done for the well-being and improvement of the children of London—to reclaim the boys and girls from the evil influences of the streets, public-houses, and low places of entertainment. Many of these children have qualities which only require development in the right direction to make them good citizens. In the right direction—ah, there's the rub! One is reminded of a little story of Wilberforce, the Bishop of Oxford—"Soapy Sam," he was sometimes called. A young Londoner, of a foolish type, met him, and, thinking he would make some fun of him, said, "Excuse me, my Lord,—can you tell me the way to Paradise?" "O yes, certainly," said the Bishop: "take the first turning to the right, and keep straight on."

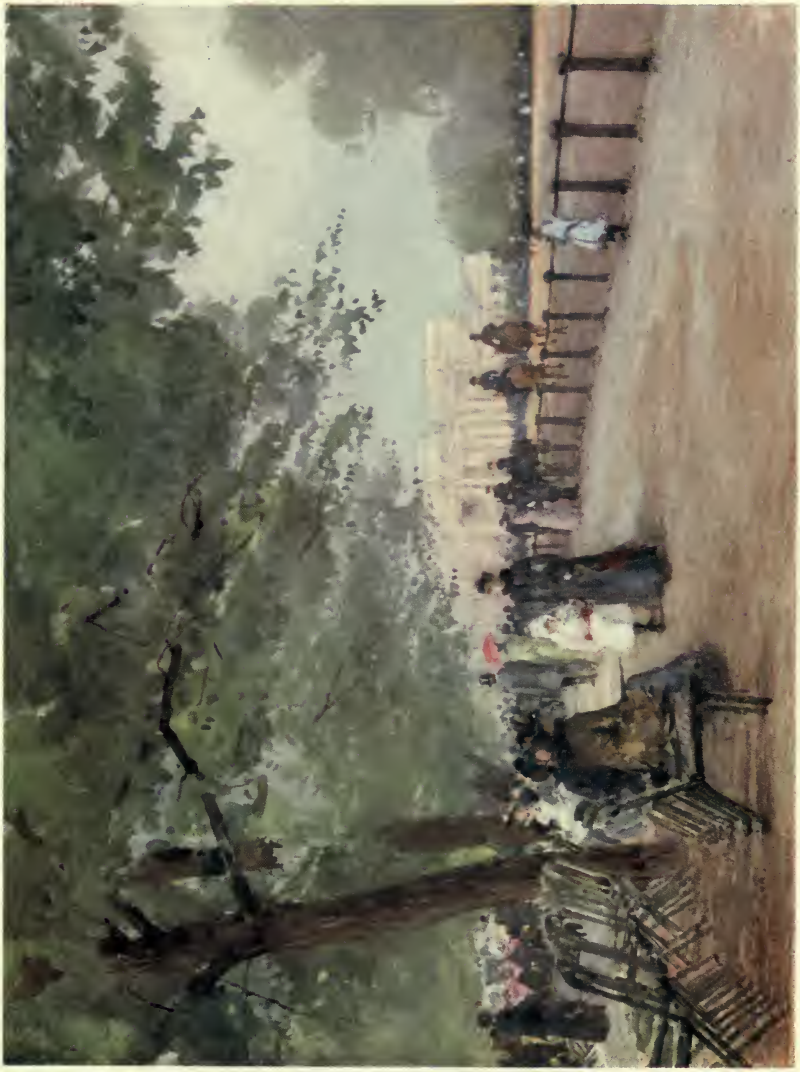
Of all the great creations of the architect, what can equal the grandeur of St Paul's Cathedral—the mother church of our great City—that great monument of exceptional English genius?

Paternoster Row is always associated in my mind with Charlotte Brontë and her sister Anne, who came to the Chapter Coffee-house, half-way up on the left side of Paternoster Row. A century ago, the "literary hacks," critics, and even wits used to go to the Chapter Coffee-house in search of ideas or employment. This was the place about which Chatterton wrote, in those delusive letters he sent to his mother at Bristol, while he was starving in London, "I am quite familiar at the Chapter Coffee-house, and know all the geniuses there."

THE ROW

"Poor Robin's Almanack" for May 1698 remarks:

"Now at Hyde Park, if fair it be,
A show of ladies you will see."



Years later it became much frequented by university men and country clergymen, who, if they wanted to go up to London for a few days, were glad to learn what was going on in the world of letters from the conversation they were sure to hear in the coffee-room. Mr Brontë stayed in this house, and to it his daughters came from very ignorance where else to go. What a curious old-world appearance they must have presented when they arrived clinging together, shy and frightened! Charlotte Brontë gives a wonderful description, in *Villette*, of her first impressions of London, and I can imagine Lucy Snowe on that wet February night being deposited by the North Coach at the old inn by Ludgate Hill. "When I left the coach, the strange speech of the cabmen and others waiting round seemed to me odd as a foreign tongue. . . . . However, I managed to understand and to be understood so far as to get myself and trunk safely conveyed to the old inn whereof I had the address. . . . . In London for the first time; at an inn for the first time; tired with travelling; confused with darkness; palsied with cold; unfurnished with either experience or advice to tell me how to act, and yet—to act obliged. . . . . At last I became sufficiently tranquil to say my prayers and seek my couch. I had just extinguished my candle and lain down, when a deep, low, mighty tone swung through the night. At first I knew it not; but it was uttered twelve times, and at the twelfth colossal hum and trembling knell, I said: 'I lie in the shadow of St Paul's.'" Then her impressions of the first morning:—"The next day was the first of March, and when I awoke, rose, and opened my curtain, I saw the risen sun struggling through fog. Above my head, above the house-tops, co-elevate almost with the clouds, I saw a solemn, orbed mass, dark blue and dim—THE DOME. While I looked, my inner self moved; my spirit shook its always fettered wings half loose; I had a sudden feeling as if I, who had never yet truly lived, were at last about to taste life:—Prodigious was the amount of life I lived that morning. Finding myself before St Paul's, I went in; I mounted to the dome; I saw thence London with its river, and its bridges, and its churches; I saw antique Westminster, and the green Temple Gardens, with sun upon them, and a glad blue sky of early spring above; and between them and it, not too dense, a cloud of haze. Descending, I went wandering whither chance might lead, in a still ecstasy of freedom and enjoyment; and I got—I know not how—I got into the heart of city life. I saw and felt London at last: I got into the Strand; I went up Cornhill; I mixed with the life passing along; I dared the perils of crossings. To do this, and to do it utterly alone, gave me, perhaps an irrational, but a real, pleasure. Since those days, I have seen the West End, the parks, the fine squares; but I love the City far better. The City seems so much more in earnest; its business, its rush, its roar, are such serious things, sights, and sounds. The City is getting its living—the West End but enjoying its pleasure. At the West End you may be amused, but in the City are deeply excited."

There seems to have been from time immemorial a temple here—perhaps even from the times of the Roman occupation of London. In the midst of all the bustle and traffic of the world—yes, of the whole world, for it is centralised in London City—towering above it all, in solemn beauty, the aged Mother watching over her children, who are too often unmindful of her tender care, stands St Paul's. The Cathedral was first opened for service two hundred years ago, and now the grand work of Wren stands forth as a splendid recompense for the inspired talent of him who was so inadequately repaid during his life. Deposed when eighty-six years old from the position of Surveyor of Works, but knowing well that his "works would follow him," he used to be carried in later days to look in silence at the achievement of his life. His was the first grave sunk in St Paul's; and now under the canopy of blackened walls and under that great dome and golden cross—surrounded by the spirits of the mighty dead reposing there—"a cloud of witnesses"—rest the ashes of the great artist.

"Let us now praise famous men and our fathers that begat us. The Lord hath wrought great glory by them through his great power from the beginning. . . . . Leaders of the people by their counsels and by their knowledge of learning meet for the people, wise and eloquent in their instructions. . . . . All these were honoured in their generation and were the glory of their times. There be of them, that have left a name behind them, that their praises might be reported. And some there be which have no memorial; . . . . but . . . . their glory shall not be blotted out. Their bodies are buried in peace; but their name liveth for evermore. The people will tell of their wisdom, and the congregation will show forth their praise."[1]

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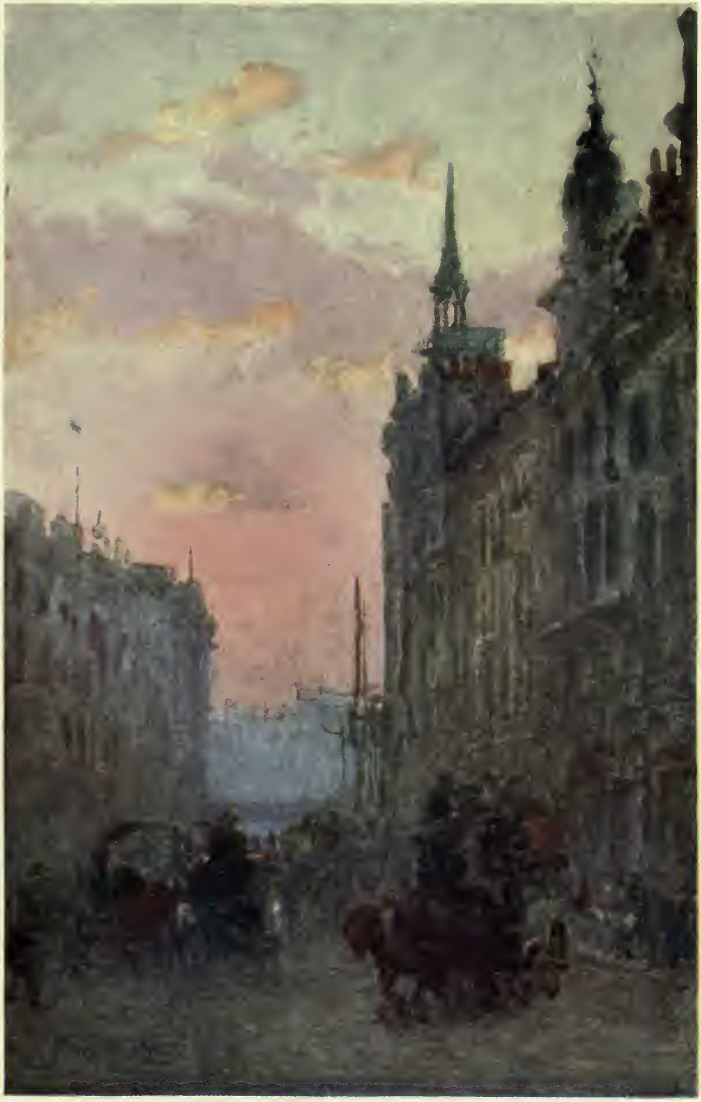
[1] Ecclesiasticus xliv.

LUDGATE HILL.



Of all the monuments in the Cathedral, perhaps none is so pathetic—or teaches us so much—as that of the betrayed Gordon—"who, at all times and everywhere, gave his strength to the weak, his substance to the poor, his sympathy to the suffering, and his heart to God."

M. Delaure, in his description of the Grand Châtelet at Paris, says, "Every old building, the origin of which is buried in obscurity, is attributed to Cæsar or the Devil." I believe this applies to the Tower of London. From the more trustworthy authorities we find that the originator was William the Conqueror, and that he appointed the then Bishop of Rochester as overseer of the work. It has been in its time a palace, a prison, and a fortress; and now, in the serenity of its old age, we can look back at its history—"so full of dismal horror"—grand, but grim enough, even now, as it stands with all its bloody record of brutality, cruelty, and murder. What a terrible tale is told in the little chapel of St Peter ad Vincula, where were buried the bodies of so many once loved and honoured men and women! Macaulay says of it: "There is no sadder spot on earth than this little cemetery. Hither have been carried through successive ages, by the rude hands of gaolers, without one mourner following, the bleeding relics of men who had been the captains of armies, the leaders of parties, the oracles of senates, and the ornaments of Courts,"—old men and women—ay, and children too—made victims to the lust and ambition of others—mangled and torn by the rack—crushed in soul and mind by long imprisonment—deserted by their friends. Small wonder that deadly fear and horror filled the hearts of those who passed through its cruel gateway. In this little chapel of St Peter is a record of some of the great ones of the earth, who were executed and lie buried there. As Stow the historian wrote, "Here lieth, before the high Altar in St Peter's Church, two dukes between two Queens,—to wit, the Duke of Somerset and the Duke of Northumberland between Queen Anne and Queen Catherine, all four beheaded." Lady Jane Grey, the Queen of nine days, also was executed in the Tower, attended by two of her ladies. "When she mounted the scaffold she said to the people standing about, 'Good people, I am come hither to die, and by a law I am condemned to the same. The fact against the Queen's highness was unlawful, and the consenting thereto by me: but touching the procurement and desire thereof by me or on my behalf, I do wash my hands thereof in innocency before God, and the face of you, good Christian people, this day': and therewith she wrung her hands, wherein she had her book. Then said she: 'I pray you all, good Christian people, to bear me witness that I die a true Christian woman, and that I do look to be saved by no other means, but only by the mercy of God, in the blood of His only Son, Jesus Christ: and I confess when I did not know the word of God, I neglected the same, loved myself and the world; and therefore this plague and punishment is happily and worthily happened unto me for my sins; and yet I thank God that of His goodness He hath thus given me a time and respite to repent. And now, good people, while I am alive, I pray you assist me with your prayers.' Kneeling, she turned to Fecknam, saying, 'Shall I say this Psalm?' and he said, 'Yes.' Then said she the Psalm of 'Miserere mei Deus' in English, in most devout manner, throughout to the end; and stood up, and gave her maiden, Mistress Ellen, her gloves and handkerchief, and her book to Master Bruges. Then she untied her gown, and the hangman pressed upon her to help her off with it; but she, desiring him to let her alone, turned towards her two gentlewomen, who helped her off therewith, and also with her frowes, paaft, and neckerchief, giving to her a fair handkerchief to bind about her eyes. The hangman kneeled down and asked her forgiveness, which she granted most willingly. He willed her to stand upon the straw; which doing, she saw the block, and said, 'I pray you despatch me quickly.' Then she kneeled, saying, 'Will you take it off, before I lay me down?' And the hangman said, 'No, madam.' Then tied she the handkerchief about her eyes, and, feeling for the block, said, 'What shall I do? where is it? where is it?' One of the standers-by guiding her thereto, she laid her head down upon the block, and then stretched forth her body, and said, 'Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit'; and so finished her life in the year of our Lord God 1554, the 12th day of February."[1]

Thank God, we have come to happier days! It seems that the early history of all great nations has been written in blood. In *A Tale of Two Cities*, Dickens tells the thoughts of Sydney Carton while standing at the foot of the guillotine:—"I see a beautiful City and a brilliant people rising from this abyss, and, in their struggles to be truly free, in their triumphs and defeats, through long years to

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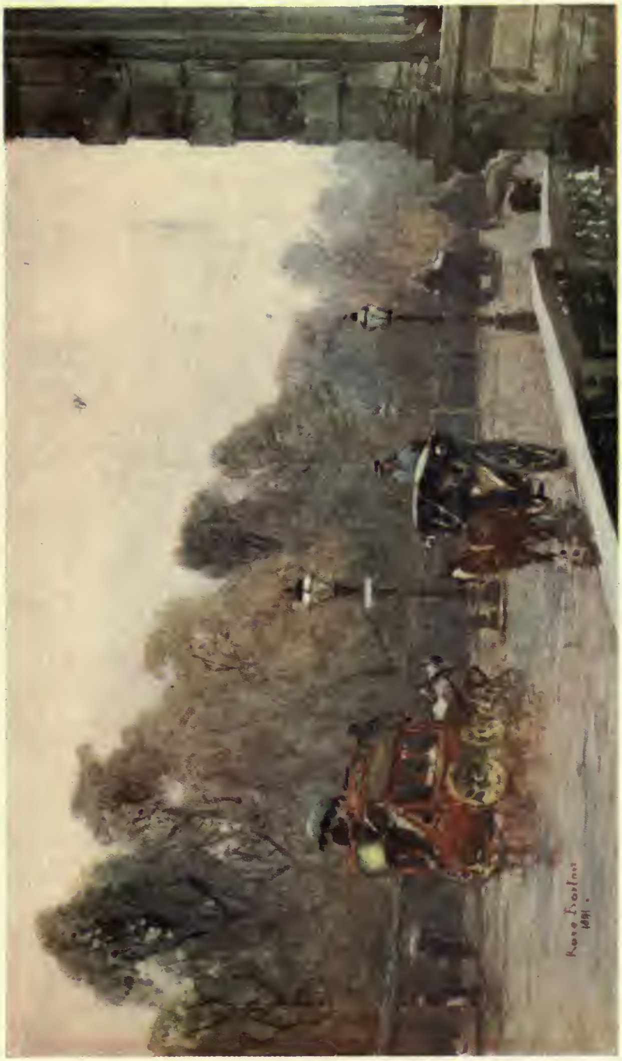
[1] Foxe, *Acts and Monuments*.

GROSVENOR PLACE ON A WET DAY


Rose Barton
1891.

come, I see the evil of this time and of the previous time . . . . gradually making expiation for itself."

Nearly a thousand years ago the Saxons built a wooden bridge over the Thames. Since then time and fire and flood have wrought havoc to the various structures that had succeeded the first-named very primitive old bridge—and still London Bridge stands as the great pathway from north to south of our City. In the morning, as in the evening, it is very wonderful to watch the long-continued flood of passers-by — and this goes on each year in spite of the other bridges by which the river is spanned, and in spite of the tunnels underneath the river's bed—truly a great population. "Old London Bridge" was built in the time of King John; and it had a long life, up to the date of the erection of what is practically the present bridge, which was completed in 1831. On the 28th of March 1904 the new footways on this bridge were opened to the public; but, in spite of these footways having been considerably widened, there is at certain hours an inconvenient crowd of passers-by. This condition is likely to remain for many a long day to come. About two hundred years ago the Thames was so clear and pure that it was used constantly by the nobles and others who lived on its banks along the Strand for bathing, and Horace Walpole told Lady Craven that Lord Chesterfield once addressed a letter to his friend Lord Pembroke, who delighted in a swim in that part of the river, "To the Earl of Pembroke, in the Thames, over against Whitehall." Byron, too, has told us how he swam through Westminster and Blackfriars Bridges, probably to near London Bridge, as he says he swam about three miles.

It seems to me quite within the bounds of possibility that this great water highway might be utilised for the conveyance of all kinds of cargoes from the docks up the river on barges, and that by this means the terribly congested condition of our streets, so often blocked by waggons and drays, might be enormously relieved. I was in Leadenhall Street not long ago, and saw long strings of heavy, cumbrous carts of various kinds slowly going westwards from the docks; and it struck me that, at all events, a great portion of this labour and delay might be saved by the adoption of some scheme for utilising the river for the conveyance westwards of the cargoes of vessels arrived at the docks. I daresay my idea will be called foolish and impracticable. Nevertheless, there it is, for what it is worth.

I was reading a little time ago how Leigh Hunt was so delighted with Edwardes Square, in Kensington, that he forthwith took a house there; and it was there he wrote his charming history of the neighbourhood—*The Old Court Suburb.* I am glad to see that now the London County Council have brought before the House of Lords a Bill for the protection of this square from the rapacious builder. Well done, London County Council! Why should not the London children of the poor have such places for their benefit? Let us keep these trees, and flowers, and turf. Children in the future may bless us for our present thought.

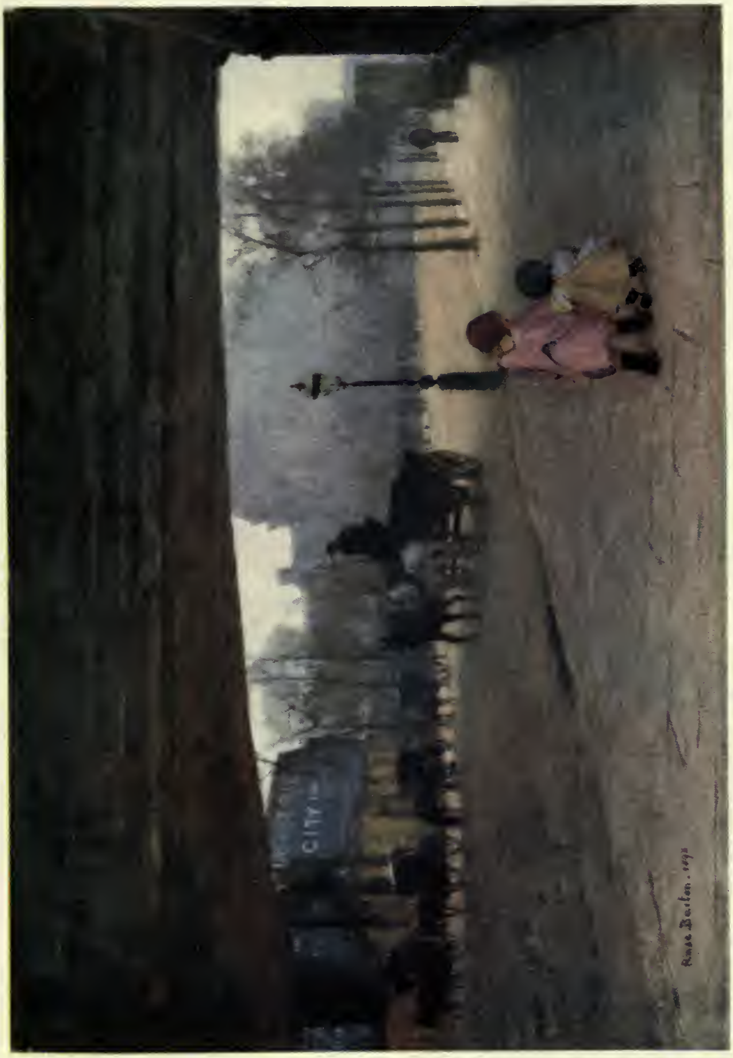
It is interesting to think of the great changes that have come about. For example, old Hungerford Bridge, which now, I fancy, spans the Avon at Clifton—its place is occupied by the Charing Cross railway bridge. Close to this spot Dickens lived when quite a boy, employed as a sort of shop-drudge in a blacking warehouse; and he describes in his *Life* the "old crazy breakdown house" with its rotten floors and grey rats swarming down in the cellars and coming up the stairs at all times —amidst the dirt and decay of the place. He used to work in a sort of recess, and his duty was to cover the pots of blacking first with a piece of oil paper and then with a piece of blue paper, and then to tie them with a string and clip the paper neatly all round, and then to paste on each a printed label. Mr John Foster tells us, in the same book, how Dickens remembered having spent his dinner-hours in playing on the coal barges and wandering about the back streets of the Adelphi with "Poll" Green and Bob Fagin.

Old Northumberland House is gone; but close by remain the National Gallery and the Nelson Column, of which a poet sings:—

> Behold, anent art's Palace, near a Church
> Of most surpassing beauty, and amid
> Statues of kings, a pillar! No research
> Need peer it out, for it will *not* be hid;
> Up in the broad day's lustre doth it stand,
> A column raised to dear and dazzling fame,
> Mantling with pride the bosom of the land,
> And stamping Glory there with Nelson's name.

The Royal Academy appears to have gone through many vicissitudes, extending as far back as the time of Charles II. We read in the *London Chronicle* of June 5, 1770: "Yesterday being the anniversary of his Majesty's birthday, the Royal Academicians gave an elegant Entertainment at their house in Pall Mall; and in the evening the whole front of the Royal Academy was illuminated

UNDER HUNGERFORD BRIDGE



CITY

with transparent paintings, as usual, executed by the Royal Academicians." The first formal meeting of the Royal Academy was held in Pall Mall in December 1768. The ideas of the Academicians were laid before the King, who approved them; and at the end of the "Instrument" he wrote, "I approve of this plan; let it be put in execution," adding his signature, "George R."

Sir Joshua Reynolds appears as the first President. He was succeeded by Mr Benjamin West, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Sir Martin Archer Shee, Sir Charles Eastlake, Sir Francis Grant, Sir Frederick Leighton, Sir John Millais, and Sir Edward John Poynter.

Edmund Burke's eulogy of Sir Joshua Reynolds is very interesting. It is as follows:—

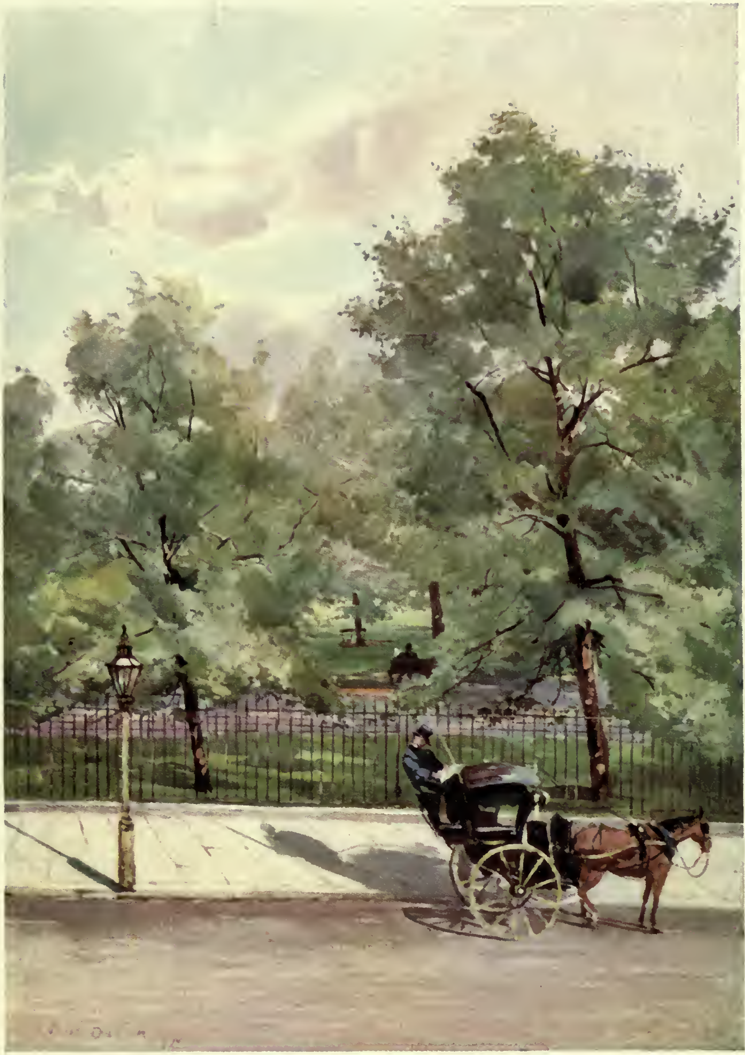
"In full affluence of foreign and domestic fame, admired by the expert in Art and by the learned in Science, courted by the great, caressed by sovereign powers, and celebrated by distinguished poets, his native humility, modesty, and candour never forsook him, even on surprise or provocation; nor was the least degree of arrogance or assumption visible to the most scrutinising eye in any part of his conduct or discourse. His talents of every kind—powerful by nature, and not meanly cultivated by letters—

his social virtues in all the relations and all the habitudes of life—rendered him the centre of a very great and unparalleled variety of agreeable societies, which will be dissipated by his death. He had too much merit not to excite some jealousy, too much innocence to provoke any enmity. The loss of no man of his time can be felt with more sincere, general, and unmixed sorrow. Hail and farewell!"

Sir John Millais held the post of President for six months only. He was a splendid-looking man: I well remember passing him in Piccadilly, and being struck by the impression he gave of perfect health in mind and body. He presided at the Banquet in 1895, in the absence of Lord Leighton; and in his speech he said:—

"I must tell you briefly my connection with this Academy. I entered the Antique School, as a probationer, when I was eleven years of age; then became a student in the Life School; and I have risen from stage to stage until I reached the position I now hold of Royal Academician; so that, man and boy, I have been intimately connected with this Academy for more than half a century. I have received here a free education as an artist—an advantage any lad may enjoy who can pass a qualifying examination—and I owe the Academy a debt

A HOT AFTERNOON IN PICCADILLY

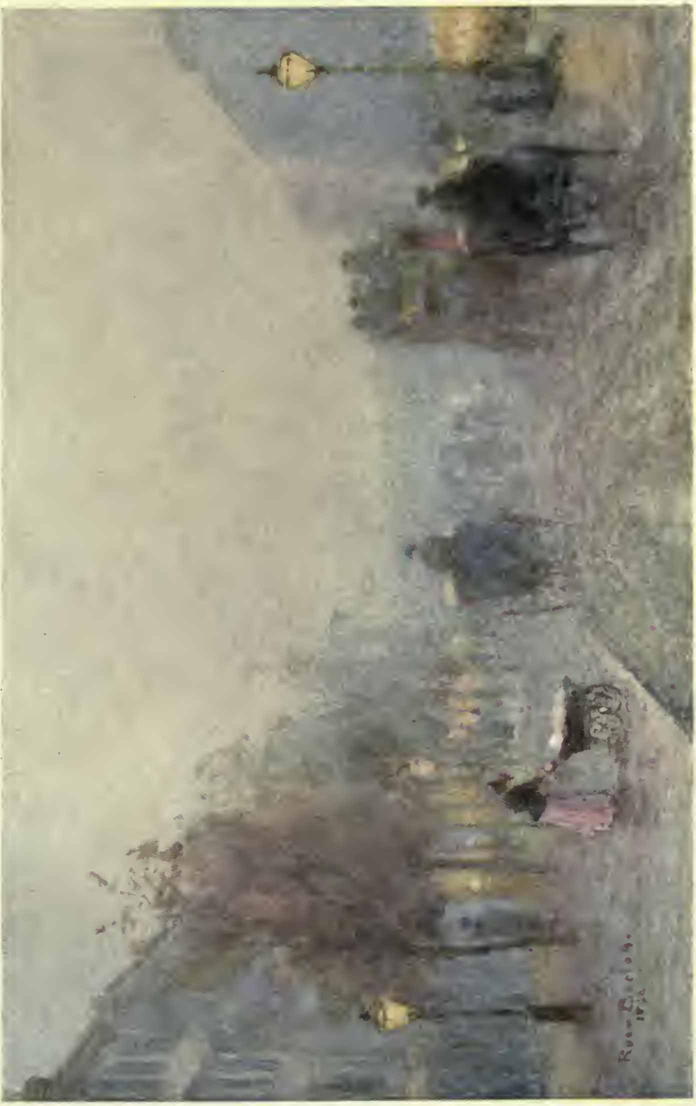


of gratitude I can never repay. I can, however, make this return—I can give it my love. I love everything belonging to it—the casts I have drawn from as a boy, the books I have consulted in our library, the very benches I have sat on."

I think this was the only time Sir John Millais ever spoke at the Academy Banquet; for in the following year, when he was himself President, his voice failed him.

II

BROMPTON ROAD ON A FOGGY EVENING



II

HYDE PARK—THE THEATRES—FUNERAL OF QUEEN VICTORIA—GATES OF DEVONSHIRE HOUSE—APSLEY HOUSE—EXPECTING AN EARTHQUAKE

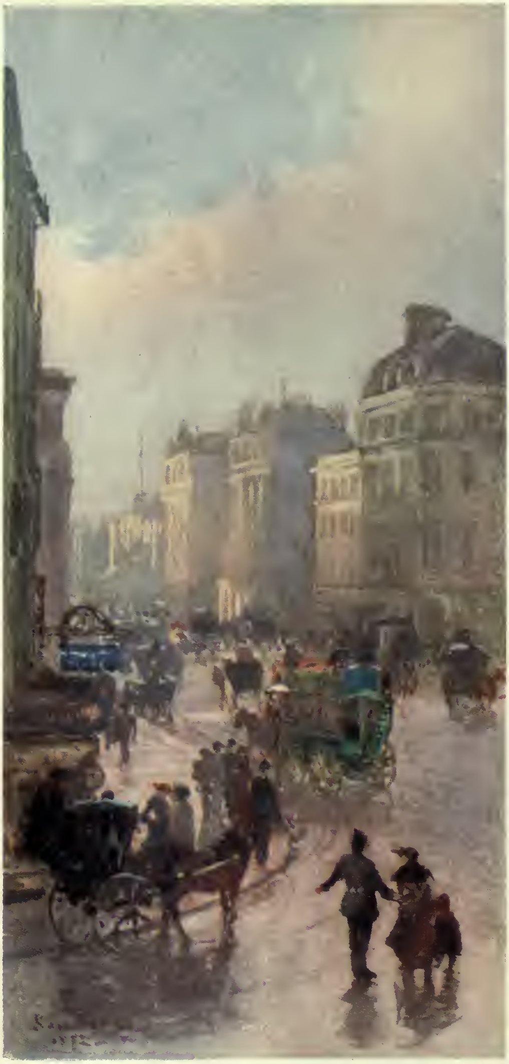
It is difficult to imagine a place more delightful than the Park on a fine day during the London Season—I mean for the idler and wealthier portion of the community. The trees and shrubs and flowers, the wide stretches of undulating lawns, the carriages and horses, and, last but not least, the crowd of men and women—all these are characteristic. Here, too, one sees the lovely young daughter—with the good-looking "detrimental" in attendance, no doubt, not too kindly smiled upon by the mother: she has her most genial welcome for the bald and ponderous millionaire, who with all his wealth cannot buy the heart of the maid whom he covets as an ornament to his house in Park Lane. It is all a queer comedy—this

Society of ours—with a good deal of trade and tragedy in it.

What a curious blending there is nowadays of our much-vaunted "blue blood" with the blood of the plutocrats! We are very democratic and cosmopolitan in these times; but we are larger in our ideas and stronger than we were, I think, and gradually there is growing up a greater admiration for the best kind of aristocracy—I mean what has been called the aristocracy of intellect.

We are a law-abiding people as a rule, and in no place is this so pleasantly shown as it is in the crowded thoroughfares of London. Perhaps nothing so much astonishes the American or the French visitor as the easy manner in which the procession of vehicles of all kinds — omnibuses, drays, cabs, motors, etc., etc.—is stopped by one man, our trusty policeman, who just raises his hand silently, with the result that in a moment the apparently overwhelming tide of traffic is "standing at ease," and the timorous old lady or the little child has a crossing clear and safe. The policeman is omnipotent; and if he sees the slightest attempt to disobey his orders, out comes his notebook and down goes the name and address of the offender, to be dealt with by the magistrate.

OXFORD STREET FROM THE CORNER OF BOND STREET



How entirely English is Pall Mall! Its handsomeness and sedateness are impressive when one passes along the "sweet shady side," though the elm trees are no longer there that used to flourish on either hand in the days of old. Its pavement has been worn by the feet of all the great men of our land—statesmen, soldiers, sailors, prelates—all so undemonstrative, yet all looking (like the houses themselves) so strong, quiet, and in earnest. Carlton House, which stood at the east end of the street, is gone; but what memories remain! Gainsborough lived here; Walter Scott too, Nell Gwynne, and other famous persons.

"All the world's a stage." Is the love of theatre-going still spreading? At all events, the number of theatres has very largely increased of late years—but so has the population. It is interesting to see the long string of patiently expectant people each night waiting outside the pit entrance to our playhouses, very often in spite of storm and rain. These are the "gods," and surely they are very generally much more critical and intolerant of any tendency to immorality in the play than are the stalls or the dress circle—no blame to them. Their denunciation of the villain of the piece is right enough, though often very amusing; and its sincerity is a great tribute to the dramatic ability of the player of the part, who has brought himself so forcibly before them that they almost mistake his acting for reality. Their delight, too, in the triumph of virtue over vice is equally amiable and refreshing. Amusing remarks have often been made by members of the audience which were no doubt somewhat embarrassing to the players. On one occasion a very plain actor was being addressed on the stage by one of the others: "My Lord, you change countenance." A voice from the pit here was heard: "For heaven's sake, let him!" With some few (and these are very strong) exceptions, we must yield the palm in the production of plays to France and Germany. Why is this? Is it want of intellect? Our critics are severe enough —caustic and hard-hitting. Why does not one of these men produce some work of quality equal at all events to that of the plays produced in such profusion both in Germany and in France? Carlyle, in his *Past and Present,* says that "the English are a dumb people," who can do great acts but cannot describe them. Is this the solution? Perhaps.

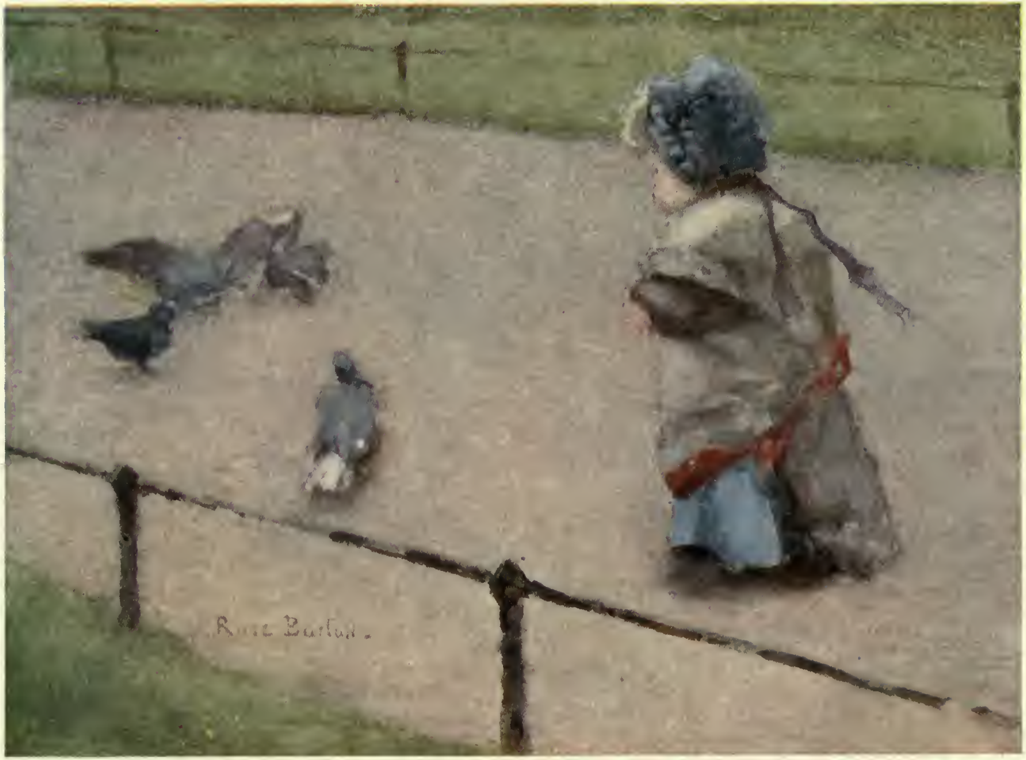
There can, I think, be no profession so full of shattered hopes and ambitions as the Stage.

The younger people go to a play, and are forthwith, perhaps, overcome with a dramatic fervour. They are captivated by the brightness of the scene—the dresses, the splendid illusion. Little do they know of the callous manager, the jealousy of anything like talent that a novice may evince, the cruel "chaff," the dust and darkness of a theatre in the daytime. The beauty and the charm of many a young girl have no doubt led her rapidly from very squalid conditions of life to luxury in food and dress, and perhaps a sumptuous flat in the West End; but at what a cost! and for how long? These cases are by no means the rule. No: the rule is that the serious girl will have to undergo a long apprenticeship, living meagrely in some wretched garret, hard and constant study, rebuffs and disappointments innumerable, and (perhaps worse than all) that long weary waiting for some minor part of a few lines only. I do not say this to deter anyone from a courageous endeavour to enter what is in reality an attractive and useful profession; but let each one look the facts in the face, first of all, and not be led away solely by the footlight glamour of the stage.

Many thanks are due to various Chief Commissioners; for no one can see the great wealth of flowers and shrubs that now "gleam like jewels" in one's eyes, and remember the desolate, untidy, and slovenly appearance that the more frequented parts of the Park had, not so very long ago, without feeling grateful for the wealth of beauty that is lavished upon us. I was making a study of some of those lovely azaleas and rhododendrons when a rather amusing thing happened to me, by which the London gamin increased my knowledge and reduced my wealth. Just at the time there were but few people about, and some small boys passing by spied a wood-pigeon's nest in one of the trees near me. Excitement was great. I begged and implored them not to rob it—in vain—and, as no park keeper was in sight, I felt that the nest was doomed. One little boy had nearly reached the branch on which was the nest, and I called to him, "I will give you sixpence if you will only take two eggs and leave the rest." They all agreed to this "on their honour," and the boy took two eggs out of the nest and brought them down to show me, and I, praising him for his humanity, handed over the sixpence. I thought there seemed to be a good deal of tittering among the boys as they walked away; but it was not for some time afterwards that it was explained to me that there

A PINCH OF SALT

The pigeons in St Paul's Churchyard and in front of the Guildhall are quite tame. Workmen eat their luncheon there, and feed the birds regularly.


Rose Barton.

are never more than two eggs in a pigeon's nest!

Lord Byron's description of the Park shows us what it used to be:—

> Those vegetable puncheons
> Called parks, where there is neither fruit nor flower
> Enough to gratify a bee's slight munchings;
> But, after all, they are the only "bower"
> (In Moore's phrase) where the fashionable fair
> Can form a slight acquaintance with fresh air.

There is an amusing story told of Lord Beaconsfield in connection with the Embankment. He was one of the guests at a large house-party. After dinner one evening the ladies in the drawing-room were playing the game of finding out the difference between two apparently synonymous words, and the two words selected were *accident* and *disaster*. None of the players could discover any difference. Lord Beaconsfield then sauntered into the room, and a lady said, "O, let us ask him." The question being then put before him, he said, "There's a great difference between the two words. For example, if I were to be walking along the Embankment with Mr Gladstone and he were to tumble into the river, that would be an accident; but if I were to pull him out again, that would be a disaster." This story has been told in various ways; but, I fancy, the above is the most nearly correct.

Perhaps the most impressive and beautiful sight I have ever witnessed was the funeral procession of Queen Victoria. It was good to see the love and reverence shown to this great Queen, even by the poorest of her subjects. On the little children, on the old and feeble, as on all others, appeared some little badge of mourning: even where one saw that the bands of extreme poverty were most tightly drawn—even there was the little scrap of black ribbon or the band of crape. I shall never forget it. I was standing in that gigantic crowd at Stanhope Gate, and oh, the sadness of it all. So much has been said and written on this great and sorrowful event that I dare not fully enter into any eulogy of that great life. The Queen had made herself beloved of her people. She had borne such sorrows in her heart with such splendid patience—she had been such an example to us all, so full of love and dignity,—that she had become *our own.* And then to feel that all these strong ties were broken—no: not really broken, for they will remain always, binding the hearts of her people to her memory! It was sad beyond measure to see it all. Near me there was standing a big man

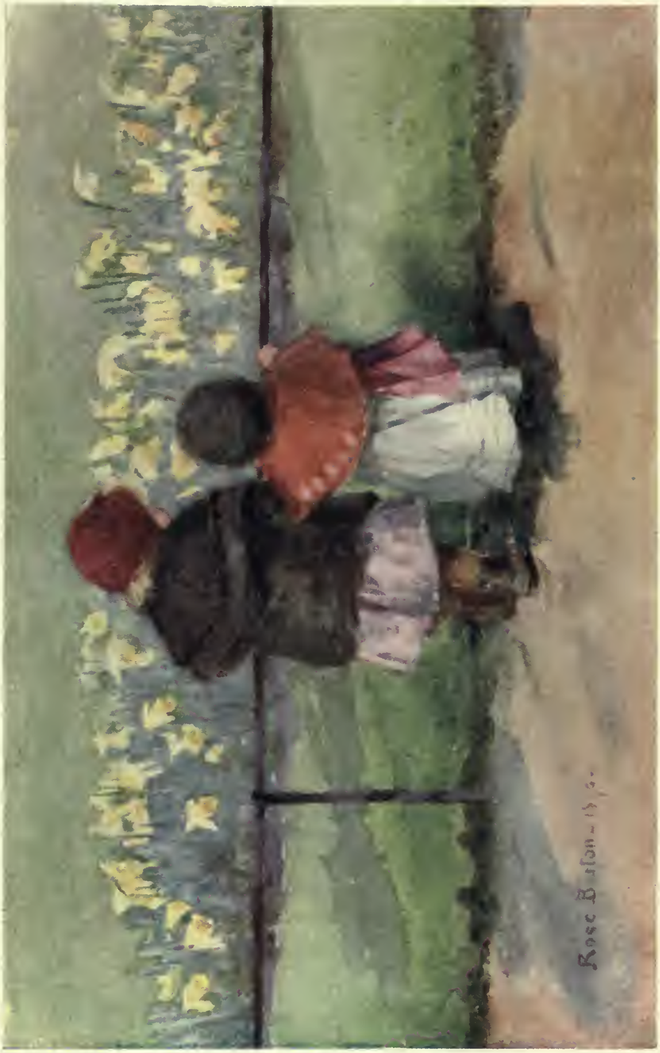
—probably a costermonger—with a stricken face—evidently a thorough *man*—but hard-looking, as one so often sees in that type. The crowd was quite wonderful—the silence and the solemn feeling of intense, respectful sorrow on all around were more than I can describe. Well, this man remained, very still and attentive, during the hours I waited there; and then at last came by us that splendid throng of mourning kings and princes, with their beloved dead. I cannot express what only the beating of one's heart can tell. This man remained grim and silent. As soon as the procession came in sight he dragged off his battered cap, and the hard face changed—and in it one saw the influence of the sorrow that had touched his heart, as it touched the hearts of all—for he had lost his Mother in his Queen. The procession passed along, under the cold grey sky, in silence almost oppressive. Even the tramp of the soldiers' and sailors' feet sounded muffled as they marched by—grey-cloaked figures, with just here and there a foreign uniform, making a vivid splash of colour against the sombre background; and then one heard the mournful strains of Chopin's funeral march. London had looked its last upon the Queen, but was left with its imperishable memories of her who had for more than two generations been the centre and the focus of the love and reverence of the Empire.

The London gamin has always afforded me great amusement. All about Chelsea he is accustomed to the sketcher, and is critically interested in that artist's work. I confess to feeling quite encouraged when I hear him say to one of his pals, "That's foine," or "That's all roight—ain't it?" I remember waiting once quite breathlessly for "Bill's" answer to the question, "I say, is she hartist or hamertoor, Bill?" "Why, hartist, in course, silly!" said Bill. "You oughter see the things them hamertoors does!"

Sometimes the verdict has been less favourable. A small boy once stood (I should think for quite an hour) watching me intently—as I thought, in silent admiration. Up comes a pal, with the familiar "That's all roight—ain't it?" "I don't know," said my critic: "it looks better than it did; but you wouldn't have thought much of it if you'd a seen it 'alf an hour ago."

The boys who hang about in the parks appear to be of a class quite different from those who frequent the streets. They are much more mischievous. One time, when I was painting near

SPRING-TIME


Rose Barton

the Serpentine, I had round me a little group who seemed most attentive in picking up my brushes or colour tubes, or anything I dropped. At last one of them whispered to me that the others were stealing my brushes. Then there was a stampede. I bribed the informer with some pennies to run after the thieves and capture my brushes; but he returned breathless after a long and unsuccessful chase, and so I was minus the brushes and the pennies.

In my rambles about London, a feeling of terror has been forced upon me by the apathy that seems to surround one as regards what is true and beautiful. In poetry, sculpture, painting, how few there seem to be who have any appreciation of what is good! Still sadder is it to see men and women of education passing by and ignoring the thousands of things around them, in this great London of ours, that are the works of God — and in being so are necessarily perfect. After the dreary rains and fogs of winter, what light and life come back to one in the first days of spring! Shelley says:—

> Oh wind,
> If winter comes, can spring be long behind?

And how very beautiful are the words in the Song of Solomon:—

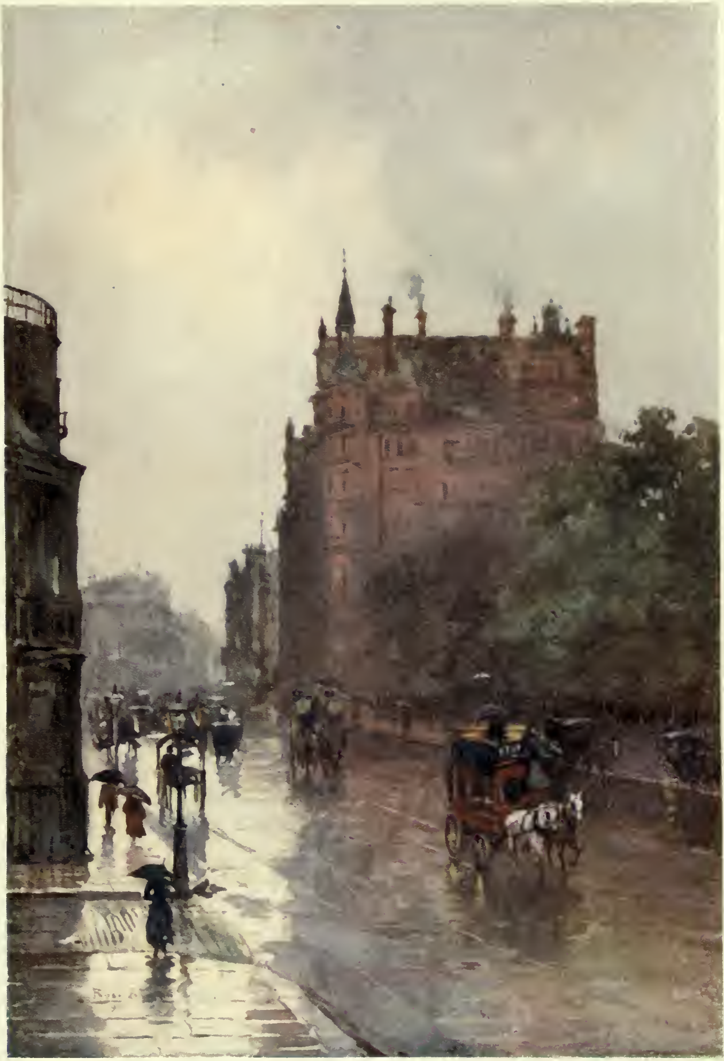
> My beloved spake, and said unto me,
> Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away.
> For lo, the winter is past,
> The rain is over and gone;
> The flowers appear on the earth;
> The time of the singing birds is come.

These words may, perhaps, be applied to London. What glorious sunsets I have seen in the Park! A friend of mine once said to me: "A sunset in London reminds me of the love of God. I see the smoke of the great city, that has overshadowed all our lives during the day, sinking down and dying out; and behind it, and around it, and over it, come that beautiful light and glory which are always really near us, though we sometimes, in the weakness of our human sight, see them but so imperfectly."

Nightingale says, "Burlington House was left to the Devonshire family, on the express condition that it should not be demolished." He also says, "The first good house that was built in this street (Piccadilly) was Burlington House, the noble founder of which said that he placed it there because he was certain no one would build beyond him." I believe, however, that Sir John Denham was really the founder of Burlington House. The old turnpike gate stood originally close by here;

ISTHMIAN CLUB, PICCADILLY

Built in 1887, pulled down in 1904.



this was afterwards removed to Hyde Park Corner.

The name of Piccadilly seem to have been derived from the ruffs or "piccadils" which were worn by the gallants of the time of James I. and Charles I. Nightingale says, "Piccadillo House was a sort of repository for Ruffs."

Hone, however, gives a different sense of the word "piccadil." He says it means "the round hem or the piece set about the edge or skirt of a garment, whether at top or bottom," and, further, that "the celebrated ordinary near St James's, called Piccadilly, might derive its name from the circumstance of its being the outmost or skirt house situate at the hem of the town."

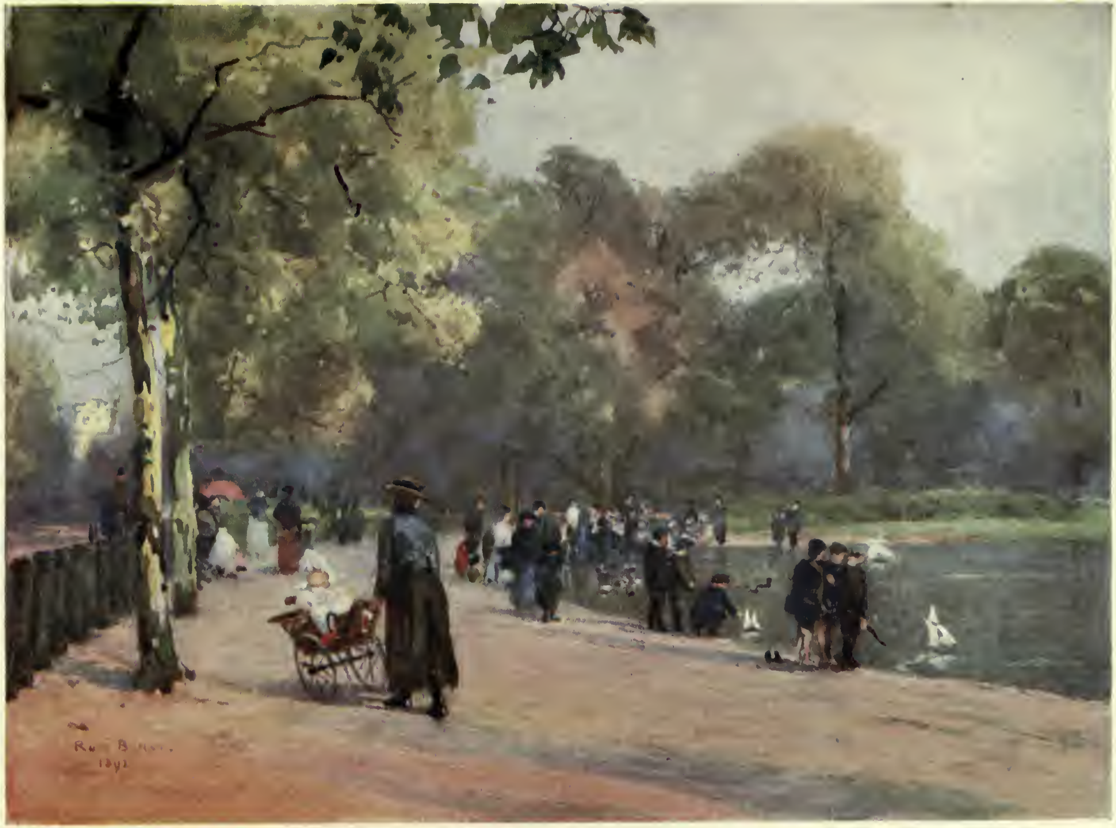
Those are beautiful gates which stand in the wall outside Devonshire House. Their history is interesting. They were originally at More House, in Chelsea. When Sir Hans Sloane demolished the famous old house in 1740, he gave the gates (erected by Inigo Jones for the Earl of Middlesex) to the Earl of Burlington, who re-erected them in his garden at Chiswick. A few years ago they were again removed and brought by the Duke of Devonshire to Devonshire House. It was of this gate that Pope wrote:—

Passenger. O Gate, how com'st thou here?
Gate. I was brought from Chelsea last year,
Batter'd with wind and weather.
Inigo Jones put me together.
Sir Hans Sloane let me alone.
Burlington brought me hither.

Many delightful hours I have spent in Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens, from that beautiful entrance at Hyde Park Corner along the Row and the Serpentine down to the Round Pond and Kensington Palace. Hyde Park was in very early times a deer-park and was fenced with deer-palings. In the reign of Charles the Second these were supplanted by a brick wall. On the south side stood what was called the Duke of Gloucester's Riding House, which remained there till 1820. It was used as the headquarters of the Westminster Volunteer Cavalry during the war against Napoleon.

That part of Hyde Park which is so well known by the name of "Rotten Row" is during the London Season the haunt of fashion. There has been much discussion as to the derivation of the name. It has been thought to be a corruption of "Route du Roi." John Timbs says the word "rotten" (as here applied) comes from *rotteran*, to muster—an origin which may refer to the use of the Park for military purposes during the Civil

SAILING-BOATS ON THE SERPENTINE



War. Lord Chesterfield (the man of the graces, as he has been called) used to be one of the most constant frequenters of Hyde Park. A few days before his death a friend expressed astonishment at seeing him there again. "O," said Lord Chesterfield, "I am rehearsing my funeral," alluding to his own dark chariot and the string of fashionable carriages behind it. Poor Chesterfield —how he to the last endeavoured to remain the young and witty man of fashion!

Horace Walpole tells us that he was robbed here. He writes: "One night, in the beginning of November, as I was returning from Holland House by moonlight, about ten o'clock, I was attacked by two highwaymen in Hyde Park, and the pistol of one of them, going off accidentally, razed the skin under my eye, left some marks of shot on my face, and stunned me. The ball went through the top of the chariot, and if I had sat an inch nearer the left side, must have gone through my head."

Hyde Park has been for centuries the great place in London for the exhibition of the latest fashions in the "smart" set. And how these fashions change! In a newspaper published in 1796 under the title of *The Height of Fashion,* we read that "Lady Caroline Campbell displayed in Hyde Park the other day a feather four feet higher than her bonnet"! Only about fifteen years ago a certain very beautiful woman, wife of an English nobleman, used to display herself in a hat with feathers trailing to the ground.

Some verses printed in 1808 tell us that on Sunday the beaux and belles of the middle classes were wont to walk in the Park as they do to this day. I have almost forgotten the lines, I fear; but they are somewhat as follows:—

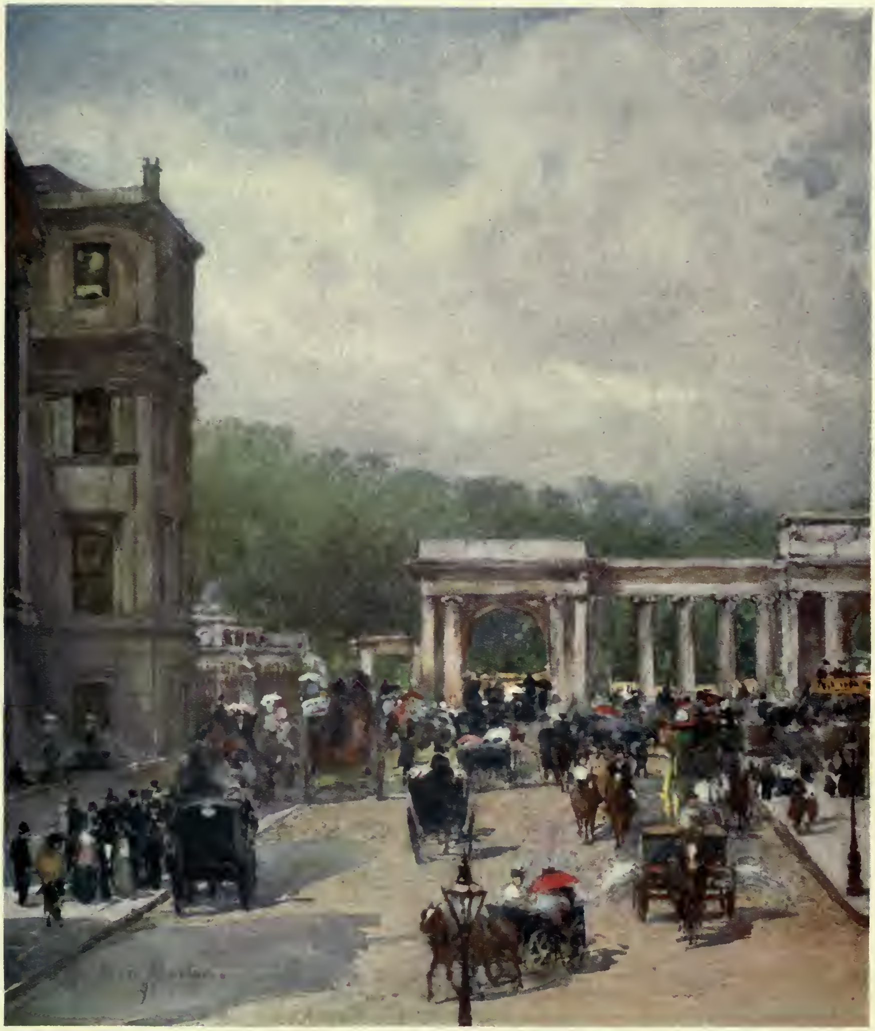
> Horsed in Cheapside, here still the gayer spark
> Achieves the Sunday triumphs of the Park:
> For then you see him, dreading to be late,
> Scour the New Road and dash through Grosvenor Gate,
> Anxious, yet timorous too, his steed to show,
> The bold Bucephalus of Rotten Row.
> Careless he seems; yet, vigilantly shy,
> Woos the stray glance of ladies passing by,
> While his off heel, insidiously aside,
> Provokes the caper which he seems to chide."

Captain Gronow tells us that in 1815 the Park looked like the country. Under the trees were cows and deer; no rows of monotonous houses told you that you were near a great city, and the atmosphere was much more like what God made it than the hazy, grey, coal-darkened half-twilight of the London of to-day. The company which then congregated daily about five o'clock was composed of dandies and women in the best society. The dandy's dress consisted of a blue coat with brass buttons, leather breeches, and top-boots; and it was the fashion to wear a deep stiff white cravat, which prevented him from seeing his boots while standing. All the world watched Brummell, to imitate him, and order clothes of the tradesmen who dressed that sublime dandy. One day a youth approached Brummell, and said, "Permit me to ask you where you get your blacking." "Ah," answered Brummell, gazing complacently at his boots, "my blacking positively ruins me. I will tell you in confidence: it is made with the finest champagne!"

In 1730, Queen Caroline, the consort of George II., conceived the idea of beautifying the Park by forming the various ponds into a large sheet of water, and, after consultation with the Surveyor of Woods and Forests, the Serpentine was made. A small temple was built, "revolving on a pivot, so as to afford shelter from the winds." On these and various other works the Queen spent a considerable sum of money. The King seems to have believed that it was all paid out of the Queen's own income, and good-humouredly declined to look at the plans, saying he didn't care how much money she flung away of her own revenue. He little suspected that on the Queen's death it would be seen that Walpole had made disbursements to the amount of about £20,000 of the King's money for these various improvements.

One entrance into Hyde Park is called Albert Gate, after the late Prince Consort. The large houses now standing there are very nearly on the site of the old bridge which crossed the "Westbourne." In Davis's *Memorials of Knightsbridge* it is mentioned that there was another bridge across this stream inside the Park. There was, near the former bridge, an old inn, the "Fox and Bull," which seems to have been much frequented by persons of interest—notably George Morland, and also by Sir Joshua Reynolds, who painted its sign. It was used as the receiving-house of the Royal Humane Society, and here was laid the body of the wife of Shelley after she had drowned herself in the Serpentine. The two large houses on either side of the Albert Gate were built by Cubitt. They used to be called "the two Gibraltars," as it was thought they would never be "taken." Like many another, this prophecy has been amply falsified. In the eastern of the two houses

THE CROSSING, HYDE PARK CORNER

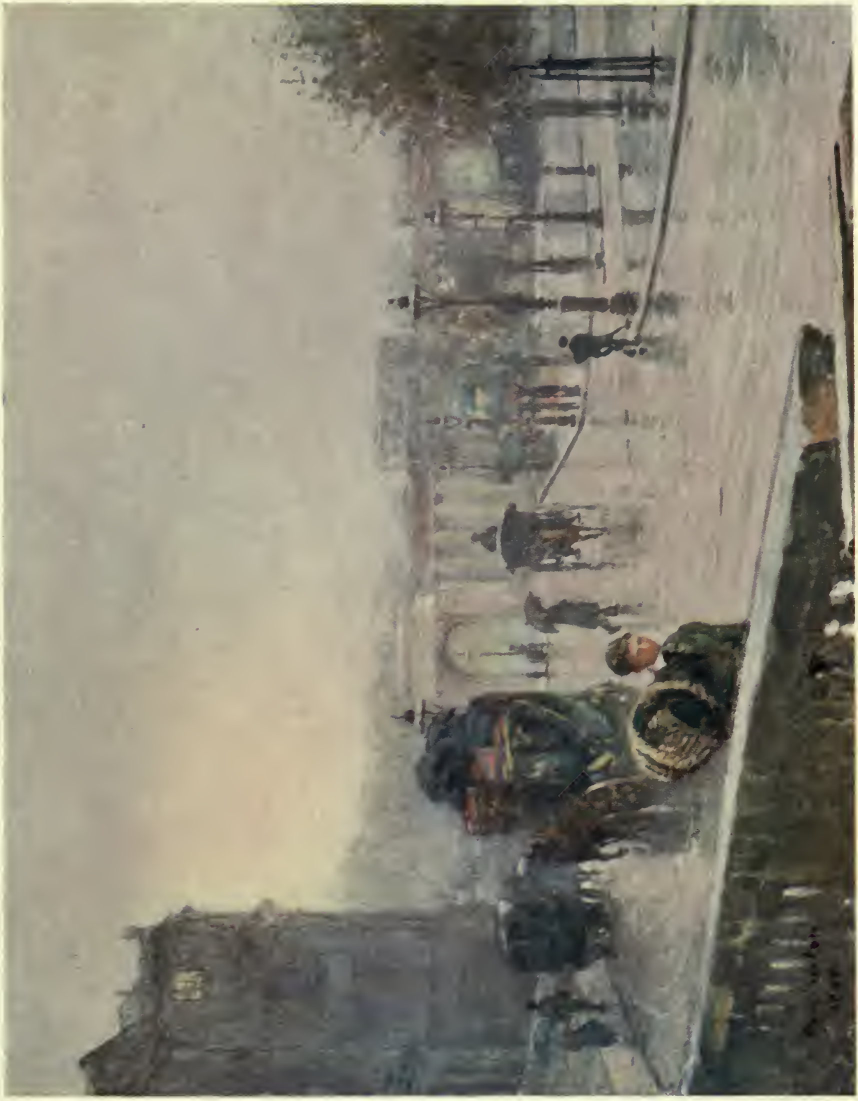


lived Hudson, the "Railway King." In 1854 Queen Victoria paid a state visit there, when it was occupied by the French Ambassador. The Emperor Louis Napoleon held a levée at the house in 1855.

Apsley House, which stands near the corner of Hyde Park, has a curious history. The site is said to have been given by George II. to an old soldier named Allen, who had fought under that King at Dettingen. Allen's wife kept an apple stall, which in course of time, and through the thrift of its owners, became a small cottage. Riding out one morning, the King met Allen, and, evidently thinking he looked like an old soldier, stopped and spoke to him. Allen, it seems, told the King of his means of gaining a living. The King asked him what he could do for him. "Please, your Majesty, to give me a grant of the bit of ground on which my hut stands. and I shall be happy." "Be happy," said the King, and he ordered the grant to be made. In course of time Allen died, leaving a son who had become an attorney. The then Chancellor gave a lease of the ground to a nobleman—the apple stall having vanished. Neighbours thought that the site had lapsed to the Crown. A stately house was built thereon, and the young attorney put in a claim. After some negotiation, a sum of £450 a year ground-rent was settled upon to be paid to Allen. He or one of his family afterwards sold the ground to Lord Apsley, who became Lord Bathurst; and he gave the house he built there the name it still bears. In 1820 the house was purchased by the nation and settled as an heirloom on the dukedom of Wellington. In political disturbances in Piccadilly the windows of Apsley House were broken by the mob, and the Duke put up iron shutters and never took them down—nor did he ever fail to point to them on occasions when crowds saluted him with cheers. Someone remarked, "'Tis strange that the Duke will not renounce his political errors, seeing that no *pains* have been spared to convince him of them."

Hyde Park Corner, where stood the old tollgate, is now a very beautiful point in this great Metropolis. In April 1750 it was prophesied that a great earthquake would demolish the city and its suburbs, and Charles Knight tells us that "for some three days before the date fixed the crowds of carriages passing Hyde Park Corner westwards, with whole parties removing into the country, was something like a procession to Ranelagh or Vauxhall." A newspaper of that date says: "In-

HYDE PARK CORNER : WET DAY



credible numbers of people, being under strong apprehensions that London and Westminster would be visited by another and more fatal earthquake on this night, according to the prediction of a crazy lifeguardsman, and because it would be just four weeks from the last shock—as that was from the first—left their houses and walked in the parks and fields, or lay in boats all night; many people of fashion in the neighbouring villages sat in their coaches till daybreak; others went off to a greater distance, so that the roads were never more thronged, and lodgings were hardly to be procured even at Windsor; so far, and even to their wits' end, had their superstitious fears, or their guilty consciences, driven them."

This reminds one of the story of the old Duchess of Bolton, who, on hearing Whiston's prophecy of the end of the world, was prudent enough to arrange to be off to China, in order to escape the threatened inconvenience.

As one passes up Park Lane and sees the palaces that now stand there, one thinks of the days of Queen Anne, when it was merely a desolate by-road leading from Piccadilly to "fatal Tyburn." The fountain at the junction of Hamilton Place and Park Lane is by Thornycroft, and was erected by Government out of a portion of the estate of a lady who died intestate, and had, during her life, often advised the erection of a fountain on that spot. Thornycroft was happy in the manner in which he adapted his work to the triangular site on which it is placed, with its three marble statues of England's greatest poets—Shakespeare, Milton, and Chaucer;—Shakespeare supported by Tragedy and Comedy, Milton standing between Tragedy and History, and Chaucer with Comedy and History on either side. The whole is crowned by the winged figure of Fame, with one foot on a globe and bearing a wreath.

III

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III

THE MANOR OF HYDE—DUELLING IN THE PARK—CORONATION OF KING EDWARD—ILLUMINATIONS IN THE CITY—THE BANK OF ENGLAND—THE ROYAL EXCHANGE—AUSTIN FRIARS—CROSBY HALL

It is nowadays difficult to imagine that Hyde Park—beautiful as it is in the London Season with the wealth of colour that it holds—with its profusion of flowers and shrubs, its glittering kaleidoscope of human beings, carriages, and horses—that our Hyde Park of to-day was once, as Mr Larwood remarks, "in the midst of virgin forests which for more than ten centuries after continued to surround London to the north and the west. Wild boars and bulls, wolves, deer, and smaller game, a few native hunters, swineherds, and charcoal-burners were in all probability the only inhabitants of these vast wildernesses."

The Manor of Hyde, once the property of the Abbey of Westminster, was, about the time of the Reformation, appropriated by King Henry, probably with the object of extending his hunting grounds to the north and west of London, and a proclamation was issued in July 1536 as follows:—

"As the King's most royal Majesty is desirous to have the games of hare, partridge, pheasant, and heron preserved in and about the honour of his palace of Westminster, for his own disport and pastime, no person, on the pain of imprisonment of their bodies, and further punishment at his Majesty's will and pleasure, is to presume to hunt or hawk, from the Palace of Westminster to St Giles-in-the-fields, and from thence to Islington, to our Lady of the Oak, to Highgate, to Hornsey Park, and to Hampstead Heath."

Rangers were afterwards appointed. Queen Elizabeth gave the post of Ranger to her friend Lord Hunsdon, with the salary of "fourpence a day, together with herbage, pannage, and browsage for the deer." The word "pannage" means the feeding of swine on the "mast" from the trees.

After the execution of Charles I. an Act of Parliament decreed the sale of Crown lands; but Hyde Park was made the subject of a special

AZALEAS IN BLOOM, ROTTEN ROW

resolution in 1652—namely, "That Hyde Park be sold for ready money." The Park was then of the extent of about 620 acres, and the sale produced rather over £17,000. The Park was offered in three lots, which were purchased by Richard Wilson, John Lacey, and Anthony Deane. Afterwards these sales were held to be null and void, and the Park again became the centre of the fashionable world. Prior to 1642 "a large fort, with four bastions," had been built at Hyde Park Corner, and another on the south, called "Oliver's Mount." Hence, perhaps, Mount Street. In their frequent mentions of the Park, Evelyn and Pepys refer chiefly to that portion which was used principally as the rendezvous of pleasure and fashion —then called "The Ring" or "The Tour." In Pepys' Diary, 31st March 1668, it is written: "Took up my wife and Deb, and to the Park, where being in a hackney (coach) and they undressed, was ashamed to go into the Tour, but went around the Park, and so with pleasure home."

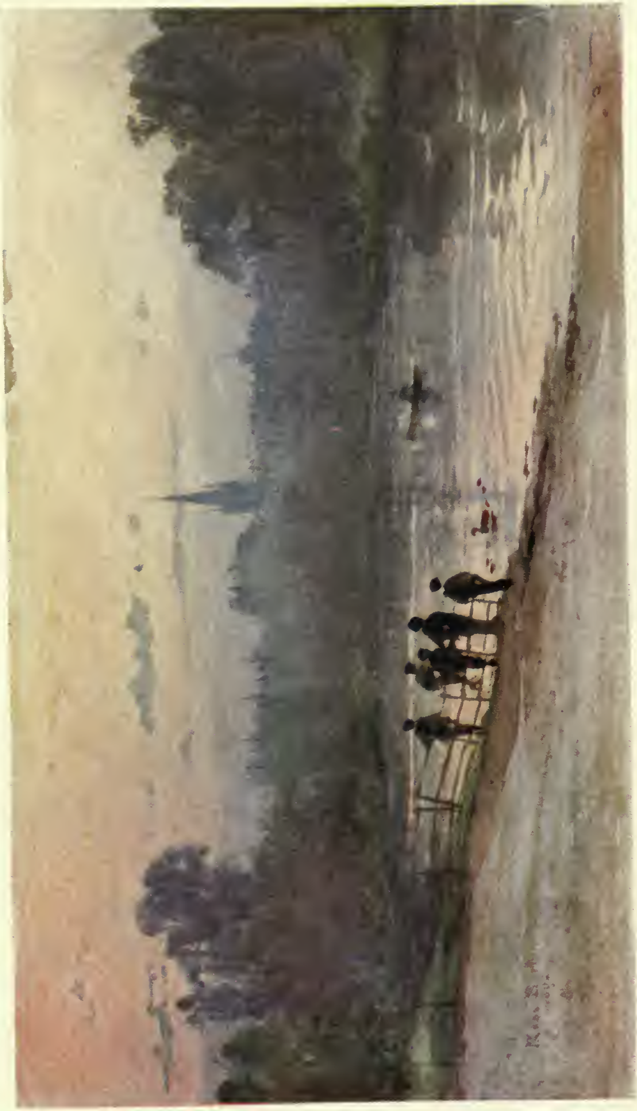
Pennant says: "Hyde Park was celebrated by all our dramatic poets in the late century and in the early part of the present (eighteenth) for its large space railed off in form of a circle, round which the *beau monde* drove in their carriages, and in their rotation, exchanging, as they passed, smiles and nods, compliments or smart repartees."

Coaches were displayed here when they were first introduced, as we are told by Taylor. He says that William Boneen, a Dutchman, a coachman of Queen Elizabeth, introduced them into England before the end of the sixteenth century; and Taylor observes, "Indeed, a coach was a strange monster in those days, and the sight of them put man and horse into amazement."

The Park was deserted by the "rank and fashion" of the day at the time of the Plague and the Great Fire; but afterwards we read in the Diary of our friend Pepys, under date of 3rd of June 1668: "To the Park, where much fine company and many fine ladies; and in so handsome a hackney I was that I believe Sir W. Coventry and others who looked on me did take me to be in one of my own, which I was a little troubled for; so to the Lodge and drank a cup of new milk, and so home." The "Lodge" here referred to was probably the house that stood in the middle of the Park, which was used for the sale of refreshments. It was called in Queen Anne's time the Cake House or Mince Pie House.

Harrison Ainsworth no doubt well described the

IN KENSINGTON GARDENS



appearance of the Park in the time of Queen Anne in his romance, *St James's*, where he says: "Well may we be proud of Hyde Park, for no capital but our own can boast aught like it. The sylvan and sequestered character of the scene was wholly undisturbed, and, but for the actual knowledge of the fact, no one would have dreamed that the Metropolis was within a mile's distance. Screened by the trees, the mighty city was completely hidden from view, while on the Kensington road, visible through the glade which looked towards the south-west, not a house was to be seen. To add to the secluded character of the place, a herd of noble red deer were couching beneath an oak, that crowned a gentle acclivity on the right, and a flock of rooks were cawing loudly on the summits of the high trees near Kensington Gardens."

A proposal was made by Sir John Soane to erect a royal palace in the Park. Mr Larwood tells us that the idea was to build a palace and a series of magnificent mansions, the sale of which was estimated to supply the whole cost of building. This palace and these houses were to extend from Knightsbridge to Bayswater.

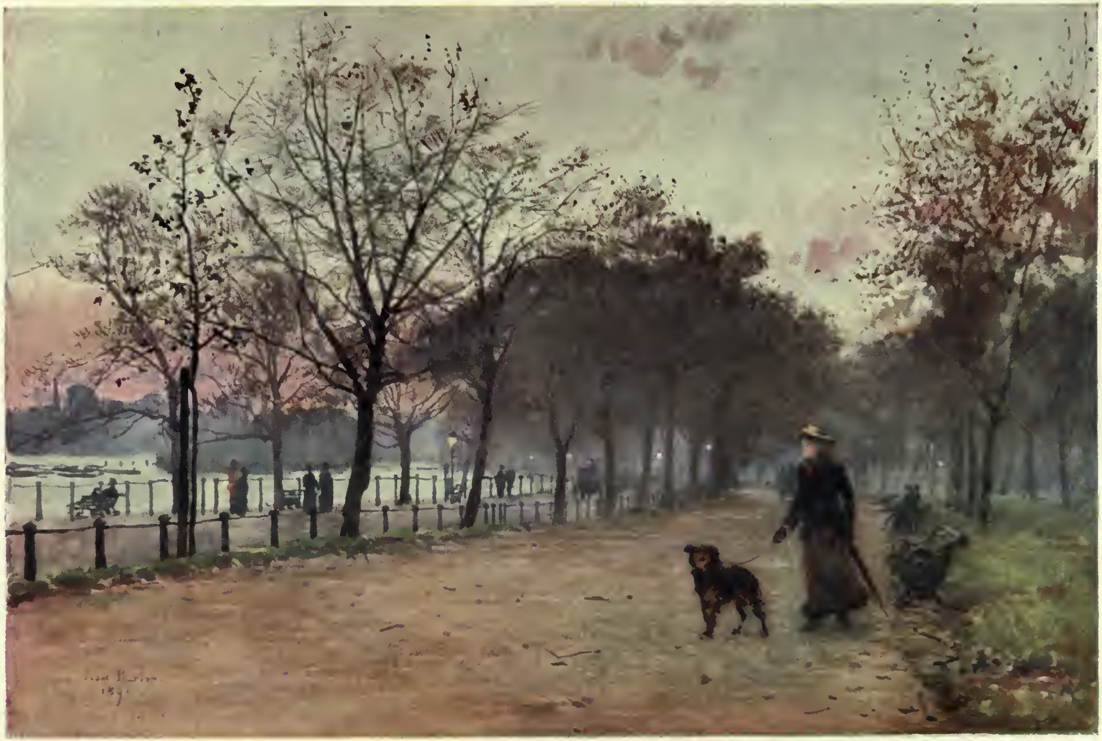
Reverting for a moment to the "Ring," where the "quality" of the town displayed themselves and their coaches, we notice an amusing scrap in Southerne's play, *The Maid's Last Prayer* (1693). Lady Malapert says, "There are a thousand innocent diversions more wholesome and diverting than always the dusty mill-horse driving in Hyde Park." Her husband answers, "Oh, law! don't prophane Hyde Park: is there anything so pleasant as to go there alone and find fault with the company? Why, there can't a horse or livery 'scape a man that has a mind to be witty; and then I sell bargains [*i.e.*, 'chaff'] to the orange-women." What refined amusement, and what delicacy!

From 1569, when Elizabeth's pensioners appeared before her, until quite recent days Hyde Park has been used for military reviews. In October 1760 King George II. held his last review. He had been ailing for some few days, and in two days more the brave old man was dead.

Many a duel has been fought here. In the time of Charles II. and James II. the duel mania was at its height. The Duke of Grafton killed Mr Stanley, Evelyn tells us; and on the 15th of November 1782 there was the celebrated combat between Lord Mohun and the Duke of Hamilton.

BY THE RING, HYDE PARK: EVENING

"The Ring," Hyde Park, was the fashionable drive of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.



It must have been a terrible affair. Sir Bernard Burke, in his *Anecdotes of the Aristocracy*, describes it as follows:—

"This sanguinary duel, originating in a political intrigue, was fought early one morning at the Ring in Hyde Park, then the usual spot for settling these so-called affairs of honour. The Duke and his second, Colonel Hamilton of the Foot Guards, were the first in the field. Soon after came Lord Mohun and his second, Major Macartney. No sooner had the second party reached the ground than the Duke, unable to conceal his feelings, turned sharply round on Major Macartney, and remarked, 'I am well assured, sir, that all this is by your contrivance, and therefore you shall have your share in the dance; my friend here, Colonel Hamilton, will entertain you.' 'I wish for no better partner,' replied Macartney; 'the Colonel may command me.' Little more passed between them, and the fight began with infinite fury, each being too intent upon doing mischief to his opponent to look sufficiently to his own defence. Macartney had the misfortune to be speedily disarmed, though not before he had wounded his adversary in the right leg; but, luckily for him, at this very moment the attention of the Colonel was drawn off to the condition of his friend, and, flinging both swords to a distance, he hastened to his assistance. The combat, indeed, had been carried on between the principals with uncommon ferocity, the loud and angry clashing of the steel having called to the spot the few stragglers that were abroad in the Park at so early an hour. In a very short time the Duke was wounded in both legs, which he returned with interest, piercing his antagonist in the groin, through the arm, and in sundry other parts of his body. The blood flowed freely on both sides, their swords, their faces, even the grass about them, being reddened with it; but rage lent them that almost supernatural strength which is so often seen in madmen. If they had thought little enough before of attending to their self-defence, they now seemed to have abandoned the idea altogether. Each at the same time made a desperate lunge at the other; the Duke's weapon passed right through his adversary, up to the very hilt; and the latter, shortening his sword, plunged it into the upper part of the Duke's left breast, the wound running downwards into his body, when his Grace fell upon him. It was now that the Colonel came to his aid, and raised him in his arms. Such a blow, it is probable, would have been fatal of itself; but Macartney had by this time picked up one of the swords, and, stabbing the Duke to the heart over Hamilton's shoulder, immediately fled, and made his escape to Holland. Such, at least, was the tale of the day, widely disseminated and generally believed by one party, although it was no less strenuously denied by the other. Proclamations were issued, and rewards offered, to an unusual amount, for the apprehension of the murderer, the affair assuming all the interest of a public question. Nay, it was roundly asserted by the Tories, that the Whig faction had gone so far as to place hired assassins about the Park to make sure of their victim, if he escaped the open ferocity of Lord Mohun, or the yet more perilous treachery of Macartney.

"When the Duke fell, the spectators of this bloody tragedy, who do not appear to have interfered in any shape, then came forward to bear him to the Cake-House, that a surgeon might be called in, and his wounds looked to; but the blow had been struck too home; before they could raise him from the grass, he expired. Such is one of the many accounts that have been given of this bloody affair, for the traditions of the day are anything but uniform or consistent. . . . .

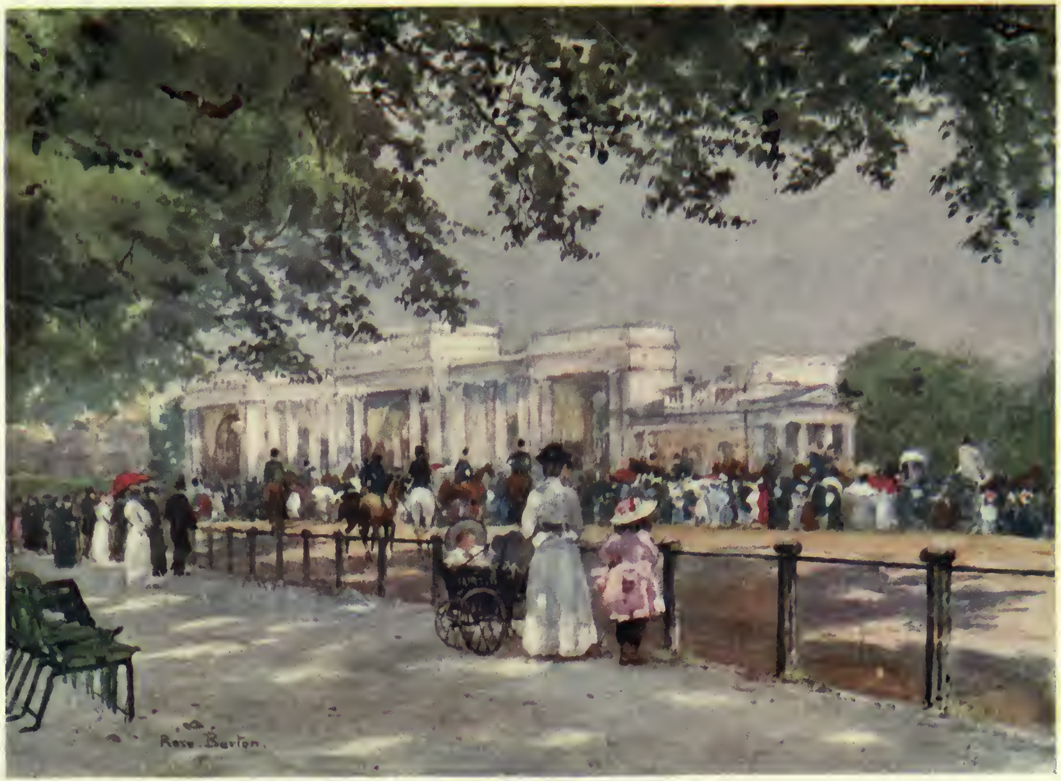
"Lord Mohun himself died of his wounds upon the spot, and with him his title became extinct."

In 1762 a duel was fought between John Wilkes and Samuel Martin, a member of Parliament, who had called Mr Wilkes "a stabber in the dark, a cowardly and malignant scoundrel." They repaired to a copse in Hyde Park, with pistols, and fired four times. Wilkes was seriously wounded. Martin rushed forward, and remorsefully insisted on helping his late antagonist off the ground; whereon Wilkes urged Martin to hurry away and escape arrest. This story really refreshes one after the horribly brutal episode in the former narrative.

There are many other stories of duels in Hyde Park, and as lately as 1822 the Dukes of Bedford and Buckingham did battle on the sward. There is an old story about a duel between an Englishman and a Frenchman in a darkened room. The Englishman, being reluctant to take his adversary's life, fired up the chimney and *brought down the Frenchman.* "When I tell this story in France," says the narrator, "I make the Englishman go up the chimney."

It is a relief to turn away from these records of the senseless brutality of men whose better instincts were overcome by their animal passions

WAITING FOR ROYALTY


Rose Barton.

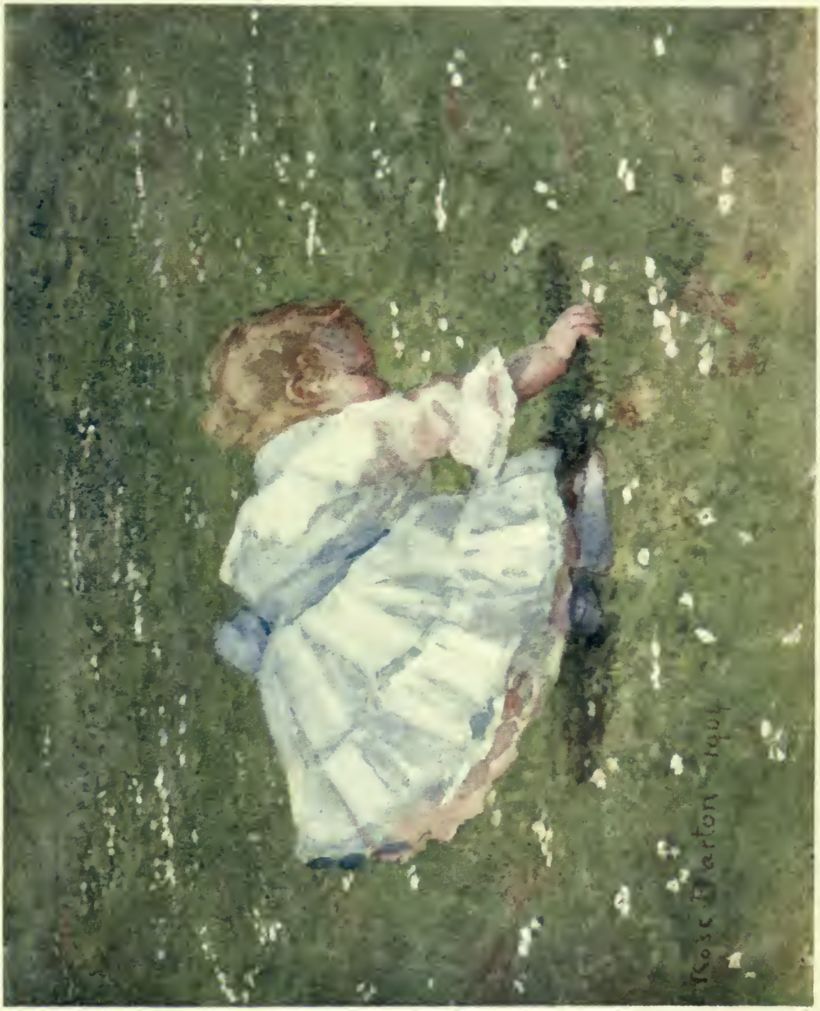
to the accounts of the Peace rejoicings in 1814, and to the visit of the allied Sovereigns and the review of the Scots Greys in their presence.

Who does not remember the terrible shock and trial that came to us when all our hearts and homes were filled with rejoicing at the closely approaching Coronation of the King? The streets were thronged with thousands upon thousands of subjects, all filled with loyalty and expectation,—when suddenly in their faces one saw the result of the official notice that "the Coronation would not take place on the following day." All around one were brightness and joy, when like a flash came the intimation which made the soul quake, and we knew that our King was in dire peril. I had been up early and had walked out to see the decorations—and how beautiful they were! I think St James's Street struck me as being in the best taste, the most complete, with the long festoons of flowers, the white doves hovering amid the blaze of colour, and those two splendid statues at the top of the street, Britannia and Peace. I wandered with the crowd down Piccadilly, and saw joy and happiness on all sides, and heard the cheery blows of the hammers as the workmen gave the last finishing touches to the numberless stands and decorations. All was bright and full of life. On the Monday I had walked into the Park, for the King and Queen were expected to come up from Windsor, and I wanted to see them pass by on their way from Paddington to Buckingham Palace. Such a crowd there was—a loyal English crowd—waiting to welcome them! At last they came by with their splendid guard; but the great cheers that were raised died rapidly away and gave place to an anxious murmuring, for our joy was turned into sorrow when we saw his face. Though strong with great courage and patience, it bore the impress of deep suffering. I wandered homewards saddened and distressed.

Later in the day, as I went along I felt, almost suddenly, a gradual silence around me; the sound of the hammering ceased, and there was a gentle murmuring—people talking in low tones to one another, as if with a painful expectancy;—then I saw the hundreds of workmen emerging from the various houses and conversing very quietly, but in evidently anxious earnestness. What could it mean? The world now knows how strong was the foundation for our anxiety.

There were some beautiful lines in the "By the

H.R.H. PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES


Rose Barton 1904

Way" column of the *Globe* which well describe that dreadful lovely day. Here they are:—

Did ever such a day
So sweetly dawn for crowning of a King?
The flags tugged at the cords in panting zeal
To follow down the wind, which I heard sing
Its summer music to the drooping bay.
I almost heard the glad carillons peal
Their pride of welcome to the crownèd King
On yesterday.

Was ever such a day
Or such a city gathered in its might?
The highways burned responsive to the sun;
The gleaming river rocked the golden light;
Till when the radiance dipped from sight away,
Above the tawny setting, one by one
The watchful stars upgathering in their might
Kept holiday.

On such a golden day
A Queen kept vigil by a stricken King,
And by the barrier of the silent keep,
Waiting the message the long hours would bring,
We watched till hope resurgent from dismay
Knew of the coming of a gentle sleep
That fell upon our almost crownèd King
That festal day.

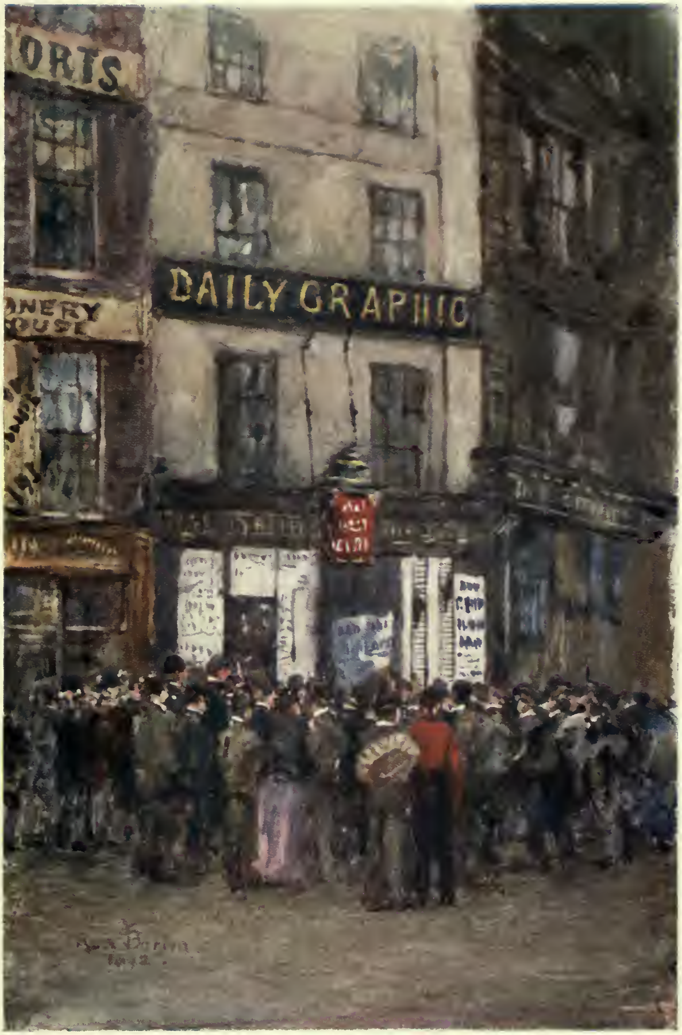
On the day of the postponed Coronation I had the luck to have a most delightful evening walk. After dinner someone said, "Let us go and see the illuminations." We started off, and had such a walk as one seldom dreams of—first along Piccadilly, then down St James's Street, and along Pall Mall, then by Northumberland Avenue to the river. Ah! it was all beautiful. I think the river was perhaps the most perfect of all the sights I saw that night—the dear old Thames bearing on his breast beautiful reflected lights from the festooned bridges decked with their purple and their gold—truly a royal river. Then we walked on to the City—to Lombard Street, past the Mansion House and the Royal Exchange and the Bank of England—all brilliant in the gleaming, glittering light of their loyalty and their love. The historical interest of the City of London is great and varied, and I saw in Lombard Street the signs of many of the old houses that have now given place to modern banks. Gresham resided here about 1559, when he was sent as Ambassador to the Court of the Duchess of Parma. He was a mercer, a merchant, and a banker. He afterwards built Gresham House, in Bishopsgate Street, and resided there. There is a story that he was a foundling, and that an old woman discovered him lying in the road. The tale says that she heard a great noise of grasshoppers, which drew her to the spot where he lay, and that this is the origin of the crest he bore—the grasshopper, which was emblazoned on a shield I saw in Lombard Street. It would require a powerful imagination to picture to oneself grasshoppers in Bishopsgate Street nowadays. (It was there that Gresham was discovered by the old woman.) Pope's father was a linen merchant at No. 1 Plough Court, in Lombard Street. The Church of St Edmund, king and martyr, was built on the site of the old grass-market on the north side of the street. Then, there is the Church of St Mary of the Nativity; the date of its first building is obscure. About the year 1790 (Pennant says), during the digging of a sewer near this spot, the remains of a Roman road were discovered—also coins and very curious and beautiful vases, fragments of pavement, etc. The Mansion House and the Royal Exchange were in a splendid blaze of light, with mottoes and devices. I believe the present Mansion House stands where, in the reign of Edward I., was the old Stocks Market for the sale of "fish and flesh." This afterwards became a sort of Covent Garden, and was used as a market for fruits, roots, and herbs.

The first Exchange building was the work of Gresham in the sixteenth century. This was burnt down in the Great Fire. Pepys gives a description of the laying of the first stone of the Exchange that was built in the seventeenth century. The bottom stone of the first pillar was laid by the King, Charles II. Pepys says in his Diary: "Sir W. Pen and I back to London and there saw the King with his kettle-drums and trumpets, going to the Exchange, which the gates being shut I could not get in to see. So with Sir W. Pen to Captain Cockes, and thence again towards Westminster; but in my way stopped at the Exchange, and got in, the King being nearly gone, and there find the bottom of the first pillar laid. And here was a shed set up and hung with tapestry, and a canopy of state and some good victuals and wine for the King, who, it seems, did it."

I think the illuminations of the Bank of England attracted me more than either those of the Mansion House or those of the Royal Exchange. William Paterson was the founder of the Bank of England; but it had troublous times during the latter part of the seventeenth century, for the financial condition of England was very precarious, and there was strong opposition to the Bank, made by the goldsmiths, whose system of banking had

IN THE STRAND: WAITING FOR ELECTION NEWS

During a General Election the *Daily Graphic* exhibited at its office cartoons of Lord Salisbury and Mr Gladstone, each mounting a ladder; the rungs above which either statesman stood represented the seats he had won.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been much injured by the establishment of the Bank of England. There is a pathetic story connected with the Bank which I remember reading in a history of London by Thornbury—somewhat as follows:—

There was a young woman who was called "The White Lady of Threadneedle Street." It is said that she was the sister of a clerk who had been hanged for forgery. Her mind became unhinged, and each day she used to call at the Bank and make the inquiry, "Is my brother, Mr Frederick, here to-day?" On receiving always a polite negative answer, she used to leave, saying, "Give him my love when he returns. I will call again to-morrow."

I remember hearing some years ago a rather interesting story in connection with the Bank. It was told to me by a friend who had heard it "on good authority":—

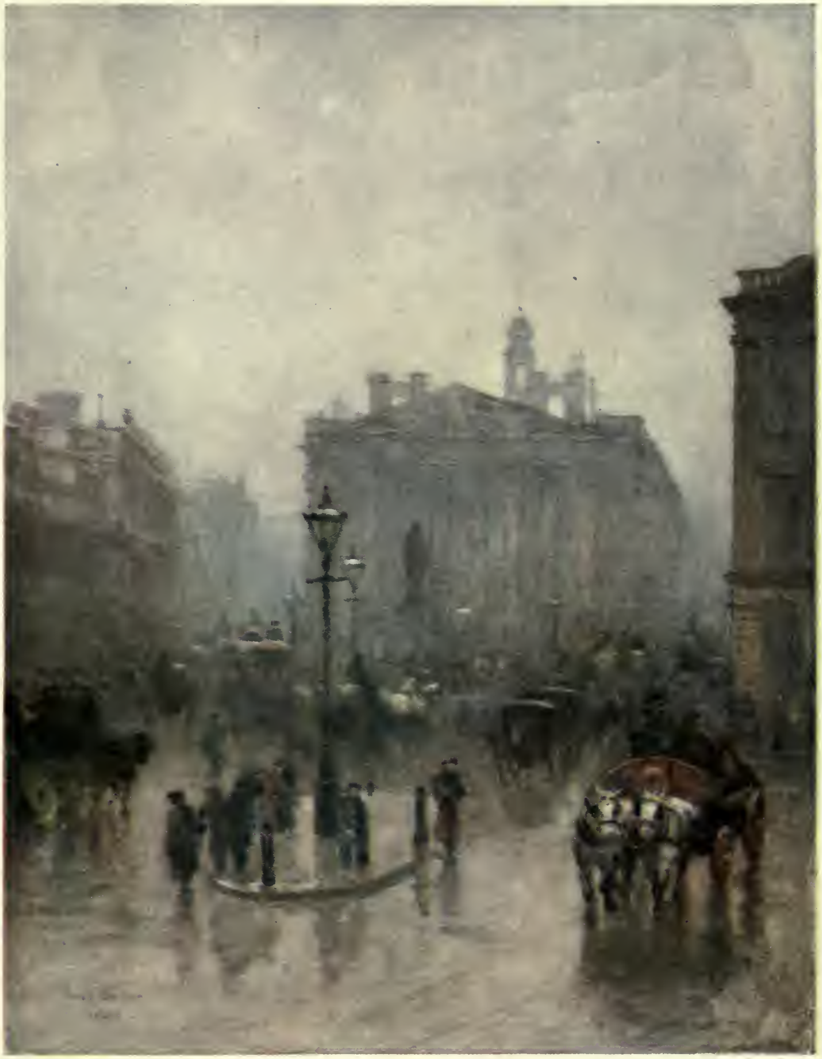
At one of the Directors' meetings a letter was read by the secretary stating that the "strong room" of the Bank had been opened by the writer, and saying that if some of the Directors would meet him there at a fixed hour he would tell them how he got in. The Directors fancied this was a hoax. However, they placed the matter in the hands of detectives, who kept close watch, but with no result. Some time afterwards a heavy box arrived at the Bank, addressed to the Directors, which on being opened was found to contain a large parcel of very valuable securities and other documents that had been placed in the "strong room" for safety. The surprise and horror of the Board may be more easily imagined than described—especially when they discovered among the documents a letter from the wife of the writer of the first letter, stating that her husband was the person who had taken the box and its contents from the Bank, but that he was an absolutely honest man, and wished to give the Directors another opportunity of satisfying themselves, and again stating that he would be there at a certain hour, when, if the Directors, or some of them, would meet him, he would appear and explain all. This letter was shown to the detectives, who regarded it as a foolish continuation of the original hoax. However, they kept watch, and at the time named a faint light appeared in the vault. They rushed towards it; but the light vanished, and nothing could be discovered. I presume the Directors cannot have told the detectives the contents of the box. There was great bewilderment; and on the following night the Directors took up their position again in the vault, and at the appointed hour one of them called out to the invisible robber, asking him to show himself. A low sound of a voice was heard, saying that if the watchers would extinguish their light he would appear. This was done, and then a voice was heard, saying, "Are you gentlemen alone?" Here one of the Directors appears to have struck a match. Instantly a laugh and something of a crash were heard. The lamp relit and the search resumed, nothing was discovered to explain the mystery. After some time (watch being kept as usual each night) a voice was again heard. A parley ensued, and, shortly after, a man appeared before the Directors with a dark lantern. He explained that he was one of the workmen employed in the sewers of London, and that he had discovered an old drain leading away from the main sewer, and, finding the end of it closed with a movable stone, had opened the way out, and discovered himself in the vaults of the Bank, surrounded with bullion and priceless documents. I believe the Bank rewarded him well, and no doubt had the opening properly closed up.

Steele, in a letter to the *Spectator* of 14th

October 1712, on the subject of the condition of the Royal Exchange, says: "I remember the time when rascally company were kept out, and the unlucky boys with toys and balls were whipped away by the Beadle. I have seen this done indeed of late; but then it has been only to chase the lads from chuck, that the Beadle might seize their copper. I must repeat the abomination, that the walnut trade is carried on by an old woman within the walks, which makes the place impassable by reason of shells and trash. The benches around are so filthy that no one can sit down; yet the beadles and officers have the impudence at Christmas to ask for their box, though they deserve the strapado."

How much different is the present condition of things in that beautiful Exchange with its frescoed walls! In wandering one day up Ludgate Hill to St Paul's, I remembered that here used to stand the old Belle Sauvage Inn. I have hunted up various authorities on the subject. I find that in 1453 a bequest was made by a certain John French to his mother, Joan French, widow, of "Savages' Inn." Again, in 1568 John Craythorne gave the reversion of the "Belle Sauvage" to the Cutlers' Company on condition that two exhibitions to the

THE ROYAL EXCHANGE



University and certain sums to poor prisoners should be paid out of the estate. In 1584 the inn was called "Ye Belle Savage." The sign in Queen Anne's time was a savage man standing by a bell. In the old coaching days was heard the cheery horn of the guard, where now the printing press in its busy life has supplanted the rattle of coach wheels rolling in and out of the old inn yard. Here lived, in the days of Charles II., the great wood-carver, Grinling Gibbons. The inn appears to have been built round a spacious courtyard, and had balconies running along the entire length of the main portion of the building. The walls of the Royal Exchange have been of late years decorated with paintings by artists of repute, representing various episodes connected with the City of London and the commerce of the country. I think the first panel was painted by Lord Leighton; it depicts the Phœnicians bartering with the ancient Britons in Cornwall. Then, there are the panels of Brangwyn, Seymour Lucas, Ernest Normand and his wife, Henrietta Ray, S. J. Solomon, Stanhope Forbes, R. W. Macbeth, Sigismund Goetze, and, last but not least, Abbey. The intention is to fill in all these large panels with paintings of a like character. These mural decorations are no doubt a great enrichment to the arcades of the Exchange, and form a feast for the eye that delights in colour.

In Threadneedle Street we find the Merchant Taylors' Hall, the largest of the various London Companies' halls. Here there are several good portraits of various celebrities—notably Henry III., Charles I., Charles II., the Duke of York, the Duke of Wellington, James II., William III., Queen Anne, George III. and his wife. Then we come to Broad Street, with its banking houses, and farther on to Austin Friars, where (at No. 18) lived James Smith, one of the authors of *Rejected Addresses.* After he had been resident here for several years, another James Smith came to live in the place; and this fact produced some confusion. The new-comer called on the author, and hinted that, to avoid inconvenience, one or the other of them had better leave the locality, saying also that he should prefer to stay. "No," said the wit: "I am James the First; you are James the Second: you must abdicate."

The district of Austin Friars is rich in antiquarian lore. Here was founded in 1243 the old Priory of Begging Friars by Humphrey Bohun, Earl of Hereford and Essex. At the dissolution of the monasteries Henry VIII. bestowed the Friars' house and gardens on the first Marquis of Winchester, who made the place his town residence. "Here," says Mr Jesse, "lies the pious founder of the Priory, Humphrey de Bohun, who stood godfather at the font for Edward I., and who afterwards fought against Henry III. . . . . Here rests Edmund, son of Joan Plantagenet, 'the fair maid of Kent,' and half-brother to Richard II. Here lies the headless trunk of the gallant Fitzallan, tenth Earl of Arundel, who was executed at Cheapside in 1397. Here also rest the mangled remains of the barons who fell at the battle of Barnet in 1471, and who were interred together in the body of the church; of John de Vere, twelfth Earl of Oxford, who was beheaded on Tower Hill with his eldest son, Aubrey, in 1461; and, lastly, of the gallant and princely Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham—'poor Edward Bohun'—who, having fallen a victim to the vindictive jealousy of Cardinal Wolsey, was beheaded on Tower Hill in 1521."

The old conventual church of Austin Friars seems to have been almost cathedral-like in its magnificence. Lord Winchester died in 1571 or

1572, "and his son, having sold the monuments at Austin Friars for £100, took the lead off the roof and made stabling of the Church Ground" (Thornbury). The first Lord Winchester was the builder of Winchester House, and he founded Basing House. He died in 1527, in his ninety-seventh year, having lived under nine sovereigns. When he was once asked how he had come unscathed through such troublous times, retaining royal favour and power under so many sovereigns, he answered, "By being a willow and not an oak." Mr Jesse tells us that he visited the old house before it was demolished, in 1839, and found the old Paulet motto, "Aimez Loyaulte," on many of the stained-glass windows. This was the motto that, during the gallant defence of Basing House, was cut, with a diamond, by Lord Winchester on every window of his mansion.

In Bishopsgate Street, not many years ago, stood the beautiful old house which belonged to Sir Paul Pindar. It was in its last days used as a public-house called "Sir Pindar's Head." Happily, the beautiful front of the house was carefully taken down, and now may be seen at the South Kensington Museum.

The great surgeon, Sir Astley Cooper, used to live in Broad Street. There are some interesting records of the yearly increase in the amount of his fees. With the small beginning of five guineas in the first year, the amount increased to £21,000. This appears to have been the largest sum he received in a single year; but his income was, I believe, about £15,000 a year for a long time. There is an amusing story about a millionaire merchant on whom Sir Astley had operated. He had paid his physicians fees of 300 guineas each. The old patient, sitting up in bed, said to Sir Astley, "You, sir, shall have something better—there, sir, take that," throwing his night-cap at the great surgeon. Cooper picked up the missile, and said, "Sir, I will pocket the affront." On reaching home he found a draft for 1000 guineas in the night-cap.

Before I left Bishopsgate Street on the night I had such a delightful walk, viewing the Coronation illuminations, I went to see Crosby Hall. What wonderful reminiscences it called forth! Once it was inhabited by the great and good Sir Thomas More. Erasmus likens it to a "school and exercise of the Christian religion," all its inhabitants, male and female, applying "their leisure to liberal studies and profitable reading, although piety was their first care. No wrangling, no idle word, was heard in it ; everyone did his duty with alacrity, and not without a temperate cheerfulness." Sir Thomas More sold the house to his "dear friend" Antonio Bonvice, a merchant of Lucca, to whom More, twelve years after, sent a touching farewell letter, written in the Tower, with a piece of charcoal, the night before his execution. Crosby Hall passed through vicissitudes for many years. In 1678 a sale was announced at Crosby Hall of "tapestry, a good chariot, and a black girl of about fifteen." The Hall was much mutilated, and the "withdrawing-room and throne-room" were let as warehouses to the East India Company. A lady who lived near, Miss Hackett, saved this fine example of domestic Gothic architecture from further evil, and in 1836 it was partially restored by public subscription, and reopened by the Lord Mayor, who presided at the banquet in the old English style which was held on that occasion.

IV

IV

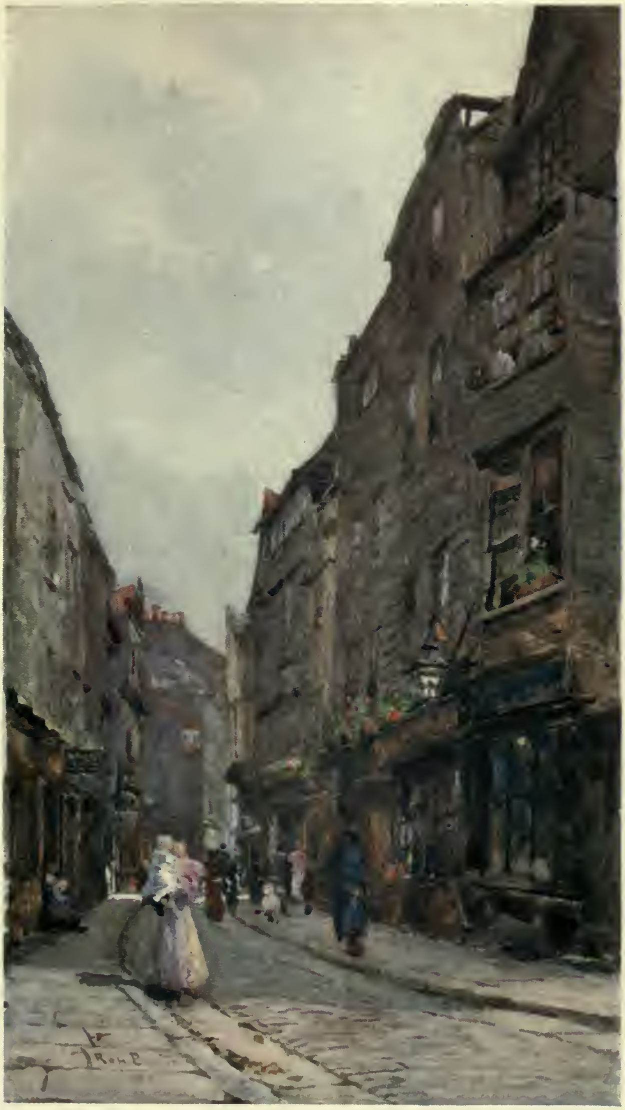
CHELSEA—CLOTH FAIR—DON SALTERO'S COFFEE-HOUSE—STREET CHILDREN—DUSK ON THE RIVER—THE "KING'S PRIVATE ROAD"—THE PHYSIC GARDEN

In old Chelsea Church we have left, untouched except by the hand of Time, memorials of a long roll of the inhabitants of Chelsea. Their names are handed down to us at the corners of many of the streets—Sloane Street, Hans Place, Lincoln Street, Cheyne Walk, etc.—the name of the old Hungerford family too. All these great men dead and gone! As I wander in square and street, with idlers all around me, I often think how each one has in him the great heart of man. How this idea ripened in the war that was forced upon us by the Transvaal! One has seen men whose apparent triviality annoyed one come back as heroes, for they were men at heart and did the deeds of men. How the ludicrous is sometimes blended with the serious! An English officer lost his leg at the battle of Vittoria, and, after suffering the agonies of amputation with the greatest courage, said to his servant, who was pretending to cry in the corner of the room, "None of your hypocritical tears, you rascal! You know you are very glad, for now you will have only one boot to clean instead of two!"

It has been a great pleasure to me to use children as my models—or rather subjects. Generally they are good and patient. It is very amusing to watch the boys—the sturdy man gradually developing, perhaps into a great citizen,—and the little girls too, with their love of finery and almost always the strong indications of motherliness, even in the smallest of them, in their devotion to ragged dolls, but more especially to the baby of the family. I often think of what their lives will be. Will the little coquette lead on some loving heart to be her slave, and then, like the butterfly she is, fly off to some other flower—and at last die an old maid? Will that lad fight his way with courage through the world, or will some sorrow or some sin mar his life and drag him down to misery and death? God help them all!

CLOTH ALLEY, SMITHFIELD

The great London carnival, Bartholomew Fair, used to be held here.



I think that "Cloth Fair" was the most troublesome place in which I ever painted in London—not that the inhabitants wanted to hinder me, but that artists' visits are less frequent there than in other parts. However, the interest shown in my work was very keen. I managed to sit on a step with my back to a door, and no one could get exactly behind me; but about noon strings of mill girls used to swarm up the street, crowd about me and watch, and order one another to "get out of the lydy's way." One windy day a bit of dust got into one of my eyes, and I had to rub and rub and try and coax it out,—in vain. Great sympathy and disappointment were expressed all round at my painting being stopped. At last an enormous butcher, very hot and greasy, stepped out from the crowd, and said, "Will you let me take it out for you?" One look at his huge red brawny hands was enough: I hastily thanked him and assured him that I was all right again. I heard afterwards that the method of operation in vogue with butchers was of such a terribly unpleasant nature that I "thanked my stars" I had had sufficient presence of mind to decline the services, which had, however, been offered in a very kindly manner.

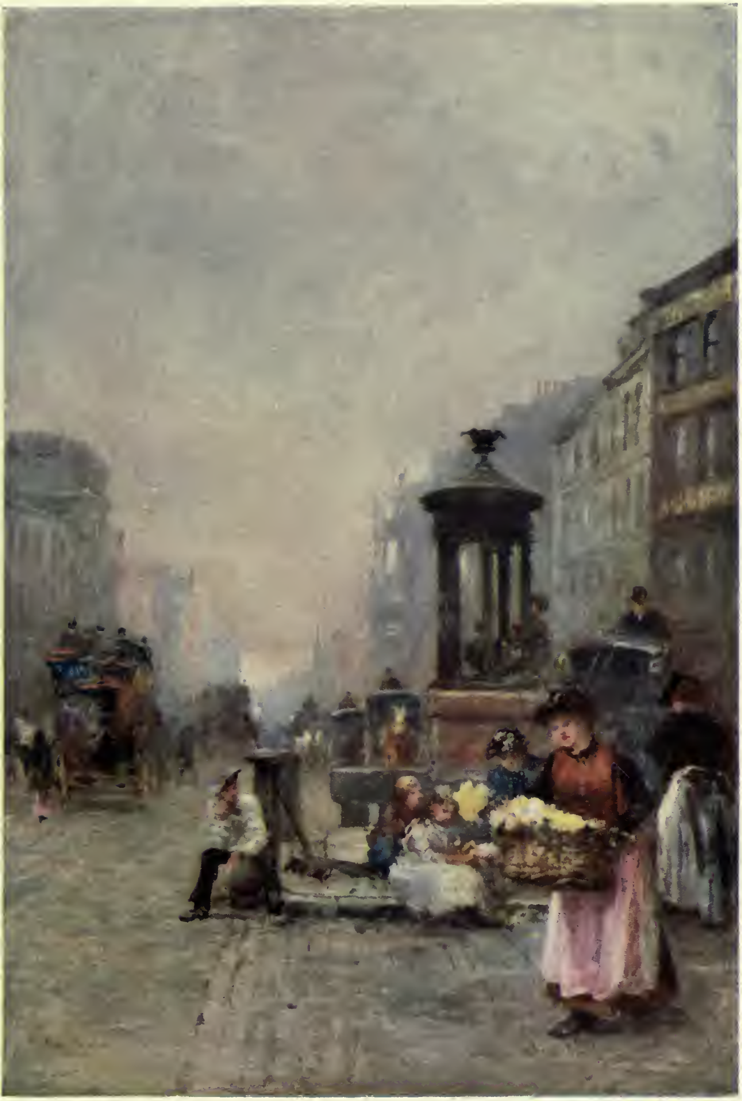
This is one of the most interesting parts of old London. All round Cloth Fair stood old houses, leaning floor over floor, some of the first-floor rooms being built over the courtyard and supported on posts. One can fancy the crafty merchant from Flanders or Italy, with his precious wares, enticing the young squires and dames to buy. The old walls, if they could speak, could no doubt tell us tales of the days of the Plantagenets and even the Tudors.

The good old monk Alfune was the builder of St Giles's, Cripplegate. The parish register of St Bartholomew the Less records the baptism of the celebrated Inigo Jones, son of a Welsh cloth-worker who lived near Cloth Fair; and the burial of one James Heath in 1664—who was a Cavalier chronicler of the Civil Wars and said unpleasant things about Cromwell, for which he was afterwards called "Carrion Heath."

I much prefer the flower girls I have come across to the mill girls. They are not so rough in manner, —I daresay the fact that they live among flowers has a refining influence on them. There used to be a group of the damsels round a little drinking-fountain, which has lately been removed, in the Strand, just opposite St Mary-le-Strand. I sketched them from inside the railings of the

FLOWER GIRLS IN THE STRAND

This little fountain no longer exists. It stood until recently before the western front of St Mary's-le-Strand, and marked the place where the first hackney coach stand was set up, in 1634.



church. A deformed crossing-sweeper — on the look-out for a tip, no doubt—offered to prevent anybody from staring through at me as I worked, and with the help of his broom and some extra-parliamentary language he succeeded admirably. I asked one of the flower girls if she would come and sit for me in my studio in South Kensington. She was much pleased at the project, and on the appointed day she arrived in a state of suppressed excitement. She told me all the other girls were "fit to be tied" with envy. This expression sounded familiar to me, and I was not surprised when she told me her mother was Irish. She had never been in a studio before, and all the time she was sitting I saw her eyes wandering round the room, taking in everything. At last she said triumphantly, "I knowed you was a lydy the first day you came down to paint." "How so?" I asked. "Well," said she, "when you had done your painting you packed up your things and carried them off yourself." From the way she said it, I imagine there had been a heated argument over this point.

The notable house at the corner of Eccleston Street was for many years the residence of the sculptor, Sir Francis Chantrey, who died in 1841, leaving a large sum of money to the Royal Academy for "the encouragement of British Fine Art in Painting and Sculpture." He was born in 1781 near Sheffield, and as a boy used to ride his donkey, carrying the milk into the town. On a certain day, when returning home on his donkey, Chantrey was observed by a gentleman to be very intently engaged in cutting a stick with his penknife. Excited by his curiosity, he asked the lad what he was doing, when, with great simplicity of manner, but with courtesy, the lad answered, "I am cutting old Foxe's head." Foxe was the schoolmaster of the village. On this the gentleman asked to see what he had done, pronounced it to be an excellent likeness, and presented the youth with sixpence; and this may, perhaps, be reckoned the first money that Chantrey ever obtained for his ingenuity.

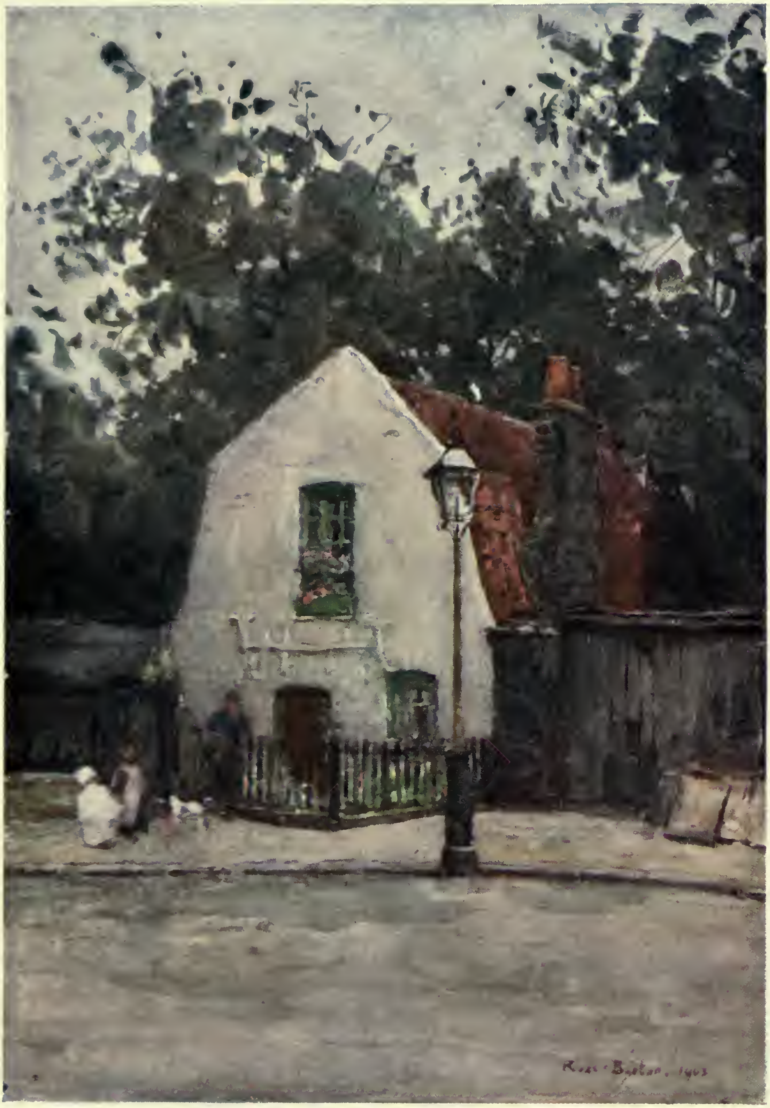
Macaulay tells the following story. When Chantrey dined with Rogers he took considerable notice of a certain vase, and of the table on which it stood, and asked Rogers who made the table. "A common carpenter," said Rogers. "Do you remember the making of it?" asked Chantrey. "Certainly," replied Rogers, in some surprise: "I was in the room while it was finished with the chisel, and gave the workmen directions about placing it." "Yes," said Chantrey: "I was the carpenter: I remember the room well and all the circumstances."

Don Saltero's Coffee-house stood about the middle of Cheyne Walk. Its founder, John Salter, was an old servant of Sir Hans Sloane, from whom he received many old curiosities, which, with others, formed the collection exhibited as "Salter's Museum." Sir Richard Steele says, "When I came into the Coffee-house, I had not time to salute the company before my eye was diverted by ten thousand gimcracks round the room and on the ceiling." Salter brewed a famous bowl of punch, and was something of a musician. Steele says, "Indeed, I think he does play the 'Merry Christchurch Bells' pretty justly; but he confessed to me he did it rather to show he was orthodox than that he valued himself upon the music itself."

Chelsea is without doubt a happy hunting-ground for artists, professional and amateur. The sight of a "sketching stick" or even an easel attracts little or no attention, except from a few boys and an occasional loafer. I have frequently got little children to stand for me in the Embankment gardens by the Old Church, and beyond a small crowd of interested playmates have suffered no inconvenience whatever. What can be more picturesque than a London child—I don't mean one out of the slums, starved and puny, and looking as if no ray of sun or light had ever come across its miserable path—but of the sort that frolic in St James's Park, Battersea Park, and Chelsea? Often have I watched the little things in their close-fitting bonnets and smocked "pinnies," and have blessed the memory of Kate Greenaway, whose charming pictures revolutionised the style of children's clothes. The cares of mature life are thrust upon them at an early age. One rarely sees a child of over seven years with a doll: when that boundary is reached there is sure to be a live doll to be looked after, and the seven-year-old turns into a nursemaid with marvellous powers of patience, endurance, and affection. It always reflects great glory on them when their charges are painted. Mary Jane's "byby" having been "took twice by the lydy," the said Mary Jane can lord it over Eliza Ann, whose "byby" has only once found favour in the "lydy's" eyes. I remember getting a dear little blue-eyed, blue-frocked tot to stand for me with her back to some railings; of course, at once an admiring crowd of children of all sizes

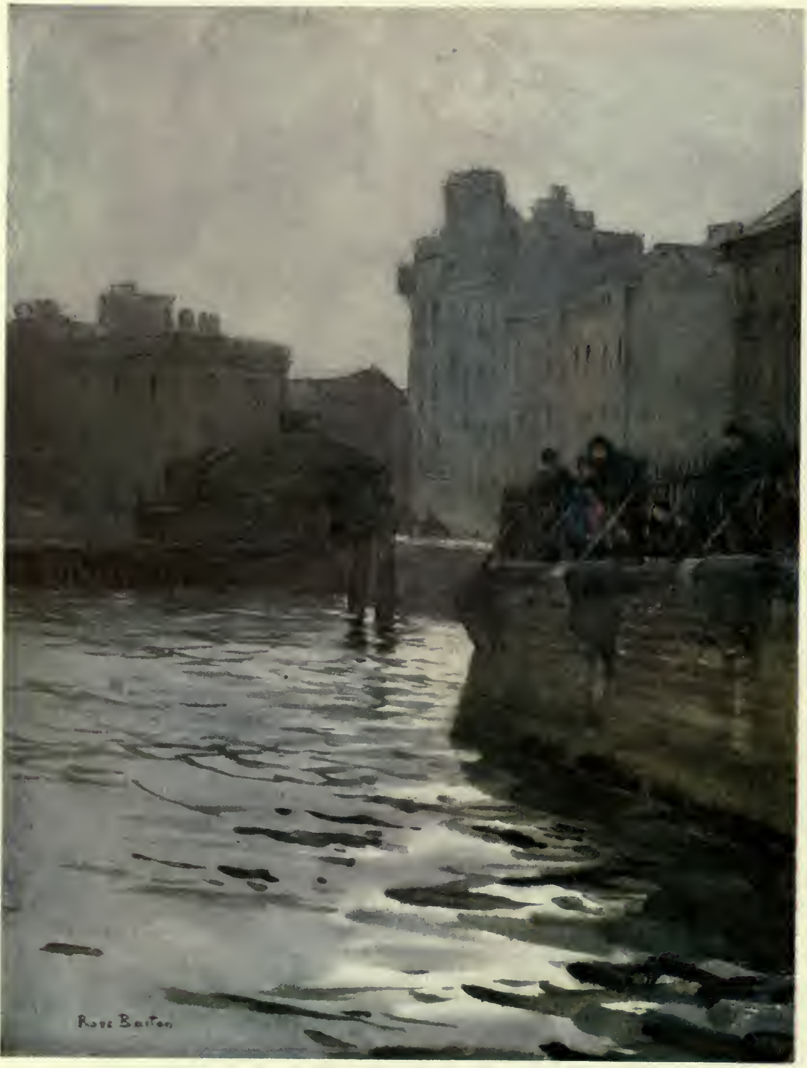
RUS IN URBE

This little red-roofed cottage stands at the corner of Glebe Place, King's Road, Chelsea.


Rose Barton, 1903

collected round me—among them three of her brothers, who sternly said, "Winnie, stand still." I asked one of them, "Who is she called 'Winnie' after?" "After the Duchess of Portland," said he. This reminded me of another child, a boy, I had painted down in Wells, who went about in a short-waisted, long-skirted plaid frock and a large straw hat that was only held together by the piece of faded ribbon tied round it; he rejoiced in the name of Albert Victor. Chelsea is the "Quartier Latin" of London. It abounds in studios of all sizes and sorts. One I rented for a winter in Glebe Place—charming as regards light and furniture, but handicapped with a caretaker whose only object in life was to save himself trouble. Nothing was ever dusted except by me. In vain I used to expostulate. He put on a dignified and injured look, and assured me he swep' this and swep' that the day before. However, all those minor grievances would be forgotten when two or three of us, after trying to sketch on the Embankment in the short winter evenings, till one's fingers were too much numbed to hold the brush, used to get back to a cheerful fire and discuss one's failures over tea and rounds of buttered toast and muffins. Only those initiated into "studio tea" can know to what a pitch of excellence toast and muffins can rise! Then, any day when one's picture was not going right, how easy it was to turn it with its face to the wall, and stroll out and forget one's miserable misdeed! I have a friend, an enthusiastic gardener, who always tells me that weeding is the most soothing of occupations. I differ from her. Let anyone who is cast down and exasperate and wants to be soothed take my advice and wander about Chelsea and imagine himself back in the old days. It is cheaper and better than any tonic. What ghosts of great men and women one can conjure up! What romance clings round the memory of Sir Thomas More and his beautiful old Chelsea home —"not mean nor invidiously grand, but comfortable"! Hither royal and other notable visitors came. Holbein, in the dawn of his celebrity, stayed as More's guest for three years, painting his family and friends. "There is not," says Erasmus, "a man living so affectionate to his children as he; he loveth his old wife as well as if she were a young maid, and this though she was of good years, of no good favour or complexion nor very rich, her disposition very near and worldly." She was his second wife—his first one, Joan, the

OLD RIVER-WALL, CHELSEA


Rose Barton

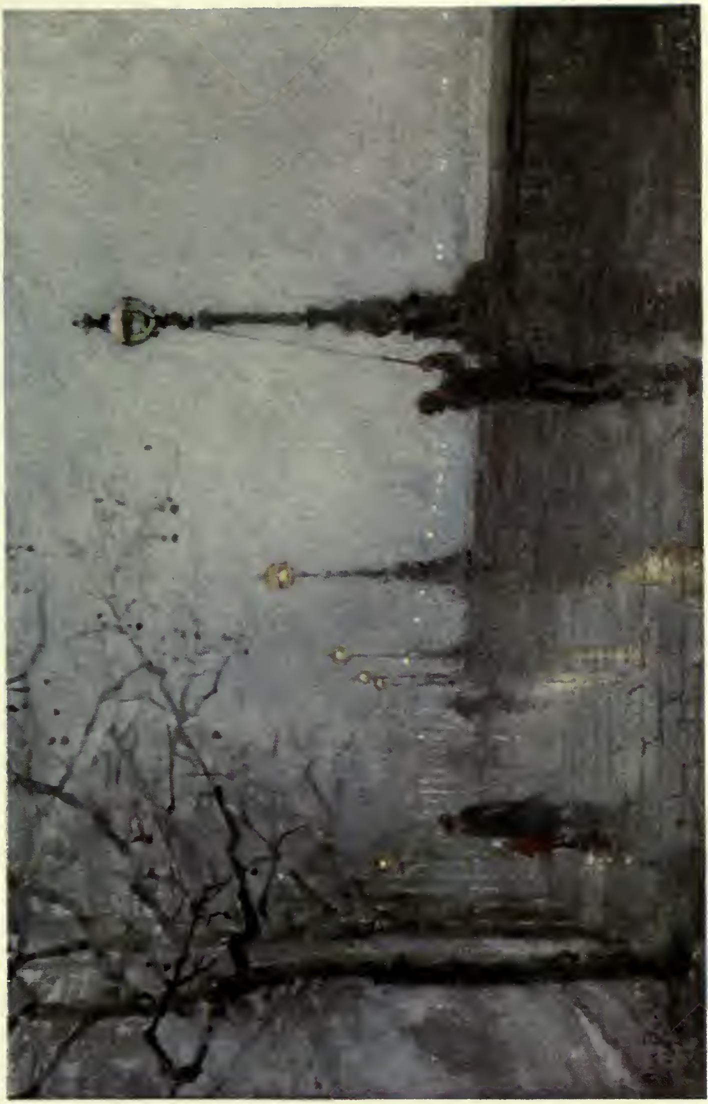
mother of his children, he married, "though his affection most served him to her second sister," because he thought "it would be a grief and some blemish to the eldest to have her younger sister preferred to her." When his downfall came and he was committed to the Tower, his barge, which lay moored on the river, and had so often conveyed him to pleasure or business, was ready to carry him on that last sad journey—to the Tower. In old St Luke's, more generally known as Chelsea Old Church, stands the monument erected by himself in his lifetime to his own memory and that of his two wives. It is a black marble slab placed on the chancel wall, just where he used to stand in his "surplisse"; above it is his crest, a Moor's head on a shield, and on it is cut his own long Latin inscription, sent by him to his friend Erasmus, who thought it worth printing in his collection of Tracts and Letters (Antwerp, 1534).

Both his wives are buried here, as well as others of his family; but whether his body lies here, or in a Tower grave, no one knows. His chapel is on the south side of the chancel; it was to his seat here that More himself came after service, in place of his man-servant (on the day when the King had taken office from him), and, bowing to his wife, said, with double meaning, "Madam, the Chancellor has gone." It was in this church that Henry VIII. married Jane Seymour the day after the execution of Anne Boleyn. To me it has more fascination than any other church in London. It is quaint and impressive, and withal retains to this day the simplicity of a village church; and of much interest is its tiny churchyard, with heterogeneous monuments and slabs, from the stately tomb of Sir Hans Sloane and his wife to the one, worn with wind and weather, erected to the memory of Dr Chamberlayne, whose daughter Anne, "long declining wedlock and aspiring above her sex and age, fought valiantly with arms and manly attire under her brother in a fire-ship against the French on the 30th June 1690"—when she was only twenty-three. However, her military ardour did not last long: she apparently got tired of war and bloodshed, married one Spragge, and died soon after. The Rectory must appeal to all of us; for it was the home of three notable boys—Charles, George, and Henry Kingsley,—their father, the Rev. Charles Kingsley, having received the living from Lord Cadogan. Henry, the youngest, has given us a vivid picture of modern Chelsea in *The Hillyars and Burtons*—its streets and by-ways, its old houses, and its venerable church, in delightful detail, as he saw them when a boy.

If one wanders on past Battersea Bridge, where the Thames takes an abrupt turn, and it happens to be an autumn evening, with a brilliant sunset flooding the river with light, who can help thinking of Turner? Why, one can stand by the little creeper-covered house where he lived and (in that front room) died! The house is below the level of the street, and there still remains the little iron balcony that he had put up in order to study the gorgeous sky effects he loved so well. Sometimes my flights of fancy are abruptly dispelled, as, for example, on one still November afternoon, when I went out for a stroll at dusk along the Chelsea Embankment. The lights were just being lit; all outlines were lost in mysterious beauty; and as I walked along I meditated on how truly Whistler had interpreted the scene: "And when the evening mist clothes the riverside with poetry, as with a veil, and the poor buildings lose themselves in the dim sky, and the tall chimneys become campanili, and the warehouses are palaces in the night, and the whole city hangs in the heavens, and fairyland is before us—then the wayfarer hastens home; the working man and the cultured one, the wise man and the one of pleasure, cease to understand, as they have ceased to see, and nature, who for once has sung in tune, sings her exquisite song to the artist alone, her son and her master—her son in that he loves her, her master in that he knows her."

Musing thus, I sat down on one of the benches; and then I went and leaned on the Embankment wall, and thought how beautiful it all was, and how impossible to paint. An old Chelsea pensioner passed slowly by, turned back, came up, and leaned on the wall beside me—a gallant old fellow, no doubt, judged by the row of medals on his breast. After a long and steady look at me, he said in a very solemn voice, "You're not going to do it—are you?" "Going to do what?" said I. "Why, going in there," said he, turning his thumb over in the direction of the river. It was a few seconds before I could grasp his meaning. When I did I laughed and said, "O dear no: I am an artist, and I am looking about for something to paint." He gave an unbelieving sniff and remained quietly standing beside me. At last he said, "And what are you going to do now?" "Well," I said, seeing it was hopeless to think of getting rid of him, "I suppose I had better go home." He laid his old hand on my shoulder and said, "Now, just you come

THE LAST LAMP, THAMES EMBANKMENT



along with me to the nearest public, and have a glass; you'll feel a different woman after it;—and I'll stand you." I shook his hand, and said, "You are a dear, kind old man; but I am all right, and I really am going home."

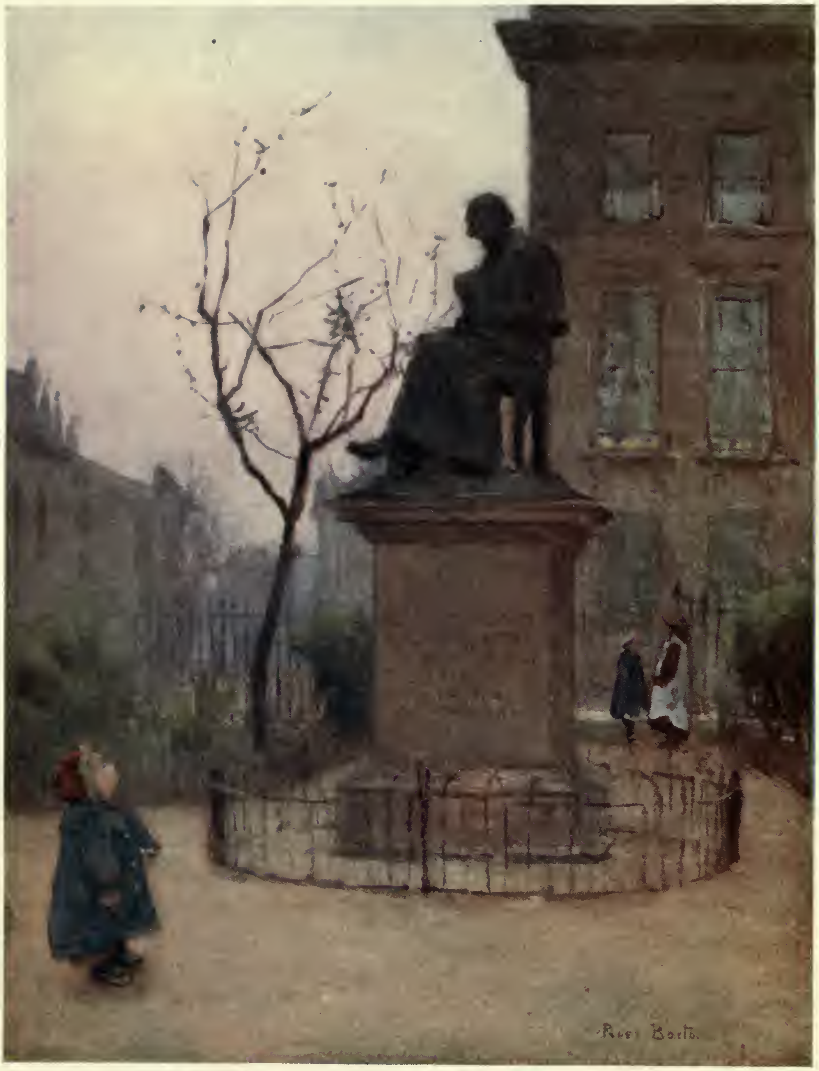
I walked away, but looked back a few times, and saw him staring after me, evidently still thinking I was bent on seeking a watery grave.

The Chelsea gamin is very much more "up to date" in his knowledge of art than his contemporaries in other parts of London. He is well accustomed to the sketcher, and is keenly and critically interested in his work. You have to face an ordeal when the boys argue over what the subject of the drawing can be. Sometimes one of them will declare that perhaps a house that I flatter myself I have drawn with great accuracy and care is meant for a tree that is probably behind me. Then follows a wordy warfare, occasionally ending in fisticuffs. The only stipulation I make is that they should fight it out at a safe distance from me. There are often, among my humble critics, great arguments as to what prices I am likely to get for my work,—the girls are especially keen on that point. From sixpence to a shilling has generally been the limit; but the size of the drawing counts for something, and once I was filled with pride at hearing my picture being valued at eighteen pence!

Tradition has it that, as King Charles had the "King's Private Road" made that he might drive down to visit Nell Gwynne, his neglected Queen, Catherine of Braganza, declined to use it, and the Queen's Road was therefore made to bring her to her house in Cheyne Walk. I like to fancy that this is true, and to feel that the handsome, long-suffering, deserted Queen had at all events the road to herself. No. 16, "Queen's House," is a beautiful old dwelling supposed to have been built by Wren, the Royal Architect, for her; and some say the initials C. R., traced in the wrought-iron work of the gateway, stand for "Catherine Regina." Here also lived for eighteen years Dante Gabriel Rossetti, that brilliant, erratic genius—"one of a few who have been illustrious in two arts, and who earned an independent name in both." Often have I strolled through the Embankment gardens and watched the children playing round a statue placed there in recent years: a man seated in a chair, with bent brow and rugged face—Thomas Carlyle, the "Sage of Chelsea." It is a beautiful statue, full of thought; and I love to see little children some-

WHO IS IT?

Statue of Thomas Carlyle, by Boehm.


Rose Barton.

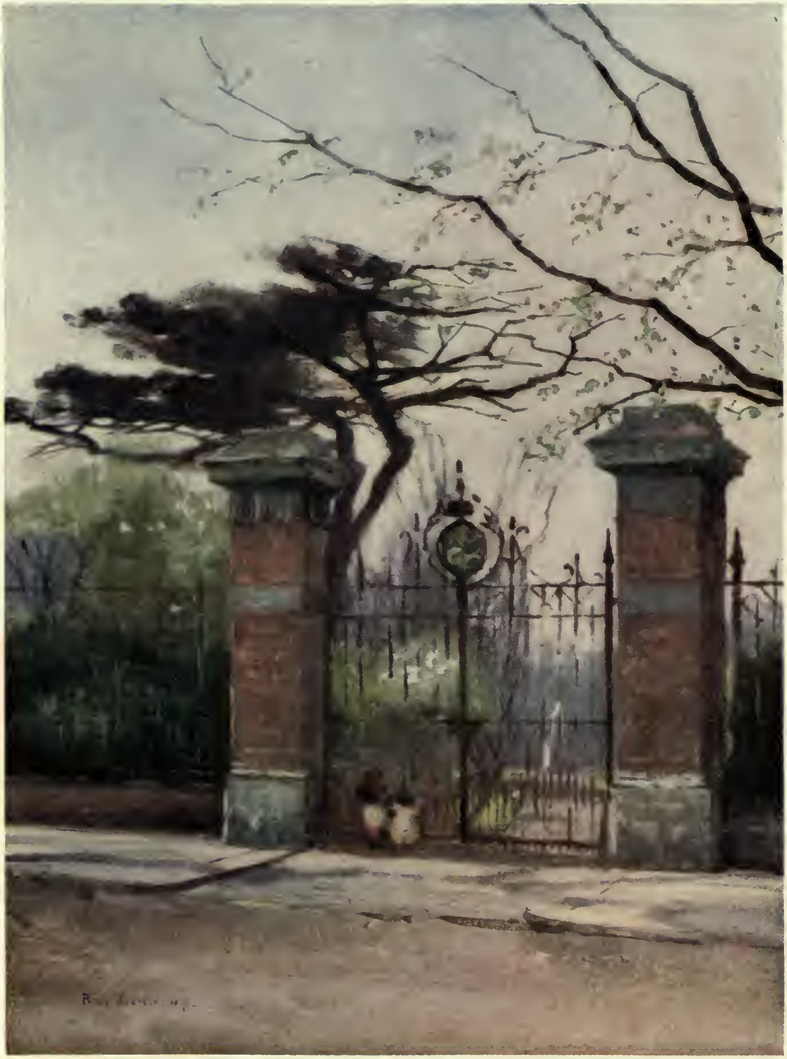
times stopping in their play to gaze up at him, as if attracted by something beyond their comprehension. In the middle of Cheyne Row, a quiet street of small old red-brick houses, the house once numbered 5 (now 24) is that in which he dwelt for nearly fifty years. "A small house, truly; yet in it were born great thoughts that can never die, and within its rooms gathered great men whom posterity will know how to reverence." Here Carlyle wrote his history of the French Revolution and nearly all the works that have immortalised his name. A certain account by an American clergyman is of interest. "We were," he says, "shown into a plainly furnished room, on whose walls hung a rugged portrait of Oliver Cromwell. Presently an old man, apparently over threescore years and ten, walked very slowly into the room. He was attired in a long blue woollen gown, reaching down to his feet. His grey hair was in an uncombed mop on his head. His clear blue eye was sharp and piercing. A bright tinge of red was on his thin cheek, and his hand trembled as he took our own. This most singular-looking personage reminded us of an old alchemist."

The influence Carlyle has had over the thoughts and opinions of others has been enormous. The sympathy he had for men was not for England and the English alone, but for humanity. His honesty, his denunciation of all that was selfish, untrue, or hypocritical, unveiled many shams; and amid his scathing satire and his grim humour there flashes on us the rugged tenderness he had for the poorest of his fellows.

Many a time have I wandered past Paradise Row, or rather what is left of it—half a dozen quaint brick houses with tiled roofs and dormer windows, standing back from the street, with high white gateposts, on top of each of which is the old-fashioned stone ball in vogue at the end of the Jacobean period. They are mostly laundries; but, unpretending though they are, many titled and well-known personages lived in them. Among these were the first Duke of St Albans and Hortense, Duchesse de Mazarin, who supplanted the Duchess of Portsmouth in the Merry Monarch's affections, and led the fashion for some time. She entertained largely, quite regardless of the fact that she was too deeply in debt to pay even butcher and baker; and Lysons says that at these fashionable gatherings it was usual for the nobility and others who dined at the Duchess's house to leave money under their plates to pay for what they had eaten.

ENTRANCE TO THE APOTHECARIES' GARDEN

The Apothecaries' Garden faces Chelsea Embankment, and was made over to the Apothecaries' Company by Sir Hans Sloane in 1722.



Her near neighbour, Mrs Mary Astell, was a striking contrast to the brilliant Hortense. She was a very intellectual and able woman, one of the pioneers in the movement for the higher education of her sex. In her writings she pointed at the Duchess of Mazarin as a warning of the doom decreed to beauty and to wit when shackled in slavery to man, and thereby brought down on her head many jibes and sneers from Smollett, Swift, and others, who were residents in Chelsea.

The garden of the Apothecaries' Company (or Physic Garden) also attracts me, with its high railings and gate, through which I have often seen little children gazing wistfully. It is the oldest garden of the kind in England, and was made over to the Apothecaries' Company by Sir Hans Sloane in 1722, on condition that "it should at all times be continued a physic garden, for the manifestation of the power and wisdom and goodness of God in creation, and that the apprentices might learn to distinguish good and useful plants from hurtful ones." Sir Hans Sloane was born in Ireland in 1660, and came over while still a youth to study in London. He will be remembered more especially as being the founder of the British Museum; but his name is still revered in Chelsea. A marble statue by Rysbach stands in the middle of the Physic Garden, and was erected to his memory by the Company, "with grateful hearts and general consent," in 1737. Of the four cedar trees planted in 1683, the first cedars brought to England, the last, black and gaunt and grim, was cut down in March 1904. Two were cut down in 1771, their timber, though decayed, realising £23 ; the third died in 1878.

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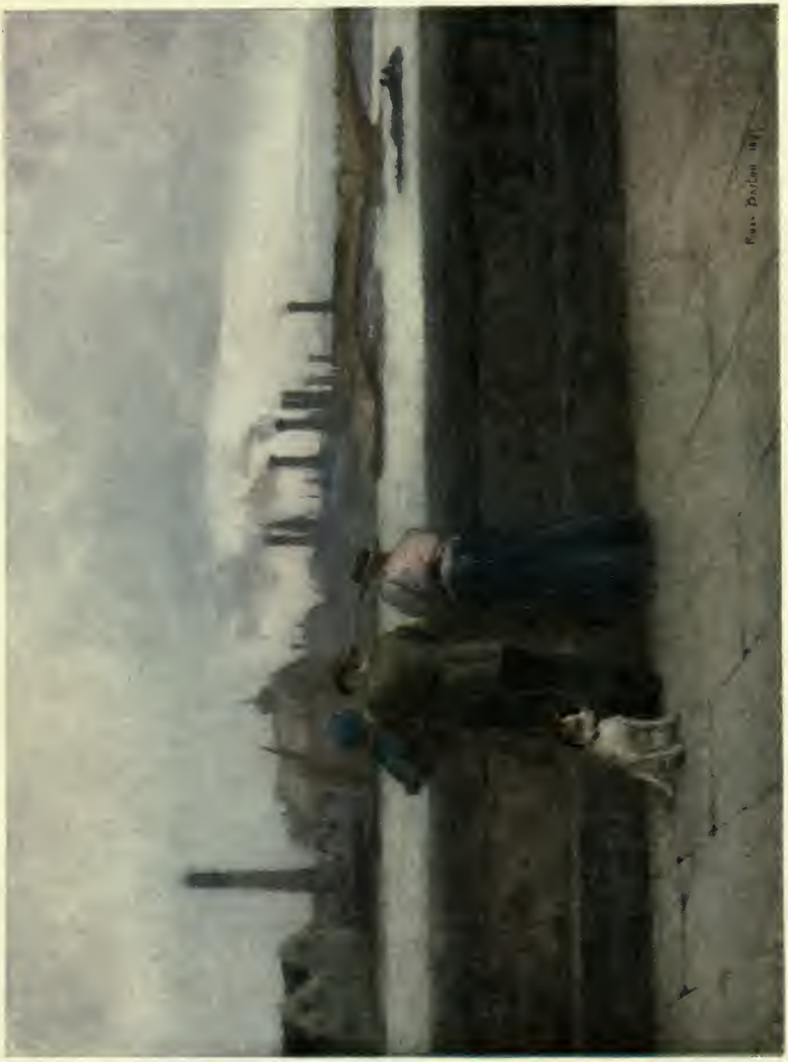
BATTERSEA FIELDS—THE CHELSEA PENSIONERS—THE CHARTER HOUSE—COLONEL NEWCOME

Battersea Park faces the Physic Garden from the opposite side of the river. The old Battersea Fields were low, flat, damp, and (I fancy) treeless. They were crossed by paths raised above the level; but at no time of the year could Battersea Fields have looked other than dreary, and in winter they must have looked inexpressibly so. There were certain historical associations connected with them. Here, for example, the Duke of Wellington fought a duel with the Earl of Winchelsea in 1829. Close to the river bank was an enclosure which was called the Subscription Ground; here the subscribers came to shoot pigeons. The Battersea of that day has happily changed entirely. A beautiful park covers the Subscription Ground, together with most of the flat and dreary fields. It is a sight to see on a Bank Holiday—thronged with men, women, and children. What a boon these parks are, and what a step in the right direction is converting the ancient churchyards into gardens! It seems so terrible that there should be no place anywhere for the children to play except the streets, or for the old women to sit in except the public-houses. Drury Lane, the historic Drury Lane, once the home of Nell Gwynne, has two playgrounds for children. Both are disused burial grounds; one is the burial ground mentioned in *Bleak House.* But the most picturesque I know is in the King's Road, that which Sir Hans Sloane gave to the parish. Cipriani, the engraver, a foundation member of the Royal Academy, is buried there, and his friend and contemporary, Bartolozzi, erected a monument to his memory. Chelsea Workhouse stands just behind it, and the old men and women inmates now use the burial ground for exercise. The old women look most picturesque through the tall iron railings, dressed in their bright red-and-black check shawls, blue cotton dresses, and white frilled caps. I was very anxious to make a sketch of them wandering about among the tombs; but the Guardians would not give me leave to do so. They said it would make the old

OUT FOR THE DAY


Rose Barton

women conceited and turn their heads! Poor things—I cannot see that sketching them would have done any very great harm even had it had that effect!

Along the Chelsea Embankment one comes upon old Chelsea pensioners strolling along. They still wear the three-cornered hat of William the Third's time; but about 1850 trousers were substituted for the breeches and gaiters of earlier days. In the summer they have scarlet coats faced with blue; in the winter dark blue coats are worn. Chelsea Hospital is so silent and still that it might be in a wilderness instead of a corner of busy London. It is a solid yet harmonious building designed and carried out by Sir Christopher Wren—somewhat on the plan of the Hôtel des Invalides, Paris—and is built of red brick, faced with stone, and darkened by age—the roofs of green-toned slate,—the whole in beautiful proportion. The burying ground is full of interest. It is carefully kept, and trees have recently been planted. The graves are not banked up above the ground. The turf lies flat. The tombstones mostly lie flat, and the monuments are few. The first burial was that of one Simon Box in 1652, and from that date until the ground was closed in 1855 about 9000 have been interred in this small space. One of the epitaphs is worth repeating :—

Here lies Richard Hiseland
A veteran if ever soldier was
Who merited well a pension
If long service be a merit
Having served upwards of the days of man
Antient but not superannuated
Engaged in a series of wars
Civil as well as foreign
Yet not maimed or worn out by either
His complexion was fresh and florid
His health hale and hearty
His memory exact and ready
In stature
He exceeded the military size
In strength
He surpassed the prime of youth
And
What rendered his age
Still more Patriarchal
When above one hundred years old
He took unto him a wife
Read fellow soldiers and reflect
That there is a spiritual warfare
As well as Warfare Temporal.

Born VI of August 1620.
Died VII of February 1732, aged 112.

To me the fact of his having survived his marriage at his time of life for twelve years is not the least astonishing part of the story ! Hiseland was well known at the Cross Keys in Gracechurch Street, City, an old coaching house. For many years his half-length portrait hung in the public room there. It came into the possession of Lord Rosebery, who kindly presented it to the Chelsea Hospital, as being the fittest place for it. It now hangs in the corner of the Great Hall, with the following inscription: "William Hiseland the Pensioner of Chelsea College did 1st August 1730 sit for this picture, who was then 110, and in perfect health. George Alsop Pinxt."

The registers give us several instances of old pensioners living to a very advanced age.

Joshua Crewman . .	died	1794,	aged	123
Peter Burrell . .	„	1773,	„	107
Robert Cumming . .	„	1767,	„	116
Thomas Agby . .	„	1737,	„	112
John Wolf . . .	„	1821,	„	107
Abraham Moss . .	„	1805,	„	106
Thomas Rose Warn . .	„	1837,	„	105

"There is something very peaceful about these old men's graves," says Mrs Basil Holmes, in her work, *The London Burial Grounds.* "The grain, gathered by the Reaper whose name is Death, was fully ripe."

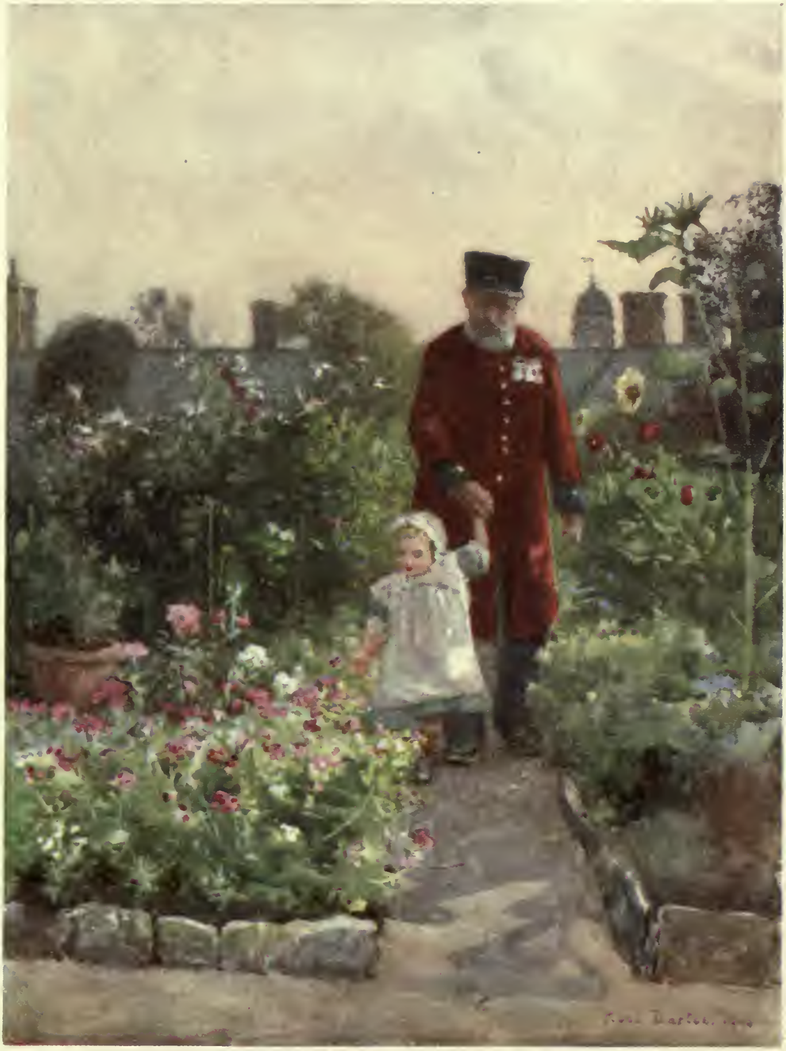
The old men's gardens alongside the burying ground are a pretty sight on a summer's day.

There are 500 pensioners and 139 allotments. Not all the men are gardeners, and there is sufficient space for those who are. Some of the little plots are very bright and gay, and the old men know much about their fruit and vegetables — indeed, some have quite a scientific knowledge of their hobby, and send their produce to the best exhibitions, very often with success. In a community like this at Chelsea there is rarely anything which a man can look upon as his own, and just a small amount of egotism is good, if only from the feeling of responsibility it engenders.

The first day I was there I had a chat with one of the pensioners. I asked the old fellow if he was Irish. "No, thank God!" said he. This put an end to conversation on my part!

I once bought a whole bed of white lilies from a County Clare man, with the condition that they were not to be touched until I had done painting them. The care he bestowed on them was great; but a heavy downpour of rain spoilt them considerably, and put a stop to my painting. I said to him, "I wish this rain would cease: it is bad for your work, and bad for mine." He answered, "I'm thinking it does not much matter what you or I want: the Lord will send what is best for us

THE PENSIONERS' GARDEN, ROYAL HOSPITAL, CHELSEA



both." Wise old man! If we poor mortals could only realise that a little more, what heart-burnings and disappointments we should be spared!

The Hospital, with its offices, courts, gardens, etc., occupies about 66 acres. Sir Stephen Fox, Paymaster of the Forces in the time of Charles II., a rich philanthropist, who built churches, almshouses, and charity schools in Wiltshire and Suffolk, inspired Charles with the idea of founding Chelsea Hospital, and used all his energy to forward the scheme. Another who took a leading part in its institution was John Evelyn, as a passage in his diary shows:—

Amsterdam, 1641.—"But none did I so admire as an hospital for their old and decayed soldiers and seamen, where the accommodation was very great, the building admirable, it being for state, order, and accommodation one of the worthiest things the world can show of this nature. Indeed, it is most remarkable what provisions are here made and maintained for public and charitable purpose, and to protect the poor from misery and the country from beggars."

And forty years later:—

1682, *May* 25*th*.—"I was desired by Sir Stephen Fox and Sir Christopher Wren to accompany them to Lambeth, with the plot and design of the College to be built at Chelsea, to have the Archbishop's approbation."

The foundation stone was laid by the King in 1682; but from lack of funds the building was not completed till 1694, under William and Mary. In their days the gardens sloping down to the Thames were laid out in the formal Dutch style. Canals intersected prim gardens, and rows of little limes pollarded like willows edged the bank. In 1852 these canals were finally filled in and the limes transplanted to the avenue bordering Ranelagh Gardens, where they still flourish.

The building consists of an open quadrangle with wings. The middle of the quadrangle is laid out in grass plots divided by gravel walks. On a pedestal is a statue of Charles II. by Grinling Gibbons, representing the Merry Monarch disguised as an ancient Roman. On the frieze of the cloistered wall which runs along the front of the Hospital there is an inscription in Latin intimating that the establishment was begun by Charles II., continued by James II., and finished by William and Mary in 1692.

The chapel, consecrated by Compton, Bishop of London, in 1691, has dark wainscotted walls of Dutch oak, with carvings by Grinling Gibbons, and a floor of black and white marble. Though plain and severe in treatment, it has a picturesqueness of its own, from the mass of banners in every stage of decay which hang from the coved roof and fill the space at once with gloom and colour. They are relics from wars in all parts of the world, those in best condition being the Oriental ones. Prayers are read every morning at 10.30, and Divine service is held twice on Sundays—at eleven in the morning and half-past six in the evening. An old drummer and a piper in ancient uniform (scarlet coat, with high collar and cocked hat) stand in the centre court near the statue of Charles II., like spectres from a Marlborough battle-field, and give the church-parade call. No one can help being struck with the deep devotional feeling displayed by the old men. Simple and solemn is the service, with a choir of very small boys and girls, forming a touching contrast to the worn-out old warriors with their frail hold on life. Dr Burney, the famous musician and father of Madame D'Arblay (Fanny Burney), was for many years organist here, and is buried in the Hospital cemetery.

Opposite the chapel one enters the Great Hall, also hung with tattered colours taken by the British Army; and underneath these, at Wren's tables, made to last for ever without a single nail in them, sit the old pensioners and their friends, smoking and chatting and playing cribbage, draughts, bagatelle, etc. This hall has been used on several notable occasions, including the court-martial on General Whitelocke (1808) for surrendering the fortress of Monte Video, for which he was cashiered. The one most interesting nationally was the lying in state of the Duke of Wellington, who died at Walmer Castle on the 14th of September 1852. On the 10th of November his remains were brought to Chelsea. An escort of the First Life Guards formed the mournful cavalcade. It was attended the whole way by a considerable crowd, in spite of the continual rain. On its arrival, a detachment of the Duke's own regiment, the Grenadiers, formed a guard over the body. The vestibule, chapel, and hall had been draped with black, and fifty-four colossal candelabra, with immense wax candles, threw a mysterious light around. On the afternoon of the 12th, Her Majesty Queen Victoria, the Prince Consort, and several of the Royal children visited the hall, to pay their last respects to all that was mortal of the great Field-Marshal. After they had left, the old pensioners were allowed in; and a curious and interesting spectacle it must have been to behold the veterans, many apparently on the verge of the grave themselves, hobbling up to the coffin of their old commander and staring at the glittering honours suspended upon his bier.

To them succeeded parties of the Life Guards and Grenadiers, their scarlet uniforms warming up the sombre aspect of the hall, their upright carriage so different from that of the feeble old soldiers who had preceded them and in their day had doubtless been quite as light of heart and strong of limb. There were also a few private parties, including friends and relations; and after them crept in the little boys of the Duke of York's School. The public was afterwards admitted, and came in thousands; and on Thursday, November 18, the remains were laid with much state in St Paul's Cathedral, by the side of that other great warrior, Lord Nelson.

No lover of Thackeray is likely to overlook the Charter House, to the ancient foundation of which he so often refers, dwelling on it with many fond memories. It began as a rich and powerful monastery, and after many vicissitudes was finally sold by the Norfolk family to one Thomas Sutton, a great and wealthy merchant, who converted it into a hospital for eighty poor men and forty boys. On Founder's Day the boys used to sing:—

Then blessed be the memory
Of good old Thomas Sutton,
Who gave us lodging, learning,
As well as beef and mutton.

The school has been removed to near Godalming, thirty miles away from London fogs and the crowds of Smithfield; but the eighty pensioners still remain in the old monastic buildings. They dine in a grand old hall, and twice a day they don their gowns, to go to service and thank God for His manifold blessings and mercies. As I wander through the old buildings, Colonel Newcome is always before me, the brave, high-minded, large-hearted, most lovable old soldier, who sacrificed all he had in the world to keep his honour spotless, and to shield others from misery, and came here to escape from the remorseless tyranny of "the Campaigner."

The service on Founder's Day is a special service, one of the Psalms chosen being Psalm xxxvii., where, in verses 23, 24, 25, occur these words: "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord, and he delighteth in his way. Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down; for the

Lord upholdeth him with his hand. I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."

Pendennis, himself a Greyfriars boy, came to the festival one day, quite unaware of his friend's presence. He says: "I chanced to look up from my book to the swarm of black-coated pensioners, and amongst them—amongst them sate Thomas Newcome." The noble old man had come to end his days here.

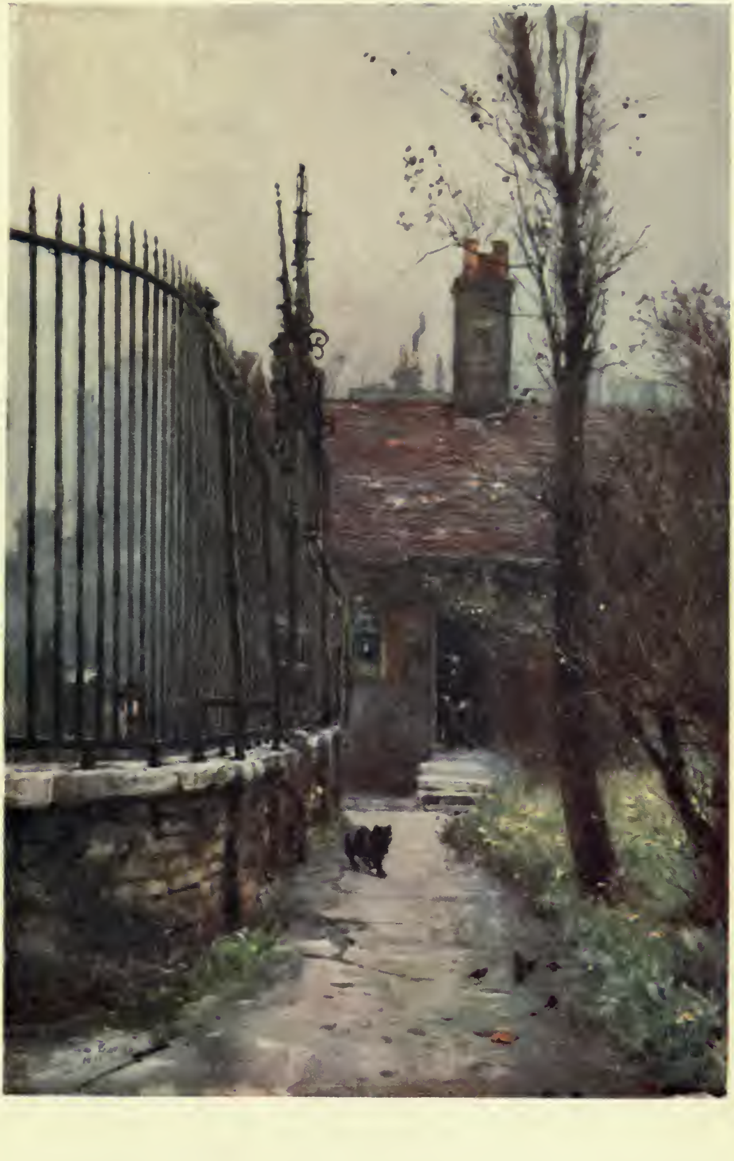
I know of no chapter in English literature more touching than the one describing his death. The curfew tolled every evening at 8 or 9 p.m. to proclaim the number of the poor brethren. "At the usual evening hour the chapel bell began to toll, and Thomas Newcome's hands, outside the bed, feebly beat time; and just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quickly said, 'ADSUM,' and fell back. It was the word we used at school, when names were called; and lo, he, whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to his name, and stood in the presence of the Master."

Thackeray himself was one of the foundation boys, and wore a gown, and who shall ever do it more honour than he has done? Only a few weeks before his death he was present on Founder's Day. At the banquet afterwards he sat by the side of his old friend, John Leech; and Thackeray it was who on that occasion proposed the toast of the Charter House. There is a tablet erected to his memory in the quiet cloister which leads to the chapel. Next to it is a tablet to the memory of Leech.

VI

EMANUEL HOSPITAL, WESTMINSTER

Entrance gate to Emanuel Hospital, Westminster, founded in 1594 by Lady Dacre; pulled down in 1893.



VI

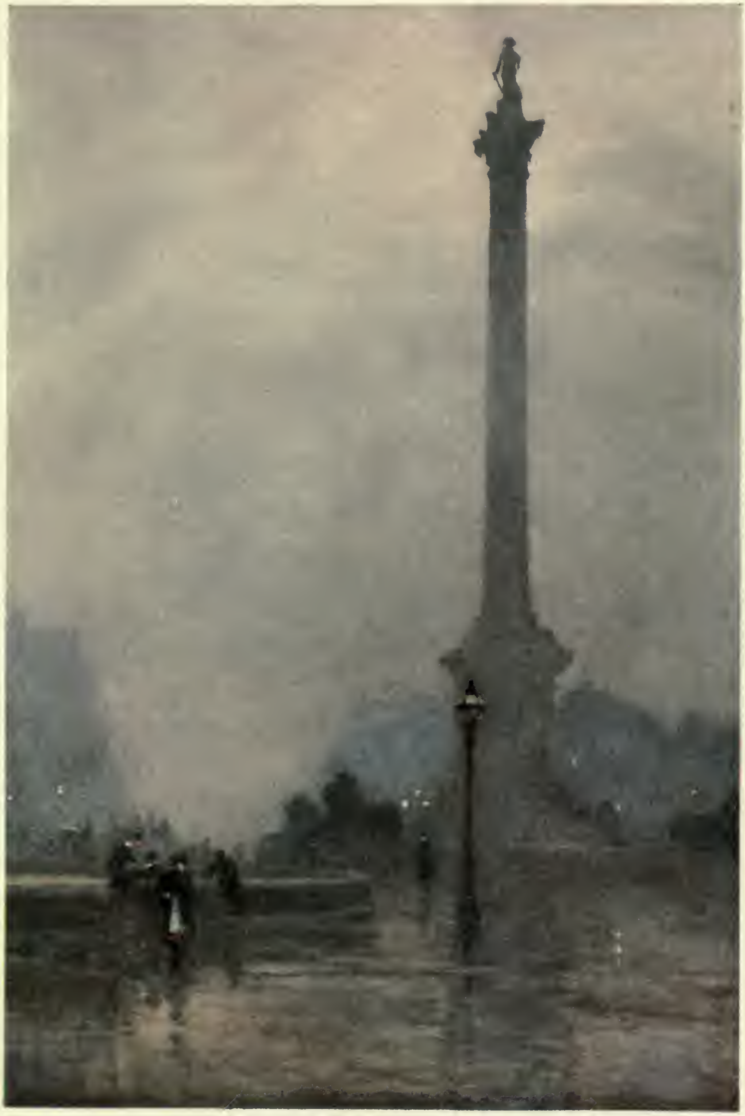
TRAFALGAR SQUARE — ABOUT ART — MODERN RESTAURANTS—THE THAMES FISH—OLD CITY LAWS

EMANUEL HOSPITAL, that lovely old building in Westminster, was demolished in 1892. It was founded in 1594 by Anne, Lady Dacre (at one time maid of honour to Queen Elizabeth), "for the relief of aged people and the bringing up of children in virtue and good and laudable arts, whereby they might the better live in time to come by their honest labour." Her pensioners lived in this peaceful old-world spot in James Street, which lies on the way from Buckingham Gate to Victoria. After leaving the great mansions near the Park, it was wonderful to come upon this little green oasis, with a splendid wrought-iron gate in front, and surrounded by low red-brick buildings with tall chimneys, and its chapel in the middle. It had already been doomed to destruction when I saw it first, and the old inmates had not the heart to look after the flowers; but I believe that until then it had been beautifully kept and cared for. Now on its site stands a huge block of residential flats. James Street is now known as Buckingham Gate, and its romance and sentiment have perished with its name.

I never walk through Trafalgar Square without wishing that Sir Edwin Landseer had modelled four lions in different attitudes, instead of having them all nearly similar. It seems to me the effect would have been much finer. However, even as they are, they are very splendid.

One windy day I sat down with my back to a fountain, to sketch one of them, when a sudden gust blew my hat off my head into the very middle of the water. I jumped up, and am sure I must have gesticulated wildly, for, in almost less time than it takes me to write it, a small crowd had swarmed round the fountain, and the whole square was black with people and policemen hurrying up. In the meantime the hat, a blue straw one, was whirling round and round, preparing to sink, when a lamplighter appeared, and with great ingenuity managed to hook it on to his pole, and handed it to me, amid the cheers and the laughter

NELSON'S COLUMN IN A FOG



of the crowd. It was difficult to look dignified, and I hurried away as fast as I could, with my dripping hat in my hand, and flung myself into a four-wheeler; but I never pass those lions without remembering that day, and the extraordinary rapidity with which the crowd collected.

One severe winter the unemployed held a great many meetings in Trafalgar Square, and I managed to get leave to sketch one from the portico of the National Gallery. It was to be a monster meeting, and there was an idea that there might be some attempt at a riot; the Gallery itself was closed, and a string of policemen, who stood behind me, made everyone that came up the steps pass along quickly and go down the other steps. An Irish friend, whom I had not seen for years, was walking along the street, recognised me, and came up the steps to speak, but was told to "pass on." In vain he protested that he knew me: "Bobby" grimly answered, "I have heard that little joke before," and on my friend was swept, in spite of all remonstrances. I was quite unconscious of what was going on behind me, and did not know of it until some months afterwards, when we met and he told me where he had seen me last.

"It is to the mind, and not the eye, that the painter of genius must address himself." So said Sir Joshua Reynolds.

In London, as in the rest of the world, in these days when the worship of wealth is so intense, one fears that an incalculable amount of harm may be done by the fact that so many pictures seem to be painted to satisfy some fashion or eccentricity, rather than to follow the great principles without which Art becomes debased.

How often one sees pictures in which technique is predominant, to the exclusion of composition or arrangement! The Man in the Street once said to me (in allusion to a picture which, although beautiful in the colours used, was destitute of real result), "Let the man who painted that picture try to put his thoughts on the canvas, holding the brush with his foot instead of his hand, and where would he be?—whereas, if a man only knew the principles of arrangement, it would matter but little if he had to paint using his foot—the thing would come out all right."

How true this is! During the London Season one hears much "learned talk" and criticism relating to Art, which is often retailed by the daily press, and no doubt this irresponsible chatter does exercise considerable influence over the minds of

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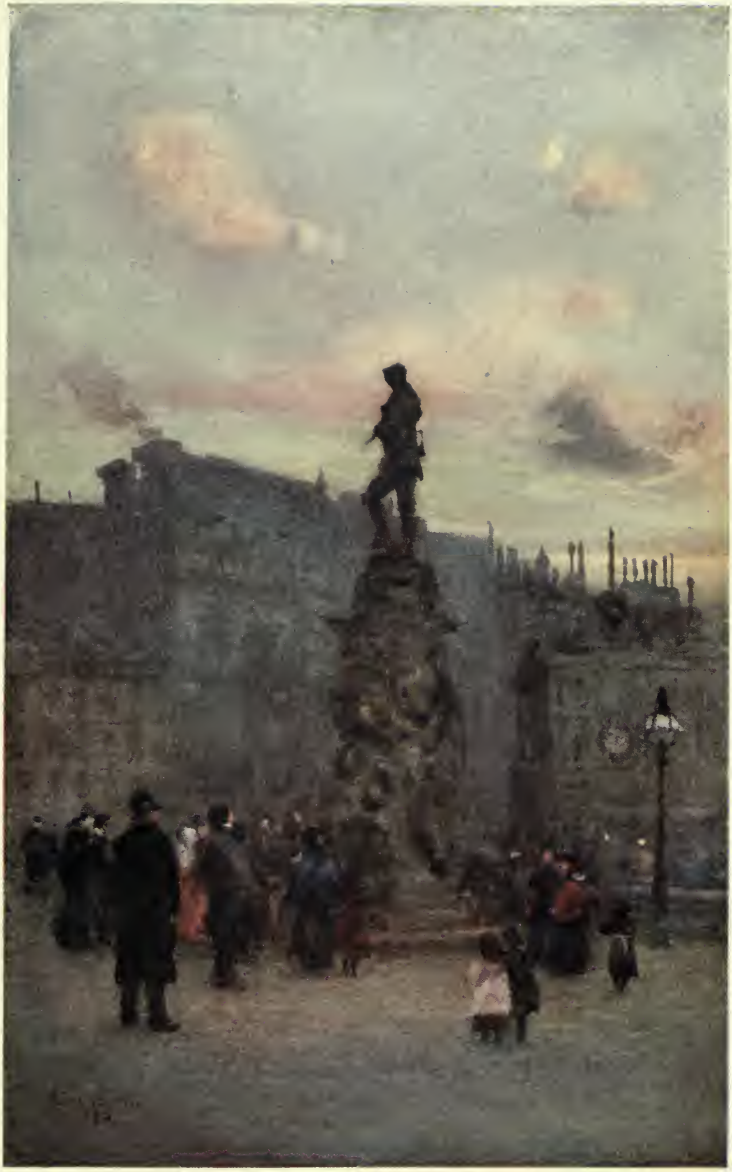
GORDON'S STATUE

On the anniversary of Gordon's death, wreaths are placed on his statue in Trafalgar Square.



many men. Few are conscious that Art is practical, not only theoretical; intellectual, and not mechanical. It is well to remember what an author once said—"We often make a ladder of our thoughts to where the angels step, but sleep ourselves at the foot."

Lübke, in his History of Sculpture, when speaking of Phidias, says that "it is the grandeur of his conception that raises even the most insignificant incident of daily life into the sphere of lofty ideality. Without this creative ability, the most refined appliances of technical skill are unable to make a work of Art great, in the highest sense of the word."

The well-known art critic Beulé once said, "The return of the exhibitions is looked to as a fête—a fête of intelligence and taste, and yet, notwithstanding, Art is lost." Yes: how true this appears when one compares the works of the present day, either in painting or in sculpture, with the Art of the Middle Ages! There have no doubt been splendid exceptions—Reynolds, Turner, Gainsborough. In these days of struggle for wealth "painting for the pot" has ruined the work of many, and no doubt the exigencies of one's daily life are very strong. Again, there is much painting that seems to be photographic, so to speak; and interpretation, the true object of Art, often gives way to mere imitation. I once heard an amusing story of the painting of a picture of a ship. The painter, having introduced the figure of the captain, who had given the order for the work, was expostulated with for not having painted his watch chain, on which he set great store. The artist explained that at the distance he was supposed to be from the spectator the chain would have been invisible. The explanation was quite thrown away. "I gave you the order for that picture, sir, and my chain has got to come in," said the captain; and so it was duly painted in.

The old-fashioned dinner-party has to a great extent given way to smaller, but perhaps more pleasant, dinners at some restaurant. This saves trouble to host and hostess. No doubt it is the result of the improvement during recent years in the various restaurants of repute, which are many, and some of them excellent both as regards the cuisine and the generally luxurious "setting out of the whole feast." At the same time, the dinner-party in a "smart" house is pleasant and sometimes very amusing. There is often a difficulty, however, as regards precedence in going down to dinner, and the various couples do not always "hit it off" very satisfactorily. There is a story of a certain great German lady who spoke perhaps not quite perfect English, but was much interested in studying the various political parties in this country. She was sitting at a dinner-party next to a pompous person who had lately been made a baronet. He was not one of the most popular or well-bred of men, but was much mixed up in political life. Turning to him, she said, in her broken English: "I am so much interested in your English politics, and I know a great deal about it. I know all the different parties—the Conservative, the Liberal, the Unionist, the Radical, and the Home Ruler; but do tell me what is the Bounder? I am told that you are the greatest Bounder in the world."

The Bohemian life is no doubt pleasant enough, and very different nowadays from what it was twenty or thirty years ago. I believe then it was difficult to get a cup of tea that was at all drinkable; some of the old taverns were extremely primitive, and the reverse of comfortable; whereas now we have innumerable A.B.C.'s and cafés of various denominations, where one gets a really good "dish of tea" or cup of coffee, with light food, at quite reasonable prices, and things are perfectly clean and cosy. Then, the choice of places at which to dine is enormous—from the little 2s. 6d. menu to one of greater pretensions, as at the Savoy or Prince's. A friend told me a story of what happened when he was dining one night at the Trocadero. He had come in rather late, and found a seat only after some difficulty. On his left was a gentlemanlike man, who had on *his* left a little person of the "counter-skipper" type, who was there with some "lady friend." After this latter couple had finished their dinner they both lighted cigarettes, whereupon the gentleman seated on my friend's left looked across the table, and said very loudly, "What! a woman smoking in my presence—in *my* presence?" He was so emphatic in his manner that he attracted the attention of everyone seated near, and at last one of the waiters came up and explained that the lady was strictly within her rights—that smoking by ladies was permissible. "What! in *my* presence?" the gentleman asked again. Well, he "made it so hot" for this couple that they left in fear and trembling. Then, turning to my friend, the expostulator said, "Don't you think I was perfectly right?" "No: I don't," was the answer.

"If you objected to the lady's smoking, you had the remedy in your own hands, and could have gone to another table." "Ah, yes: I know that, of course; but then she *was* so ugly!"

The following story was told to me at a dinner-party. A lady who had lived chiefly in London, an enthusiast about flowers and gardening, but entirely ignorant of horticulture, took a little country place, and at once went to work in her garden. Having received a hamper of various plants from a friend, she proceeded to plant them out with great care. Next morning her maid-servant said, "O, ma'am, do you know what you've been planting in those flower-beds?" "Why, chrysanthemums, of course." "O, no, ma'am: they're not flowers at all: the Squire's gardener has just been looking round the garden, and he says he wants to know why you've been putting the celery among the roses."

Sydney Smith said that the Court of Chancery was like a boa-constrictor, which swallowed up the estates of English gentlemen in haste, and digested them at leisure. I never pass by our huge Law Courts without a feeling almost of fear when I think of the hopes that have been shattered there, the lives that have been blighted, and the misery and wretchedness that litigation has produced. I cannot say I admire that great grey pile of stone: it does not seem to compare favourably with the beautiful Courts of Justice in Brussels.

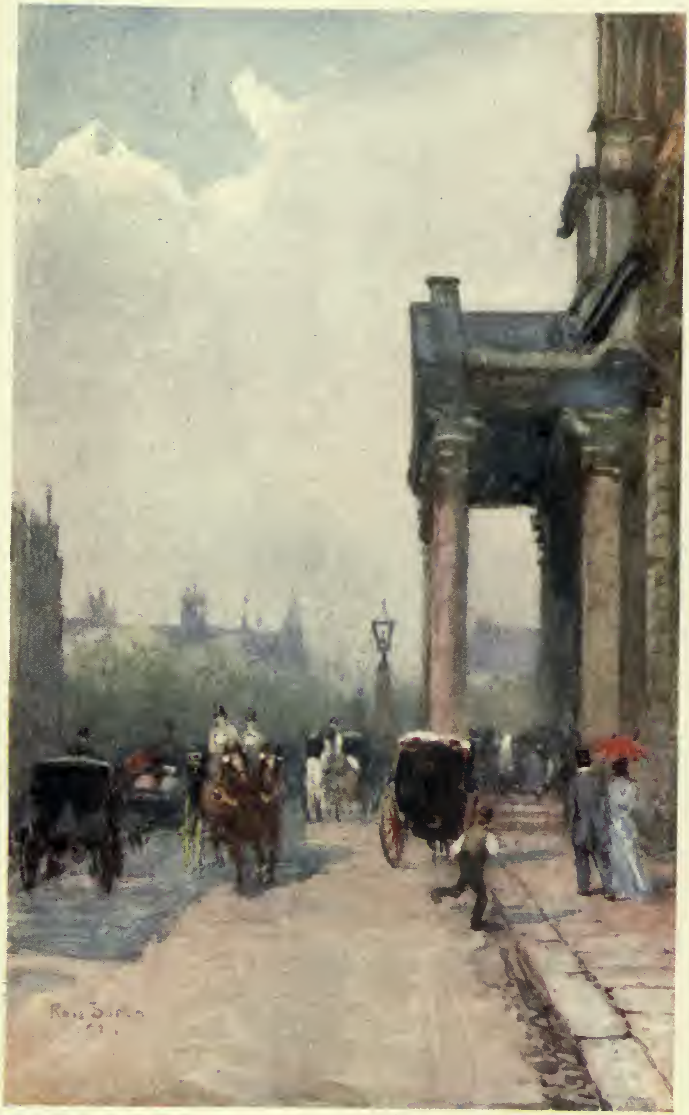
A very diminutive lawyer, when he appeared as witness in some trial, was asked by a gigantic Q.C. what was his profession. When he answered that he was an attorney, the Q.C. said, "You a lawyer! Why, I could put you in my pocket." "Very likely you could," rejoined the little man; "but if you do you will have more law in your pocket than you ever had in your head."

Curran was clever in repartee. A certain Chief Justice, on hearing an ass bray, interrupted Curran in his speech to the jury by saying, "One at a time, Mr Curran, if you please." The speech being finished, the judge began his charge, and during its progress the ass sent forth the full force of its lungs; whereon Curran said, "Does not your lordship hear a remarkable echo in the Court?"

What a giant is our London, yet "still growing"! Where does it begin, and where does it end? When I leave Town, I go from one of the great railway stations, and travel for many miles, whether it be north or south, east or west, in a continuous mass of houses and streets; and it is

HASTE TO THE WEDDING

St George's, Hanover Square (named in honour of George I.), scene of fashionable marriages in the nineteenth century,



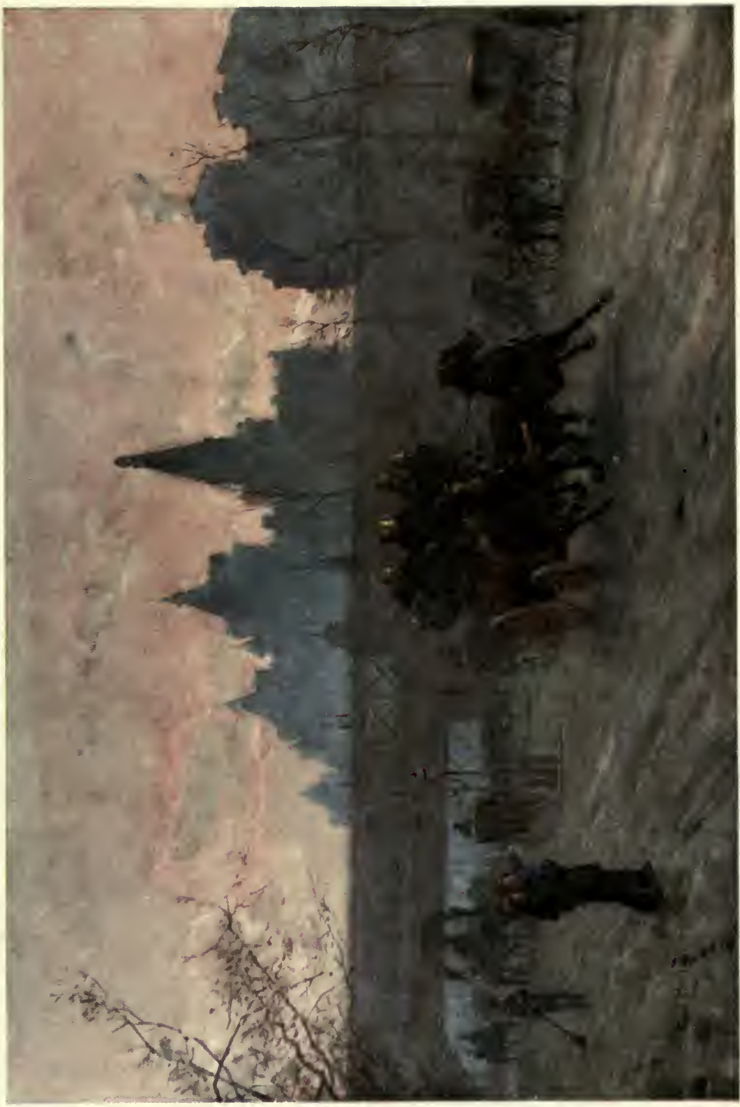
long before one gets a bit of real country — it seems to be all London for a long, long time, and one thinks of the lines in the comic song:—

With a ladder and some glasses
You could see the 'Ackney Marshes
If it wasn't for the 'ouses in between.

Yes: what a dense multitude of houses and streets, before one breathes the fresh country air and sees the unclouded sky! And then the people —not only those who live in London, but also thousands who come up to Town each week-day to their work in the City and elsewhere! It is a marvellous sight to stand in the morning on the arrival platform of any one of our larger railway stations, and watch the seemingly never-ending stream of men and women going to work or pleasure. Train after train comes in, and disgorges its freight of humanity in an absolutely bewildering manner. I think Mr Gladstone said that the population was the riches of a country. Then, truly, we are rich indeed. And we are all in such a hurry, too—except the fat old lady with her numerous small packages, who, when one is in haste oneself, invariably takes the opportunity of establishing herself and her impedimenta in the narrow gangway one has to pass through to one's train.

Perhaps there is no more awful sound in the world—especially at night—than the sudden cry of "Fire!"—that wild cry which breaks through the stillness of one's sleep when all is peaceful and at rest; it brings with it a terrible feeling of dread and uncertainty, lest someone who is near and dear to us should be involved; and in the first waking moment one is filled with an undefined but intense terror. But if one gets near the spot how splendid (apart from the dread of suffering to one's fellow-creatures) it is to watch the calm, undaunted courage with which our firemen fight their terrible foe! The rapidity with which, after the first alarm, the engines come galloping in from all quarters—the apparent frantic haste of both men and horses—and then on arrival the rapid but orderly discipline and regularity of the whole proceeding—it is grand. The magnificent heroism of the Fire Brigade is now a household word; but it is inspiring to watch it. With quiet determination the men work, half drowned with water, half scorched with flame, half stifled with smoke,—over and under, through and around, the burning building,—risking at each step their own lives to save the lives of others. I fancy there can be no body of men who do their duty in the face of such

FIRE



danger with such splendid courage as our London firemen.

In the old letter-books preserved in the archives of the Corporation of the City of London there are many very interesting records of the commercial dealings of the citizens from about A.D. 1275. The following extracts show how things have altered since those far-away days:—

"Thursday next after the first Sunday in Lent the same year came Robert Mareschall of Oxford of the Ward of Ankittill de Auvergne without the gate and acknowledged he owed Peter de Terring, cordwainer, the sum of 48s. 8d. for a horse: to be paid on Palm Sunday—and unless" —etc.

"Friday next before Christmas 6 Edward I. (A.D. 1277) came Richard de Burgo & John de Releye, cordwainers, and acknowledged themselves bound to Lupus de Bytoyre in the sum of £19 for leather: the same to be paid, viz.:—two thirds in round pence and one third in good half pence not clipped at Mid Lent"—etc.

Then from the "Ordinances of the Fishmongers," with reference to a seizure of nets in 1343 as being of unlawful size:—

"These been the ordinances assised and ordeigned of the fisshynge of Thamyse betwene the brigge of London and yeuled on that one side, and the ware aboven Stamesbrigge on that other side that is to weten that all the nettes shal be of largenesse of two ynches thurgout the year. Out taken that they mowe fisshe with stryte nettes for smelt betwene the day of Candelmasse and the day of our lady in lente and no forther upon peyne of forfeture of his nettes and his gynnes atte the first trespas and atte the seconde trespas his body to prisonn.

"Also that no samon be taken betwene the Nativitee of our Lady and the day of Seynt Martyn and also none engendure of samon eny tyme of the yeere.

"Also that none lamprons ne lampreys be taken betwene the half moneth of April and August. No none dares betwene the XV dayes tofore oure lady day in lenten and XV dayes after. No none Roches betwene the XV dayes tofore the daye of Seynt Mark and XV dayes after. Also that all the weeres be of largenesse of two ynches acordyng to the nettes aboven said. Also that no keper be taken in no tyme of the yeare. And that all the ordinannces and the statutes shal be holden upon peyne to brenne alle the nettes and alle the gynnes atte the first trespas, and atte the second trespas the body to prisonn and to lese alle his gynnes. This is the ordynaunce that the gode folk and fisshers have ordeigned as the Statute will. That is to wyten hit is entred in the book of A lef iiijxxxj."

We gather from the above that the fishing in the Thames in those times was of a varied kind—salmon, smelts, roach, etc., etc. I hear that there was a "take" of smelts only a few years ago above Richmond. If that delicate little fish could find its way up through the impurities of the lower reaches of the river, shall we not hope that the lordly salmon, now restored to the water, may thrive again in his old haunts?

Among the laws governing the City about 1277–1278 are the following:—

"First that the peace of the lord the King be well kept between Christians" [and Jews. The words "et Judeos" are crossed through.] "Also that two loaves be made for 1d. and four loaves for 1d. and that none be coated with bran or made of bran."

"A gallon of ale [to be sold] for three farthings and another for one penny and no dearer." Also "that no pig be henceforth found by the streets or lanes of the City or suburb, nor in the ditches of the City: and if found they shall be killed by whoever finds them, and the killer shall have them without challenge or redemption for 4 pence from the owner. Whoever wishes to feed his pigs let him feed them in the open away from the King's highway [or] in his house, under heavy penalty."

"Also that no cart serving the City by bringing water, wood, stones, etc., be shod with iron."

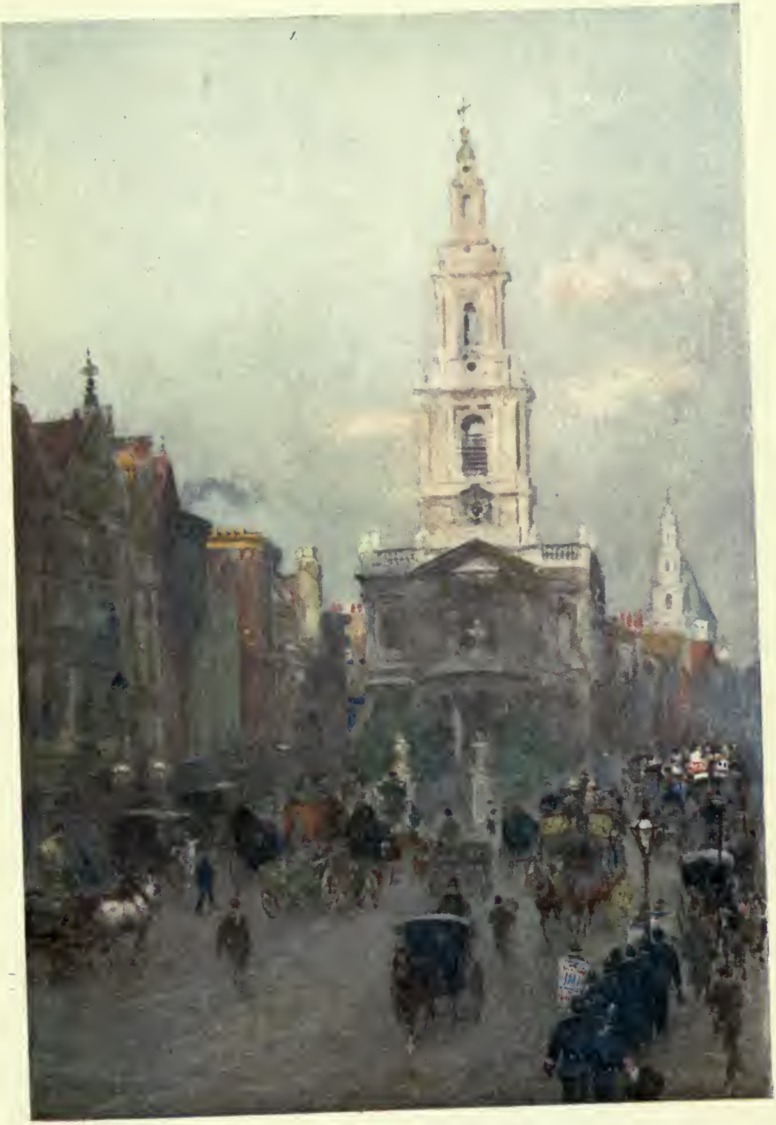
"It is provided and commanded that no woman of the toun shall henceforth go to market nor into the market out of her house with a hood furred with budge, whether it be of lamb or of conies, upon pain of forfeiting her hood to the use of the Sheriffs, except dames who wear furred capes the hoods of which bear fur such as they wish."

One finds, from these old records, that the vice of drunkenness seems to have been prevalent as far back as the time of King Edgar, and a means (supposed to have been originated by King Edgar himself) was in vogue to combat the evil. The plan was to put pegs or pins in the drinking tankards at intervals, beyond which the drinker was not to go. Query: Is this the origin of the modern expression "a peg," meaning a drink?

The good old City seems ever to have been ready

ST MARY'S-LE-STRAND

This church, built by Sir Christopher Wren, was the first of the fifty new churches the erection of which was ordered in Queen Anne's reign.



to send out its sons to fight the country's battles. We find that in the month of November, after the King's defeat at Bannockburn, the City was called on to furnish a number of arbalesters equipped with cross-bows, quarels, "quivres," etc., for the defence of Berwick-on-Tweed. Although there was considerable friction between the citizens and the King at that period, it appears that the people responded readily to the call to arms: 120 men were dispatched to Berwick, their equipment being sent on horses and in carts, the journey lasting seventeen days.

Some years later the City sent five hundred foot-soldiers to Scotland, and on the 12th of December the City welcomed back its sons, whose conduct in the field had been such as to call forth a letter of commendation from the King. Here we have the fine example set by the old citizens to their descendants, the C.I.V. of our own day, whose readiness to fight for their Queen and country called forth such well-merited praise and honour.

Of course, I do not say that the cause of the King at Bannockburn was quite so good as that of the Queen in South Africa.

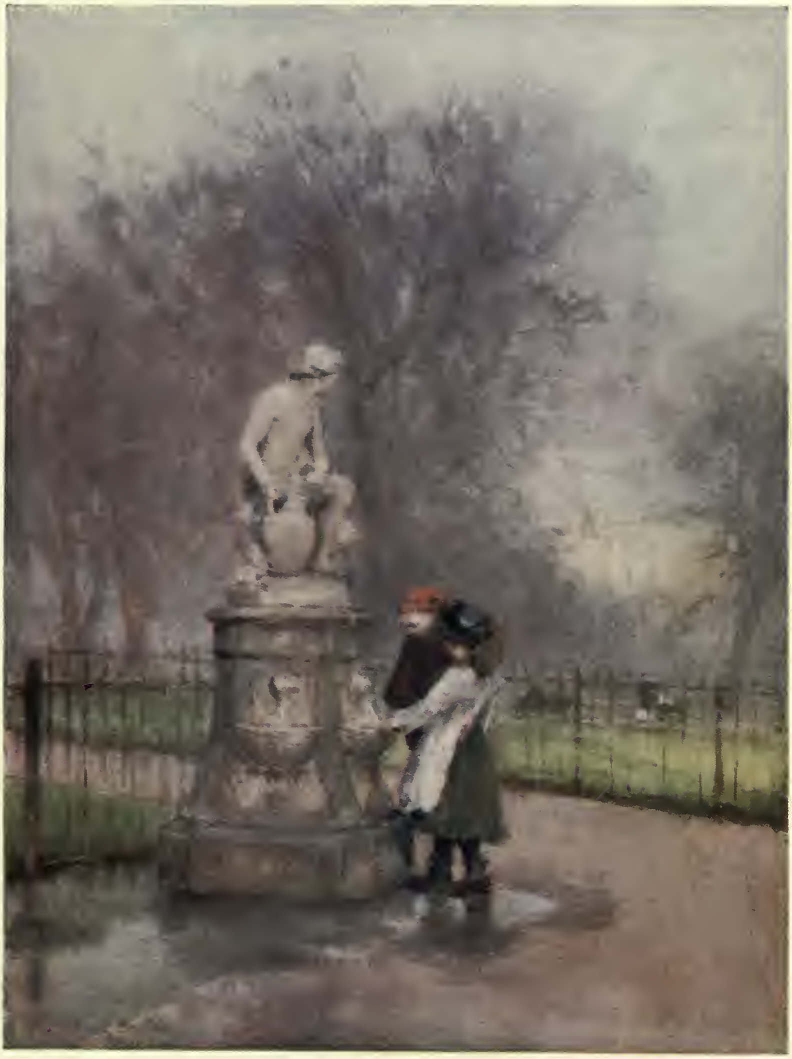
VII

VII

ST JAMES'S PARK—THE MALL IN OLDEN DAYS—SKETCHING IN LONDON—WESTMINSTER ABBEY—SOMERSET HOUSE—THE HOSPITALS—THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT—NEWSPAPERS A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

THE love of gardens seems to be deep in the hearts of all, both old and young, both rich and poor. In our happily increasing public gardens, where strict formality is at times, perhaps, desirable, we can look at the result as a beautiful arrangement of colour and design ; but, to one who has the true love of flowers in his soul, much more perfect is the more irregular method of the old-fashioned garden, filled with herbaceous plants and the familiar old-world flowers of long ago—the pinks, sweet-williams, day lilies, valerian, sweet peas, wall-flowers, Canterbury bells, lupins, roses, and a crowd of others. Occasionally one finds in some little out-of-the-way cottage garden a flower which has no longer any place in the more modern borders, yet captures one by its beauty. It is pleasant to see—notably in St James's Park—a return to what is called old-fashioned gardening. Certainly the ground lends itself to the old ways, and when one hears the carping critic declaim against such old-fangled methods we can ask him what more he wants—for what is more beautiful, more restful? what can better fill your heart and soul? The general effect, too, where Nature, and not the gardener alone, is at work—the nasturtiums climbing away upwards in an ecstasy of life—the large-hearted sunflowers swaying in the breeze in pride of their splendour—the hollyhocks and the dear old white lilies of St Mary — what a combination it all is! St James's Park is a delightful place to spend an afternoon in. The joy that the lake gives to the London children is indescribable. From the end of July (when their holidays begin) to the beginning of September they come in crowds (some from long distances), armed with empty pickle-bottles and small green butterfly nets. With the help of the latter, in some mysterious manner they contrive to catch quantities of fish about an inch long, which they keep in the bottles, and they always assure

DRINKING-FOUNTAIN IN ST JAMES'S PARK



me that the fish live for "quite a long time." The excitement that reigns over this sport is wonderful, and is probably heightened by the fear that a park keeper *may* make them move on.

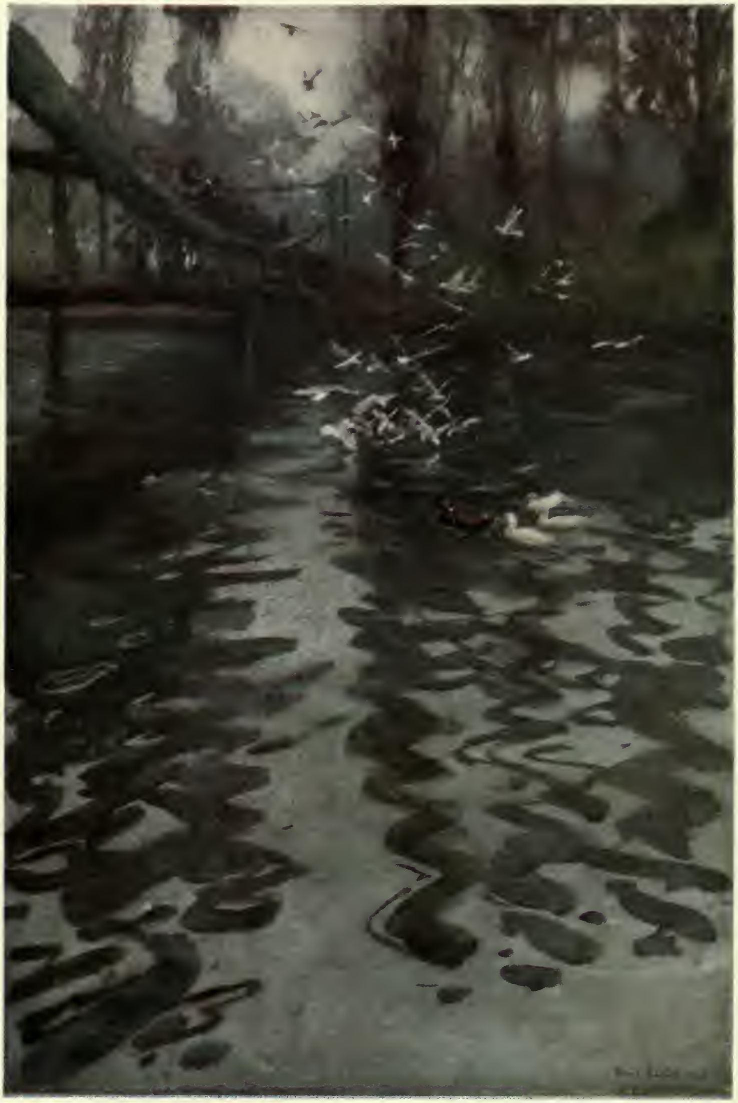
There is a beautiful view of the Horseguards and the Foreign Office from the bridge that spans the water. In some effects it is really like an enchanted scene. I once painted it from a boat which was moored under the bridge, and was both comfortable and happy,—when suddenly I was spied out by some little fiends, who began teasing me with consummate skill. They first of all directed some well-aimed shots at my drawing. I defeated this attack by retiring farther under the bridge. They then got a piece of wood roughly cut into the shape of a boat, tied it to a string, and dangled it in front of me, waving it about between me and the subject I was painting. I watched my opportunity — caught hold of the string and captured the boat! Fury reigned overhead. I was called a thief; but I remained impervious— in command of the situation.

It is pleasant to see the crowd of gulls there in the winter time, whirling about, screaming wildly, then swooping down and taking bread and sprats out of the people's fingers. Each year the number of these beautiful birds seems to increase—good evidence of the love and kindness that are bestowed upon them.

St James's Park must be a Paradise for the wild-fowl—some of which are supposed to be directly descended from those introduced and fed there by Charles II. In Colley Cibber's *Apology* (1740) we are told that "even his indolent amusement of playing with his dogs and feeding his ducks in St James's Park (which I have seen him do) made the common people adore him, and consequently overlook in him what in a prince of a different temper they might have been out of humour at." It was he who laid out the Park, on his return from exile, in the formal Dutch style. In 1827, under George IV., the whole plan was again changed: the water and the walks were altered into curving lines.

A beautiful scene the Mall must have presented until the early part of the nineteenth century. It was then the rendezvous of all the rank and fashion—of all the beauty, wit, and talent—of the day—the ladies in "full dress," with their marvellously-dressed escort of gentlemen carrying hats under their arms. On Sunday evenings during the spring and summer they used to promenade for

FEEDING THE GULLS FROM THE BRIDGE IN ST JAMES'S PARK

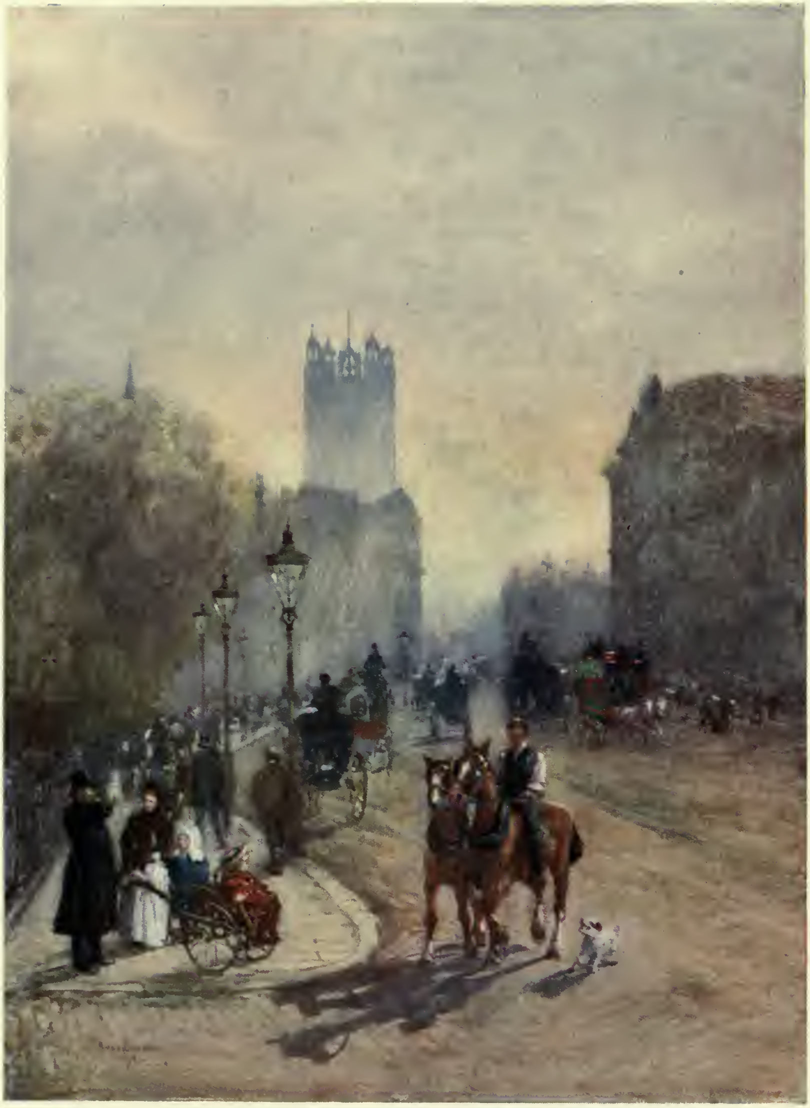


two hours after dinner. Here the three beautiful Miss Gunnings were literally mobbed—such a sensation did their wondrous beauty excite. But the Park has also its tragic past—for through it Charles I. walked to his execution. He slept at St James's Palace the night before, and in the morning (January 30, 1648) "about 10 o'clock Colonel Hacker knocked at the King's chamber door (in St James's Palace), and, having been admitted, came in trembling, and announced to the King that it was time to go to Whitehall, and soon afterwards the King, taking the Bishop (Juxon) by the hand, proposed to go. Charles then walked out through the garden of the Palace into the Park, where several companies of foot waited as his guard; and, attended by the Bishop on one side, and Colonel Tomlinson on the other, both bareheaded, he walked fast down the Park, sometimes cheerfully calling on the guard to 'march apace.' As he went along he said 'He now went to strive for a heavenly crown, with less solicitude than he had often encouraged his soldiers to fight for an earthly diadem.' Once during his walk, being apparently faint, he sat down and rested himself." Perhaps it was then that he pointed out a tree, saying, "That tree was planted by my brother Henry."

In all the sketching that I have done, both in and round London, I have never met with anything but the greatest courtesy from what are called the "lower classes"; and I think in many instances the upper classes might with advantage copy them. Over and over again I have gone third-class in the underground railway laden with sketching things—easel, stool, and perhaps a drawing that refused to dry. I have always been helped in and out, and had my sketching things lifted in for me and handed out to me. One man, I remember, in doing so remarked, "Ah, I see you are in the painting line — I am in the poultry line myself." The carriages at certain times of the day are often overcrowded; but no woman, so far as I have seen, whether old or young, plain or pretty, has ever failed to find a seat. The working man as a matter of course gives up his own, and if necessary stands.

Even in more practical ways have I been struck by the people's kindliness of heart. I remember once in a 'bus, when the conductor came up for his fare, putting my hand into my pocket, and finding that I had forgotten my purse, and was consequently penniless. I begged of the conductor to let me finish my journey, and said I would send

PARLIAMENT STREET

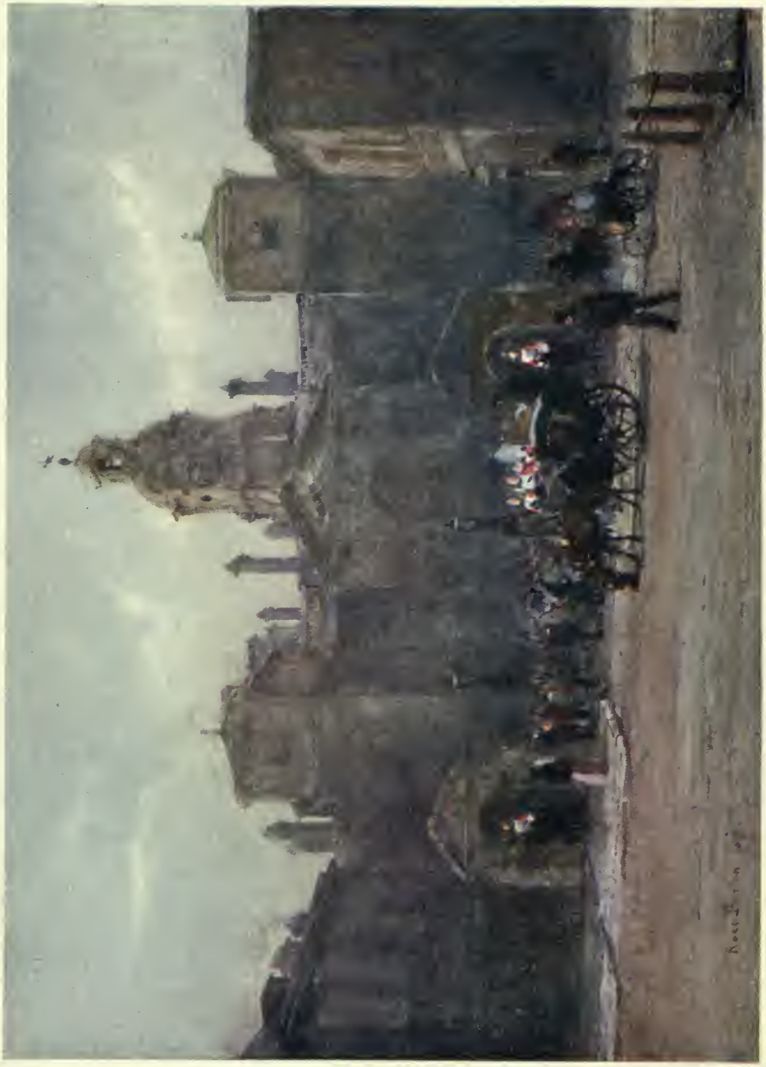


him the penny by post. In vain. He said nothing, but rang his bell; and I was getting up to go out, feeling humiliated beyond words, when a working man from the corner said, "Let me treat you, missis," and handed me a penny. I took it most thankfully; but no persuasion on my part would induce him to tell me his name and address, so that I might return it to him. I may add that the 'bus at the time was full of well-dressed people, not one of whom offered to help me.

There are various ideas, I fancy, as regards the origin of the name of London. One that appears not inconsistent is that it is derived from the old British words *Llyn-Din*, "the fortified hill on the lake," *Llyn* being the Celtic word for a broad sheet of water. Bailey's Dictionary gives the Saxon word *Lundenwic*. In the days of the invasion of Britain, 55 B.C., London was probably only a kind of stockaded entrenchment, perhaps standing on the higher ground, where now stands the Bank of England, amid forests, and above the marshes and the lower ground which was flooded by the river at high tides. The old outer walls of the city extended for rather over two miles, and enclosed an area of about 500 acres. Strong towers seem to have been placed at intervals, and the remains of one of these can still be seen in Cripplegate Churchyard. On the withdrawal of the Romans London became once more a British town. After the days of Hengist and Vortigern, Ambrosius captured it, and his nephew Mordred was crowned about the year 530. St Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey were founded between the years 608 and 616. With the exception of fires and plagues during the times of the Saxons, there is nothing very striking recorded. The Danes often laid the town waste; but after the reign of Canute it seems to have recovered from the various disasters it had been subjected to, and it increased in power until the invasion by William the Conqueror. Since then its history is clearly traced.

The gateways of London must have been extremely beautiful, as we can judge from old engravings,—notably the King Street Gate at Whitehall and the Holbein Gate at Whitehall Palace. "The Fire of London" occurred in September 1666, and raged for several days. Then, in 1703, in the reign of Queen Anne, London was visited by a terrific storm. We read that "all the ships in the river Thames from London Bridge to Limehouse broke from their moorings" and were wrecked.

CHANGING GUARD, WHITEHALL



The greater buildings of London are so familiar to us that a detailed description would be deemed superfluous. It may, however, be of interest to give a very brief sketch of the early history of some of the more prominent.

Westminster Abbey was founded by Sebert, King of the East Saxons; it was afterwards destroyed by the Danes, rebuilt by King Edgar in 958, again rebuilt by Edward the Confessor in 1065; and by Pope Nicholas II. it was constituted "a place of inauguration" of the English monarchs. Henry III. rebuilt it from the ground, and Henry VII. added a magnificent chapel at the east end. The monastery was surrendered by the Abbot and monks to Henry VIII., who converted it into a college of secular canons, and afterwards into a cathedral, of which the county of Middlesex was the see. Edward VI. dissolved the see, and restored the college, which was again converted by Mary into an abbey. That institution was dissolved by Queen Elizabeth in 1560.

Somerset House was in ancient days the residence of the Duke of Somerset, uncle of Edward VI. The nine arches that form the frontage of the basement have keystones adorned with colossal heads, carved in alto-relievo, representing the ocean, and the eight principal rivers of England —Thames, Humber, Mersey, Dee, Medway, Tweed, Severn, and Tyne. Ocean is in the middle, and is represented by the venerable head of an old man, whose flowing beard resembles waves which are filled with various kinds of fish; a crescent on his forehead denotes the influence of the moon on his waters. Thames is on the right-hand side, a majestic head crowned with swans and luxuriant garlands of fruits and flowers; his hair and beard are elegantly dressed and plaited, and his features express good sense and good humour. Humber comes next, and is a striking contrast to Thames—he has a strong and hardy countenance, the beard and hair disordered by the fury of the tempest; his cheeks and eyes are swelled with rage; his mouth is open; the features generally are expressive of the boisterous and impetuous character of the river. The masks which decorate the arches towards the left are, first of all, the Medway—a head somewhat similar to that of the Thames, but expressing less urbanity, more negligently dressed, and bearing for emblems the prow of a ship of war, and festoons of hops and such fruits as enrich the banks. Tweed is crowned with a garland of roses and thistles; Tyne and Severn with head-dresses artfully composed of salmon intermixed with sea-weeds.

How often I have passed up the Strand without any knowledge of the ideas conveyed by these remarkable keystones! They were, I believe, carved by Mr Wilton and Signor Carlini. The front of the building towards the inner courtyard is nearly 200 feet in length.

The masks on the keystones of the fine inner arches represent the tutelary deities of the place, and were executed by Nollekens. Near this front were "two sunken courts surrounded with elegant arcades serving to give light to the basement story of the Royal Academy." A statue of George III. by Bacon is in the courtyard; at his feet is a figure of the river Thames pouring forth plenty from a large cornucopia. There used to be a bust of Michael Angelo over the doorway of the Royal Academy, and one of the immortal Sir Isaac Newton over the door leading to the Royal and Antiquarian Societies.

Newgate Prison has just been demolished. It had been rebuilt after it was destroyed by the rioters in 1780. It was then attacked by a furious mob, whose object was to rescue a few rioters apprehended the day before, the 4th of June.

By breaking through the windows, battering the entrances to the cells with sledge-hammers and pickaxes, and climbing the walls by means of ladders, the mob eventually liberated three hundred prisoners. This success increased their fury. They divided into different sections, and many were great sufferers from the attacks—but none in whose losses the public were so much interested as Lord Mansfield, in whose house they destroyed not only a great deal of property, and a valuable collection of pictures, but also some very rare manuscripts, and his lordship's notes on the Constitution of England, and on important law cases, which, from his advanced age, could never be re-written.

The city was in a state of anarchy, and the evening presented a more awful scene. Flames issued on all sides. The King's Bench and Fleet Prisons, New Bridewell, the toll-gates on Blackfriars Bridge, and private houses in all directions, were in flames. The civil magistrates had lost all control, and the military were obliged to act, to preserve the whole city from destruction. Eventually the principal points of the town were guarded by the soldiery, especially the neighbourhood of the Bank, and camps were formed in the Park and Museum Gardens for the protection of the inhabitants. Large numbers of the infatuated mob fell victims to intoxication, the fires they themselves had lighted, the bullets of the soldiers, and the hands of the executioner, before tranquillity was restored.

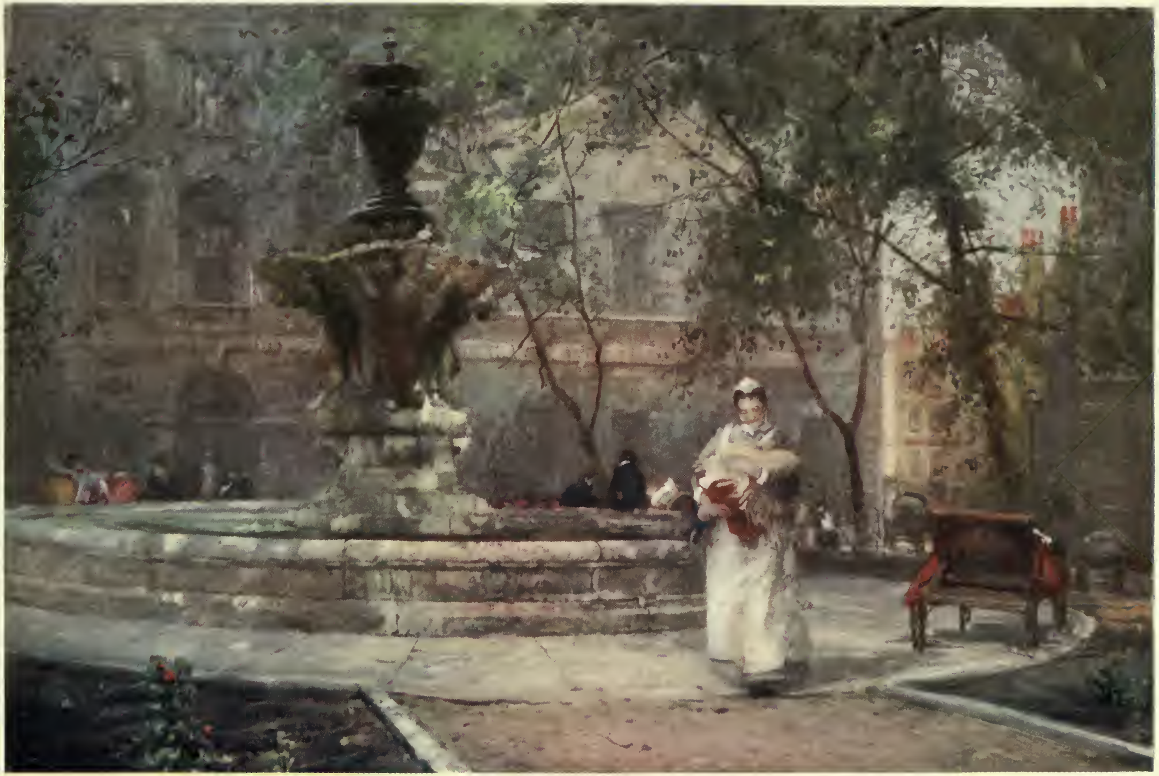
Another terrible event occurred in 1807, when Haggerty and Holloway were to be executed for the murder of Mr Steele on Hounslow Heath. The populace began to assemble as early as five o'clock, and at eight o'clock the concourse of people was enormous. At that hour the prisoners ascended the scaffold. Immediately after they were launched off a most dreadful scene arose. The approaches were blocked by carts filled with spectators, and when the crowd began to try and move away the pressure became tremendous; some fell, and others fell over them; many were trampled to death. Terror took possession of the crowd, and, becoming desperate, their efforts only tended to increase the danger. After the frightful confusion had somewhat abated, forty-two victims were carried to St Bartholomew's Hospital, of whom twenty-seven were dead. Among the dead was "Tom the pye-man," who was said to have fallen first, and so caused the terrible catastrophe.

On January 28, 1802, Joseph Wall, formerly Governor of Goree, was executed for the murder of Sergeant Armstrong, who died in consequence of a punishment of eight hundred lashes being inflicted on him in that island in the year 1782. Thank heaven, we live in less brutal times!

Christ's Hospital, which we all remember, was founded by Edward VI. for the maintenance and education of the orphans of poor freemen of the City. It originated in the following manner. The convent of Grey Friars, on the site of which the Hospital was built, having been surrendered to Henry VIII., that monarch, a short time before his death, founded Christ's Church Hospital, and granted the monastery to the City, for the relief of the poor. Other lands were granted for the same purpose. In the reign of Edward VI. the poor were distinguished by classes. St Bartholomew's and St Thomas's Hospitals were appointed to relieve the diseased, Bridewell to maintain and correct the idle, Christ's Hospital to maintain and educate the young and helpless. Edward granted to Christ's Hospital lands of the yearly value of £600, belonging to the Savoy, and added other benefactions to the yearly value of 4000 marks.

ST BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL

Fountain in St Bartholomew's, Smithfield. On fine days the patients sit about wrapped in crimson blankets.



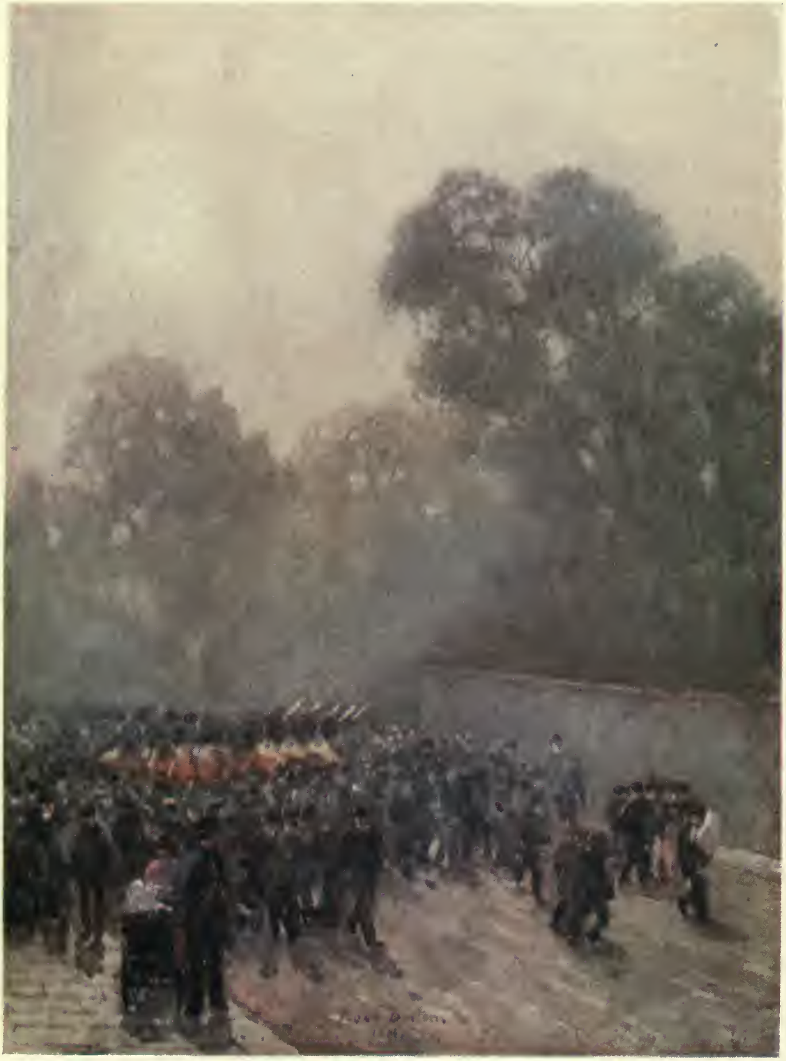
In 1552 the house of the Grey Friars was first prepared for the reception of children, and in November, in the same year, nearly four hundred were admitted.

In 1763 Charles II. founded a mathematical school in this house for forty boys, and endowed it with £1000 a year, payable out of the Exchequer for seven years. Of these boys ten were yearly put out as apprentices in merchant vessels. The boys were dressed in blue cloth coats with long skirts, yellow under coats, yellow worsted stockings, and a flat round black bonnet of worsted. After they had been seven or eight years on the foundation, some of them were sent to the Universities, others to sea; the rest, at a proper age, became apprentices to trades, at the charge of the Hospital. The hall in which the boys used to dine was spacious, built, after the Great Fire, entirely at the charge of Sir John Frederic, Alderman of London, and costing £5000. It was decorated by various pictures, among them being a portrait of King Edward VI. by Holbein. In a room entirely lined with stone were preserved the records, deeds, etc., of the Hospital. Among them was a book—"a curious piece of antiquity"—containing the earliest record of the Hospital;

also there was the anthem sung by the first children who were admitted, very beautifully illuminated.

Charles Lamb, in the *Essays of Elia*, gives a charming story of one of the boys at Christ's Hospital. He says, "L. has recorded the repugnance of the school to *gags*, or the fat of fresh beef boiled, and sets it down to some superstition. But these unctuous morsels are never grateful to young palates (children are universally fat-haters), and strong, coarse, boiled meats, *unsalted*, are detestable. A gag-eater in our time was equivalent to a *goule*, and held in equal detestation,—suffered under the imputation:—'Twas said he ate strange flesh. He was observed, after dinner, carefully to gather up the remnants left at his table (not many, nor very choice fragments, you may credit me)—and, in an especial manner, these disreputable morsels, which he would convey away, and secretly stow in the settle that stood at his bedside. None saw when he ate them. It was rumoured that he privately devoured them in the night. He was watched; but no traces of such midnight practices were discoverable. Some reported, that on leave-days he had been seen to carry out of the bounds a large blue check handkerchief full of something. This, then, must be

THE GUARDS MARCHING NEAR ST JAMES'S PALACE



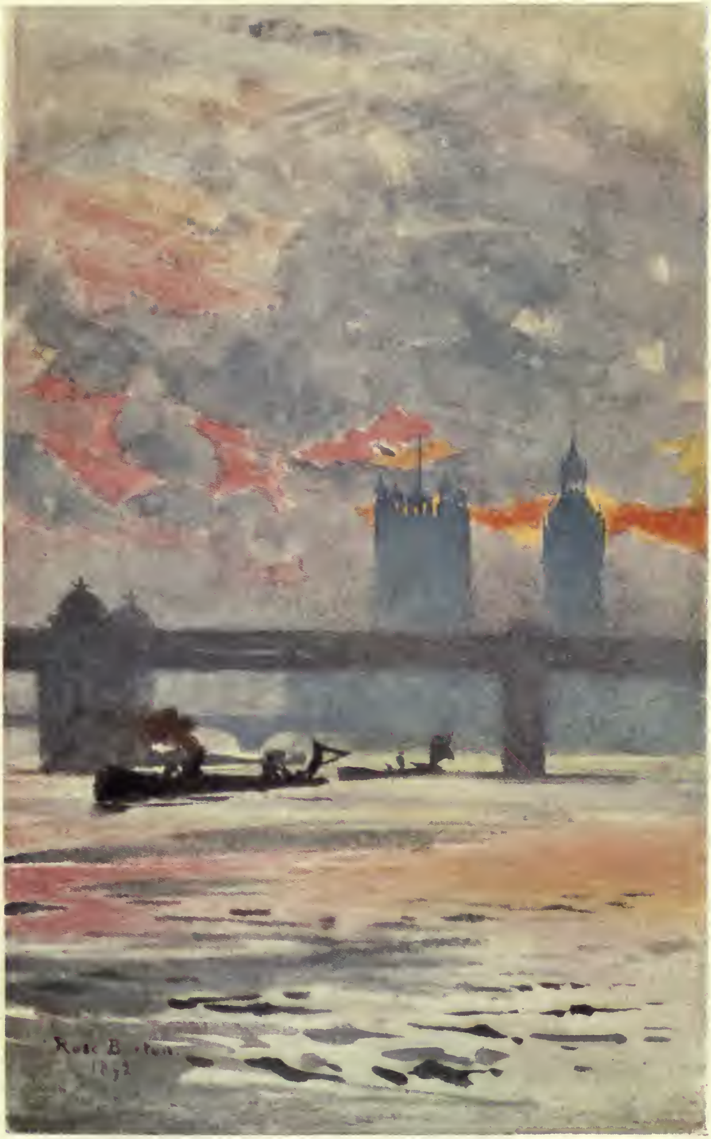
the accursed thing. Conjecture next was at work to imagine how he could dispose of it. Some said he sold it to the beggars. This belief generally prevailed. He went about moping. None spake to him. No one would play with him. He was excommunicated, put out of the pale of the School. He was too powerful a boy to be beaten; but he underwent every mode of that negative punishment, which is more grievous than many stripes. Still, he persevered. At length he was observed by two of his school-fellows, who were determined to get at the secret, and had traced him one leave-day for that purpose, to enter a large worn-out building, such as there exist specimens of in Chancery Lane, which are let out to various scales of pauperism, with open door and a common staircase. After him they silently slunk in, and followed by stealth up four flights, and saw him tap at a poor wicket, which was opened by an aged woman, meanly clad. Suspicion now ripened into certainty. The informers had secured their victim. They had him in their toils. Accusation was formally preferred, and retribution most signal was looked for. Mr Hathaway, the then steward (for this happened a little after my time), with that patient sagacity which tempered all his conduct, determined to investigate the matter before he proceeded to sentence. The result was that the supposed mendicants, the receivers or purchasers of the mysterious scraps, turned out to be the parents of ——, an honest couple come to decay—whom this seasonable supply had, in all probability, saved from mendicancy; and that this young stork, at the expense of his own good name, had all this while been only feeding the old birds! The governors, on this occasion, much to their honour, voted a present relief to the family of ——, and presented him with a silver medal. The lesson which the Steward read upon *Rash Judgment*, on the occasion of publicly delivering the medal to ——, I believe would not be lost upon his auditory. I had left school then; but I well remember ——. He was a tall, shambling youth, with a cast in his eye not at all calculated to conciliate hostile prejudices. I have since seen him carrying a baker's basket. I think I heard he did not do quite so well by himself as he had done by the old folks."

The Houses of Parliament are contained in the Palace of Westminster, which was built after plans of Sir Charles Barry. The building is one of enormous size, perhaps one of the largest Gothic buildings in the world. As seen from the river, the aspect is doubtless very remarkable. The three towers stand out in great beauty—the Clock Tower, the Central Tower, and the Victoria Tower, where is the royal entrance to the House of Lords. Over the archway is a statue of Queen Victoria, with, on either hand, the figures of Justice and Mercy. The open space in front of the tower, known as Old Palace Yard, contained the house in which Chaucer lived. The Houses of Parliament are built on the site of the old palace which was used by the kings of England from the Anglo-Saxon period until the reign of Henry VIII. Edward the Confessor died here in 1066: tradition says in the Painted Chamber, which took its name from the frescoes with which it was decorated by Henry III. There are engravings of these in Smith's *Antiquities of Westminster*. The death-warrant of Charles I. was signed in this chamber. The "Princes' Chamber" was used as the House of Lords until 1834. Beneath was the cellar in which Guy Fawkes laid the barrels of gunpowder with which it was designed to blow up the "King and Queen and Parliament," as an old rhyme has it. I believe that, up to the present time, the Earl of Ancaster, as Joint Hereditary Lord High Chamberlain, comes here each year with torches to hunt for the successors of Guy Fawkes, on the day preceding the opening of Parliament.

In a tattered old book published about a century ago, I found the following passage about the Thames:—

"It is impossible to describe the beauties which the banks of this noble river display from Windsor to London, the numerous villages on each side being adorned with magnificent seats, elegant villas, extensive pleasure-grounds, and beautiful gardens. Nor can anything be more pleasingly picturesque than the great number of barges and boats, both for pleasure and burden, which are continually passing and re-passing above Westminster Bridge; and below London Bridge what an idea must a foreigner conceive of the commerce and opulence of the Metropolis, when he beholds the innumerable masts which extend like a forest to Deptford and Limehouse! The tide flows up the Thames as high as Richmond, which, following the windings of the river, is seventy miles from the ocean, a distance greater than the tide is carried by any other river in Europe; but the water is not salt higher than Gravesend, which is thirty miles below London Bridge. The water is esteemed

THE THAMES, CHARING CROSS


Rose Barton.
1892

extremely wholesome, and fit for use in very long voyages."

In the same old book occur the following words: "There are not less than 159 hotels and coffee-houses in this Metropolis, besides seventy-eight principal inns, and upwards of 5000 ale-houses."

The following statement is made with reference to the circulation of newspapers, which appears to have varied "from 750 to 6000 each per day": "Of the morning papers there are sold together about 15,000 daily"; and so on, giving the grand total of morning, evening, Sunday, and other papers as, "in all, the enormous number of 240,000 copies per week." "What a wonderful idea is afforded of the agency and influence of the Press in this Empire, and how easily it is explained that we are the most free and the most intelligent, although the most abused, people on the face of the earth!" Then follows a list of the "Daily Morning Papers":—

British Press, No. 157 Strand.
Day, corner of Essex Street, Strand.
Morning Post, No. 335 Strand.
Morning Chronicle, No. 143 Strand.
Morning Advertiser, No. 125 Fleet Street.
Morning Herald, No. 18 Catherine Street, Strand.

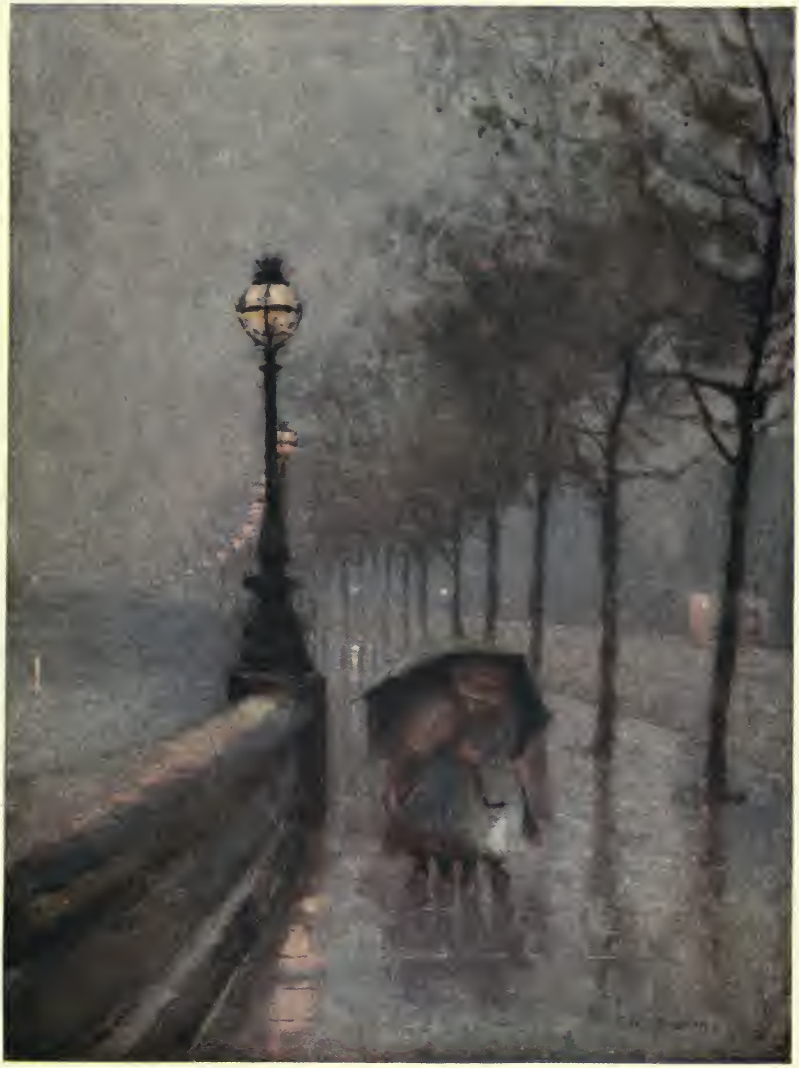
Every Third Week.
Hue and Cry (Police Gazette), No. 240 Strand.

Tenth of each Month.
Literary Advertiser, Paternoster Row.

"The newspapers are franked into the country by newsmen, and in Black Horse Alley, Fleet Street, is held the News-Hall, where exchanges take place, and where the newsmen assemble before the post-hour every evening, and exhibit an extraordinary bustle of business."

How small was this "enormous" circulation of papers compared with the issues of the journals of the present day! The newspaper boy in the street was probably non-existent in those days, and our forefathers were free from the terrible infliction that we have to bear in the husky shouting of "Spa-shul," "Orl the Winners," "Frightful Slorter," etc. They are a curious race—these street lads. I was walking through the City the other day, and watched a ragged urchin standing by a crafty-looking newsboy, and surreptitiously trying to read the latest news from the bundle of papers under the newsboy's arm. He was suddenly detected by the lad, and retired crushed by the observation, "Now, then, Billy, out with yer wealth! This 'ere ain't a free library."

TODDLERS



VIII

VIII

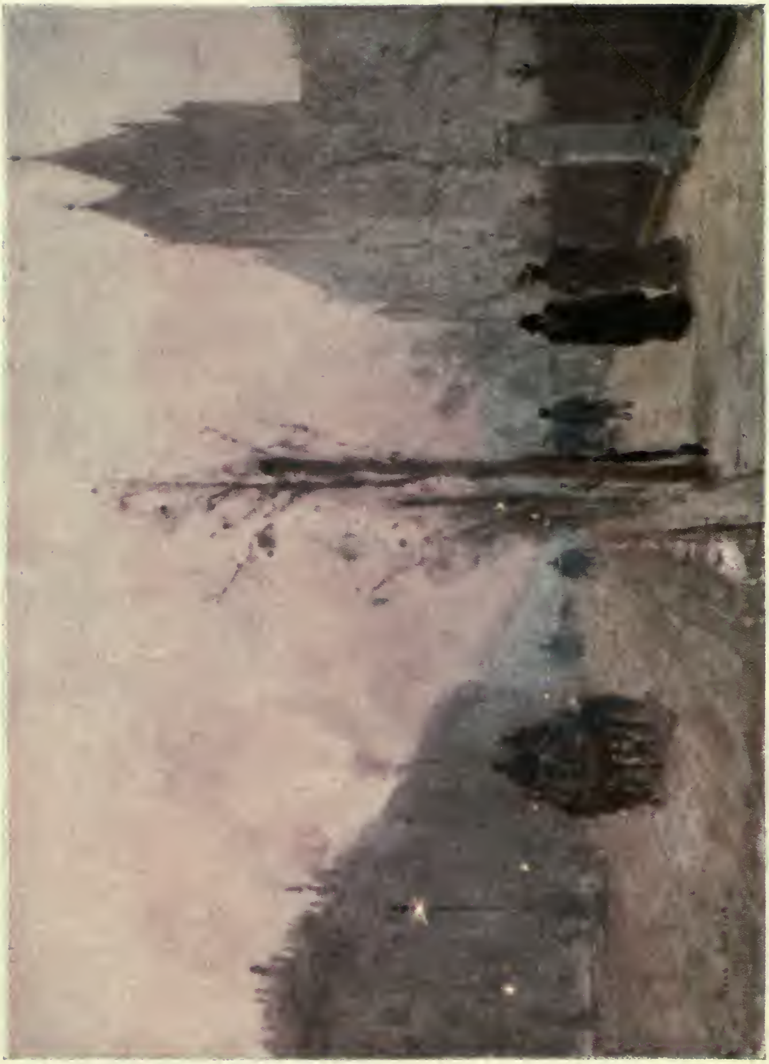
MR G. F. WATTS, R.A.—MEMORIAL OF THE GREAT FIRE—THE INNS OF COURT—THE TEMPLARS—CHARLES LAMB AND OTHERS—TEMPLE BAR—OLD LEGAL DENS—LEICESTER SQUARE—HAUNTS OF DR JOHNSON—PRISONS

Few men "rest from their labours" with such a record of a life well spent as that of the true artist who was recently taken from amongst us—G. F. Watts, R.A., who died at his home in Kensington. His aim was always high: he ever sought after truth, and ever tried to teach the world "the beauty of holiness" and of love—the strength of purity and courage, and the hatefulness of sin. We are all helped by such a life as his. A great artist, who lived for art—caring nothing for the titles that were offered him, or for public adulation; ever helpful to many men, and especially so to the younger workers in his own profession. Close to the General

Post Office is the Church of St Botolph ; and in the garden adjoining it, which was once the churchyard, there has been erected a memorial—very simple, but very touching—to men, women, and children whose lives were ended in heroic self-sacrifice of themselves for their fellow-creatures. A high wall on one side of the garden carries a lean-to roofing on oak pillars—a shelter under which are seated many of the wearied workers in the City, resting their eyes on the flowers and trees and listening to the gentle tinkling of the little fountain before them—quite a peaceful spot to linger in for a while. The wall itself is lined with panels on which are given the names of those who died in saving the lives of others. This memorial was the work of Mr Watts, and the cost of it, I believe, was wholly borne by him. I understand that there is an intention to create some fund by which the record of such great examples of heroism may be carried on. There are at present thirteen of these panels. Two of them are perhaps the more particularly striking on account of their being a record of self-sacrifice in the case of mere children. Here they are :—

"Alice Ayres, daughter of a bricklayer's labourer, who by intrepid conduct saved three

CROMWELL ROAD



children from a burning house in Union Street, Borough, at the cost of her own young life. April 24, 1885."

"John Clinton, aged 10, who was drowned near London Bridge, in trying to save a companion younger than himself. July 16, 1894."

I have been shown a letter from one of the churchwardens of St Botolph's, in which he says, describing this "cloister":—

"Mr Watts always had a great objection to the word 'humble' being associated with such deeds, but wished to commemorate such acts without reference to *class*. It was his hope and wish that in many other places, throughout the country, similar records of deeds of self-sacrifice might be made, feeling sure that such records must have a good influence. . . . I may add that a church has stood on the site for over 700 years. It was one of the St Botolphs established by the patron saint at three others of the old City gates, viz., Bishopsgate, Aldgate, Billingsgate, and our own; and it is on record that in former times country merchants, who came to London to buy goods, used, on their arrival from the North, to come into this church and thank God for their safe arrival here; and after completing their business they came again into this church before their return to their homes, asking for God's mercy and protection on what was then a very perilous journey."

On Fish Street Hill, where stood the palace of the Black Prince, was erected the monument from drawings by Sir Christopher Wren, by order of King Charles II., as a memorial of the Great Fire of 1666. It is a Doric column over 200 feet in height, its altitude being equal to the distance between the base of the column and the house in Pudding Lane where the fire began. The pillar is crowned by a vase from which flames issue. Within the column is a staircase of black marble, consisting of 345 steps. The west side of the pedestal is decorated with a relief denoting the destruction and restoration of the City. A female figure representing the City of London is seated among ruins in a dejected and languishing posture, her hair dishevelled; behind is Time, raising her; a winged figure is directing her to look up to Heaven. At her feet is a beehive, to imply what can be done by patience and industry. Beneath, in the midst of the ruins, is a dragon, who, as supporter of the City arms, tries to preserve them with his paw. On an elevated pavement stands the King, in Roman costume, crowned with laurel and commanding his attendants to go to her relief; the attendants represent the Sciences, Nature, Architecture, and Liberty. Behind the King stands the Duke of York, having in one hand a garland with which to crown the rising City, and in the other a sword with which to guard her. It was supposed at the time that the fire originated with the Papists, as witness the following inscription which was placed on the pedestal:—

"This pillar was set up in perpetual remembrance of that most dreadful burning of this Protestant City, begun and carried on by ye treachery and malice of ye Popish factio, in ye beginning of Septem, in ye year of our Lord 1666, in order to ye carrying on their horrid plott for extirpating the Protestant religion and old English liberty, and the introducing popery and slavery. Sed furor papisticus qui tam dira patravit nondum restinguitur."

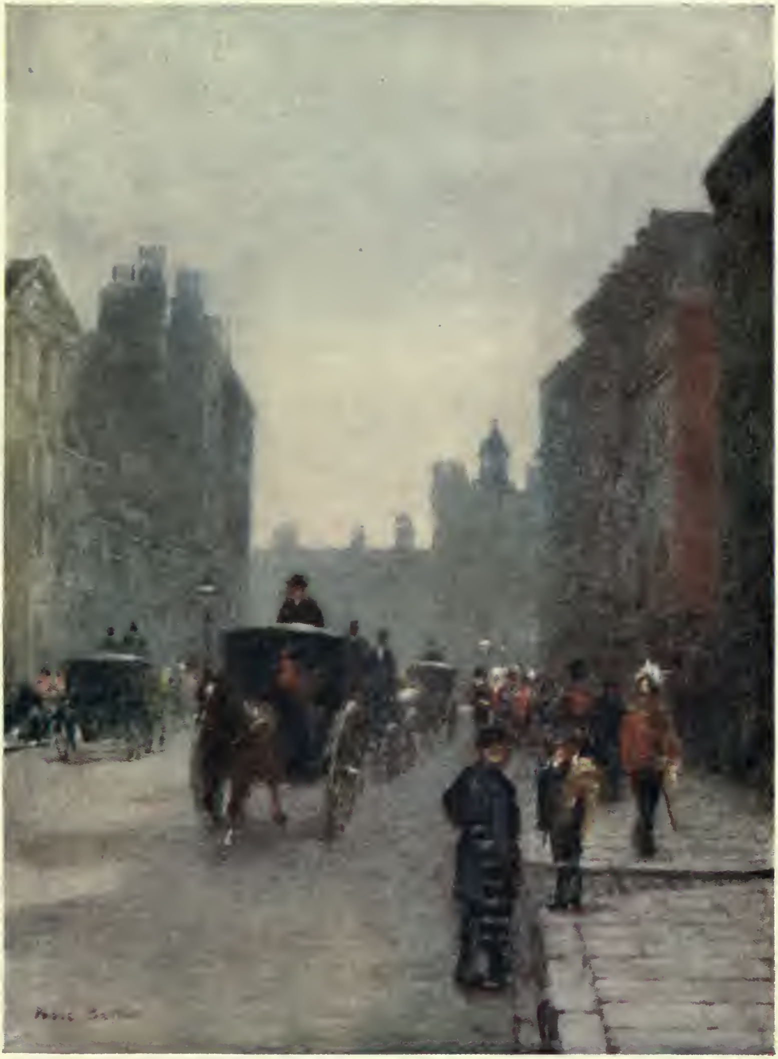
This inscription was very properly obliterated in 1831, inasmuch as the story from which the supposition originated was afterwards discredited. It emanated from one Hubert, a French priest, who stated that he had been incited by some of his fellow-countrymen to set fire to London, and that he had carried out their orders by setting fire to a house in Pudding Lane. He was tried, found guilty, and hanged. It was afterwards proved that he was insane, and, further, that he did not land in England until some time after the fire. There is in the Museum of the Guildhall a stone which was originally on the house where the fire began, bearing this inscription:—

"Here by ye permission of Heaven, Hell brake loose upon this Protestant City, from the malicious hearts of barbarous Papists, by ye hand of their Agent Hubert, who confessed, and on ye ruins of this Place declared the Fact, for which he was hanged (vizt.) that here began that dreadfull Fire, which is described and perpetuated on and by the neighbouring Pillar, erected Anno 168[1] in the Majoritie of Sir Patience Ward Kt."

In *Martin Chuzzlewit* Dickens describes the attendant at the monument as saying, when some visitors paid their money that they might ascend the 345 steps to the top, "They don't know what a many steps it is. It's worth twice the money to stop below."

Among the many matters of interest connected with the old Inns of Court, one feels at times overshadowed by their multiplicity. There re-

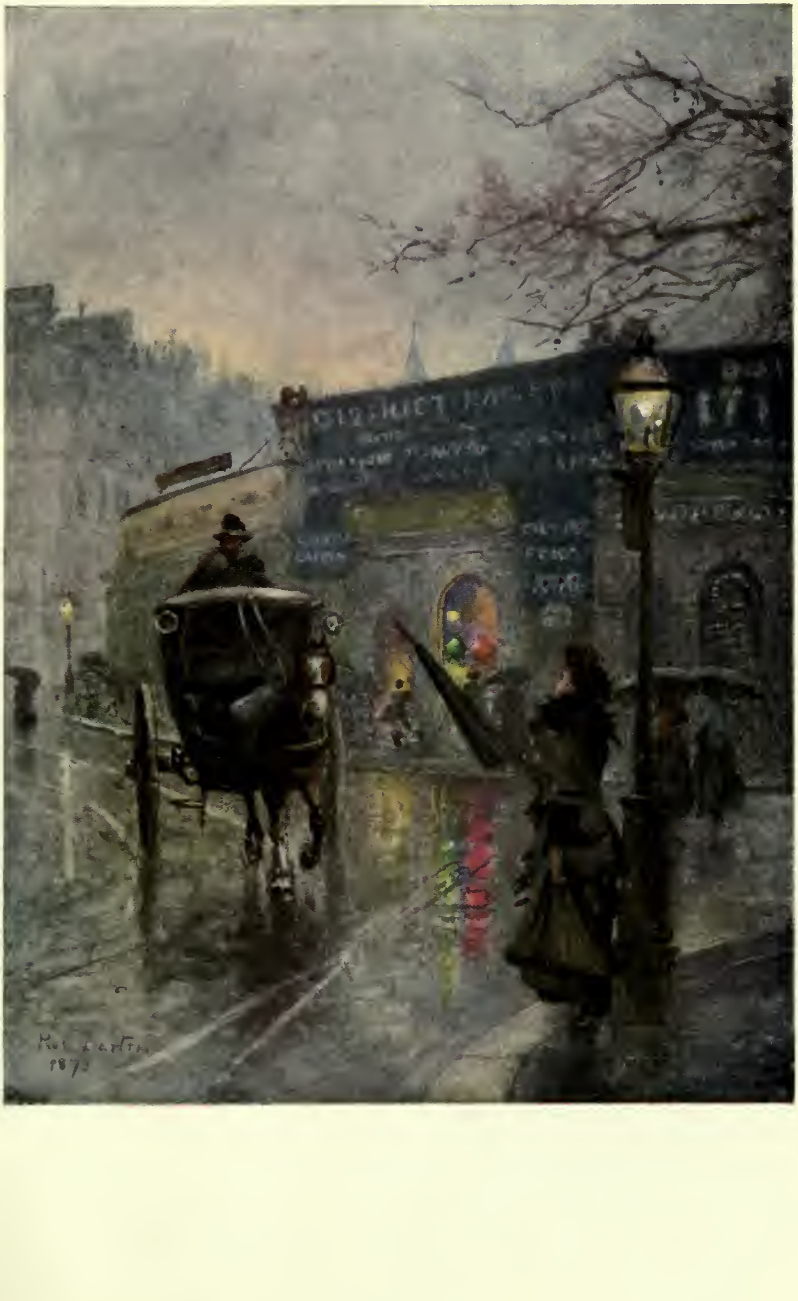
ST JAMES'S STREET : LEVÉE DAY



mains, however, a vast amount of beauty in the old enclosures, so mysterious and quaint, so peaceful and quiet, when one enters from the thronged and busy streets. The old buildings seem to tell one clearly of the great men who lived within their walls a long time ago, whose footprints are so visible in the old worn stairs and pavements. In the Temple lived Charles Lamb, Cowper the poet, Fielding, Dr Johnson, Lord Mansfield, etc., etc. Charles Lamb was the son of a servant of one of the Benchers. He wrote most touchingly of his recollections of the place—"its church, its halls, its gardens, its fountain,—its river, I had almost said, for in those young years what was this king of rivers to me but a stream that watered our pleasant places?" From the times of the Templars who came to the Temple in 1184 to the present day, the place has been filled with human interest. In 1128 Hugh de Payens, the head of "a new and strange Society," came to London to explain its objects. This he did to Henry I. and his Court. Afterwards many Templar establishments sprang up in various parts of England, the most notable being that in London, first near Holborn and then in the Temple. The Templars were a fighting as well as a religious body, and their long-continued struggles with the Mahometans were nearly ended on the appearance of the great Saladin, when, in a terrific battle on the banks of the Jordan, nearly the whole body of the Templars were destroyed or taken prisoners. The Temple became a stronghold of the lawyers in the time of James I. The only relic of the Knights Templars here is what remains of their splendid church. The crass ignorance of the day (in 1825) on ecclesiastical architecture led to the destruction of the chapel of St Anne, which stood on the south side, and a second "restoration" in 1840 sufficed to remove almost all remaining points of interest. This is one of the very few round churches that have been built in England. The Temple gardens are used each year for a great flower-show, which is deservedly popular. Readers of Dickens will remember his charming description of Fountain Court, where Ruth Pinch came to meet her brother:—

"There was a little plot between them, that Tom should always come out of the Temple by one way; and that was, past the fountain. Coming through Fountain Court, he was just to glance down the steps leading into Garden Court, and to look once all round him: and if Ruth had come

SOUTH KENSINGTON STATION



to meet him, then he would see her . . . . coming briskly up with the best little laugh upon her face that ever played in opposition to the fountain, and beat it all to nothing. . . . . The Temple fountain might have leaped up twenty feet to greet the spring of hopeful maidenhood, that in her person stole on, sparkling, through the dry and dusty channels of the Law; the chirping sparrows, bred in Temple chinks and crannies, might have held their peace to listen to imaginary skylarks, as so fresh a little creature passed. . . . . Merrily the fountain leaped and danced, and merrily the smiling dimples twinkled and expanded more and more, until they broke into a laugh against the fountain's rim and vanished."

Poor Charles Lamb lived for some time in Inner Temple Lane, near Hare Court, whence he moved to King's Bench Walk, as he tells us:—

"I am going to change my lodgings. I have partly fixed upon most delectable rooms, which look out (when you stand a tip-toe) over the Thames, and Surrey hills: at the upper end of King's Bench Walk, in the Temple. There I shall have all the privacy of a house without the encumbrance, and shall be able to lock my friends out as often as I desire to hold free converse with any immortal mind. I shall be airy, up four pair of steps, as in the country; and in a garden, in the midst of enchanting, more than Mahometan, paradise, London, whose dirtiest, drab-frequented alley, and her lowest bowing tradesman, I would not exchange for Skiddaw, Helvellyn, James, Walter, and the parson into the bargain."

Many other very distinguished men were residents in the Temple; but I must not omit the names of Chaucer (as a student) and the great lawyer, Blackstone. Oliver Goldsmith lived in Brick Court, and the comic songs in which he delighted at his supper-parties were, no doubt, not conducive to the undisturbed hours that Blackstone desired for the compilation of his *Commentaries*. It is related of Sir Joshua Reynolds that, coming into Goldsmith's room once unexpectedly, he found him savagely kicking round the room a masquerade dress he had ordered but could not pay for. Here poor Goldsmith died, in debt no doubt, but leaving behind him numberless debtors among the poor in the locality, to whom his charity and kindness had been unfailing. These poor outcasts flocked to his grave-side, to weep for their lost friend.

The fine old gateway to Lincoln's Inn is well worth inspection. It was built in the time of

Henry VIII. by Sir Thomas Lovell, whose arms are placed above the arch. Fuller describes how Ben Jonson was seen working at the building of this gateway with a copy of Horace in one hand, while he used his trowel with the other. "Some gentlemen, pitying that his parts should be buried under the rubbish of so mean a calling, did of their bounty manumize him freely to follow his own ingenious inclinations."

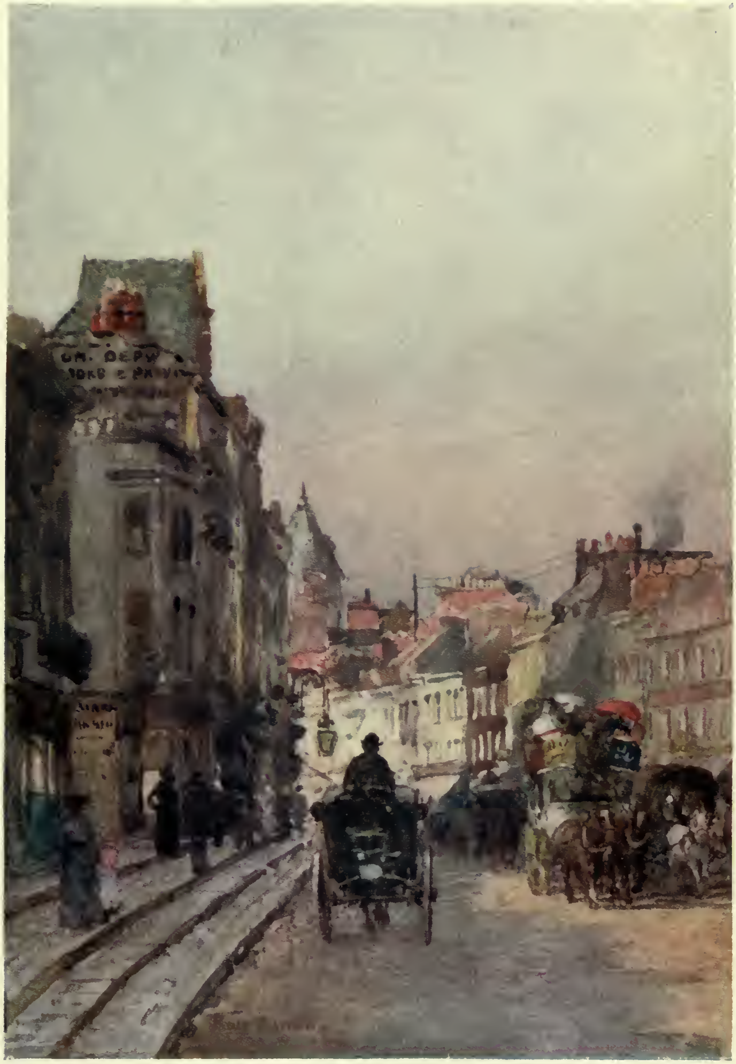
There is an interesting old statue of Queen Elizabeth over an entrance to St Dunstan's Church, in Fleet Street. Originally it was on the old City gate—Ludgate—and survived the ravages of the Great Fire, though the building on which it stood was burnt.

In 1878 old Temple Bar was taken down, and about two years later there was erected, as a memorial of the gateway, that extraordinary—what shall I call it?—perhaps a pillar—on which rages a dragon, or some such mythical beast, there being statues of Queen Victoria and the Prince of Wales on the two broader sides of the pillar. These were executed by Boehm. Temple Bar, the one we remember, was built in 1670, Sir Christopher Wren being the architect. It marked the boundary between the City of London and Westminster, and the old gates were always closed on the approach of the reigning monarch to the City. On his arrival a herald sounded a trumpet; a parley followed; and the Lord Mayor appeared and presented to the King the sword and keys of the City. This custom dates from early times, and has been kept up until our own day.

Old records tell us that "anciently there were only posts, rails, and a chain here; but later on there was a wooden building erected"; and Stow mentions that at the time of the coronation of Edward VI. "it was painted and fashioned with battlements and buttresses of various colours, richly hung with cloth of arras, and garnished with fourteen standards of flags." At the funeral of the Duke of Wellington the gateway was draped in black. It had on many occasions the distinction of bearing on high the heads of traitors, conspirators, and others. Temple Bar, on its removal, was re-erected near Waltham Cross.

Reverting to the Temple, we find matter of interest in the old sun-dials. There are several of them: one in Temple Lane bears the inscription "Pereunt et imputantur"; one in Brick Court warns us that "Time and tide tarry for no man." Near Middle Temple Hall there is one which

BROMPTON ROAD, LOOKING EAST



admonishes the lawyers with the words, "Discite justiciam moniti." It seems a pity that Virgil's excellent ending to the line, "et non temnere divos," should have been omitted; or did our forefathers imagine that the respect due to Heaven would not be appreciated by the inhabitants of the Temple? Another warning is conveyed to us by the sun-dial in Essex Court in the words, "Vestigia nulla retrorsum."

In Mrs Cook's *Highways and Byways of London* reference is made to the old arms of the Knights Templars. Alluding to one example, she says, "In the Middle Temple it is the Lamb bearing the banner of Innocence and the red cross, the original badge of the Order." Again: "In the Middle Temple—the winged Pegasus, with the motto, 'Volat ad astra virtus.' This winged horse has a curious history; for when the horse was originally chosen as an emblem he had no wings, but was ridden by two men at once, to indicate the self-chosen poverty of the brotherhood; in lapse of years the figures of the two men became worn and abraded, and when restored were mistaken for wings!" The entrance gate to the Temple from Fleet Street was designed by Sir Christopher Wren in 1684. In the round church there is evidence that in the rules of the Order mercy was not over-conspicuous, for we find, near the stairs, "the penitential cell," so small that the penitent could neither stand up nor lie down in it. Walter le Bachelar, the Grand Preceptor of Ireland, was here confined and starved to death.

In the recent demolition of streets and courts at the east end of the Strand many of the old decaying nests of the Chancery lawyers have been swept away—perhaps not too soon, for, in spite of the interest that one cannot fail to have in anything that recalls the past, they had in some instances become not only very insanitary but also very disreputable.

In *Bleak House* Dickens gives us a very vivid description of one of the old legal dens in Symond's Inn, now demolished:—

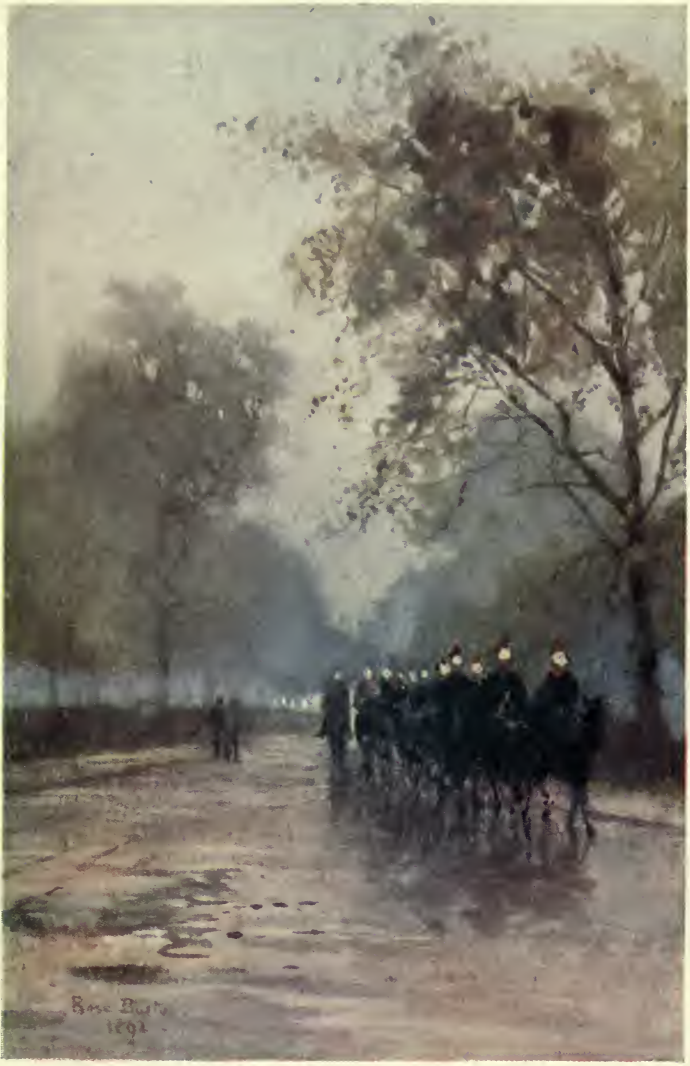
"The name of Mr Vholes, preceded by the legend GROUND FLOOR, is inscribed upon a door-post in Symond's Inn, Chancery Lane: a little, pale, wall-eyed, woebegone inn, like a large dust-bin of two compartments and a sifter. It looks as if Symond were a sparing man in his day, and constructed his inn of old building materials, which took kindly to the dry rot, and to dirt and all things decaying and dismal, and perpetuated

Symond's memory with congenial shabbiness. Quartered in this dingy hatchment commemorative of Symond, are the legal bearings of Mr Vhole. . . . . Mr Vhole's office, in disposition retiring and in situation retired, is squeezed up in a corner, and blinks at a dead wall. Three feet of knotty-floored dark passage bring the client to Mr Vhole's jet black door, in an angle profoundly dark on the brightest midsummer's morning, and encumbered by a black bulkhead of cellarage staircase, against which belated civilians generally strike their brows. Mr Vhole's chambers are on so small a scale, that one clerk can open the door without getting off his stool; while the other, who elbows him at the same desk, has equal facilities for poking the fire. A smell as of unwholesome sheep, blending with the smell of must and dust, is referable to the nightly (and often daily) consumption of mutton fat in candles, and to the fretting of parchment forms and skins in greasy drawers. The atmosphere is otherwise stale and close. The place was last painted or whitewashed beyond the memory of man, and the two chimneys smoke, and there is a loose outer surface of soot everywhere, and the dull cracked windows, in their heavy frames, have but one piece of character in them, which is a determination to be always dirty, and always shut, unless coerced."

Ah! these little scraps of vanishing London have been, and are, very dismal to look upon; but one cannot help regretting their removal, necessary though it may be.

In Clifford's Inn used to live the attorneys of the Marshalsea Court, "which rendered this little spot the fountain-head of more misery than any whole county of England." The prison of the Marshalsea was used in connection with this court, which had to decide differences and to punish criminals within the Royal Palace or on the verge thereof, which extended to twelve miles round. Hare tells us that Bishop Bonner was imprisoned for ten years here for refusing to take the oath of allegiance to Queen Elizabeth. As he was being led to prison a wag said to him, "Good morning, Bishop *quondam*"; to which he answered readily, "Farewell, knave *semper*." The Bishop died in the prison on September 5, 1569. In *Little Dorrit* Dickens says, "Whosoever goes into Marshalsea Place, turning out of Angel Court, leading to Bermondsey, will find his feet on the very paving stones of the extinct Marshalsea jail; will see its narrow yard to the right and to the left, very little

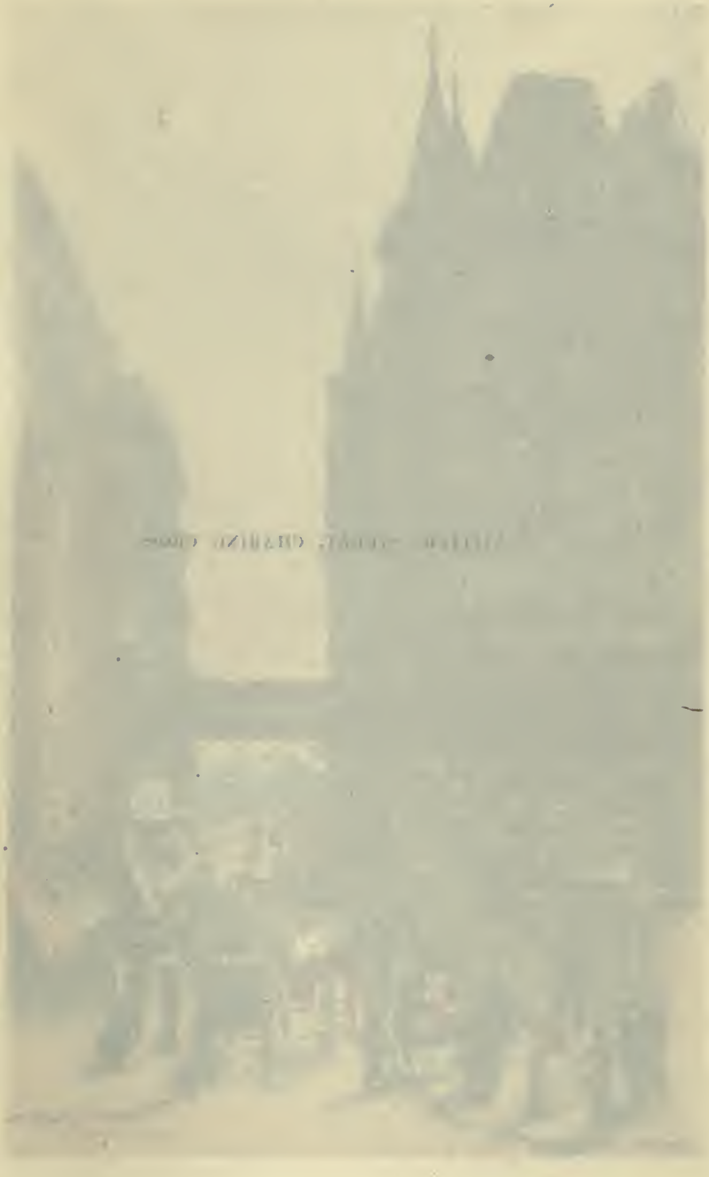
CONSTITUTION HILL ; THE BLUES


Rose Barton
1892

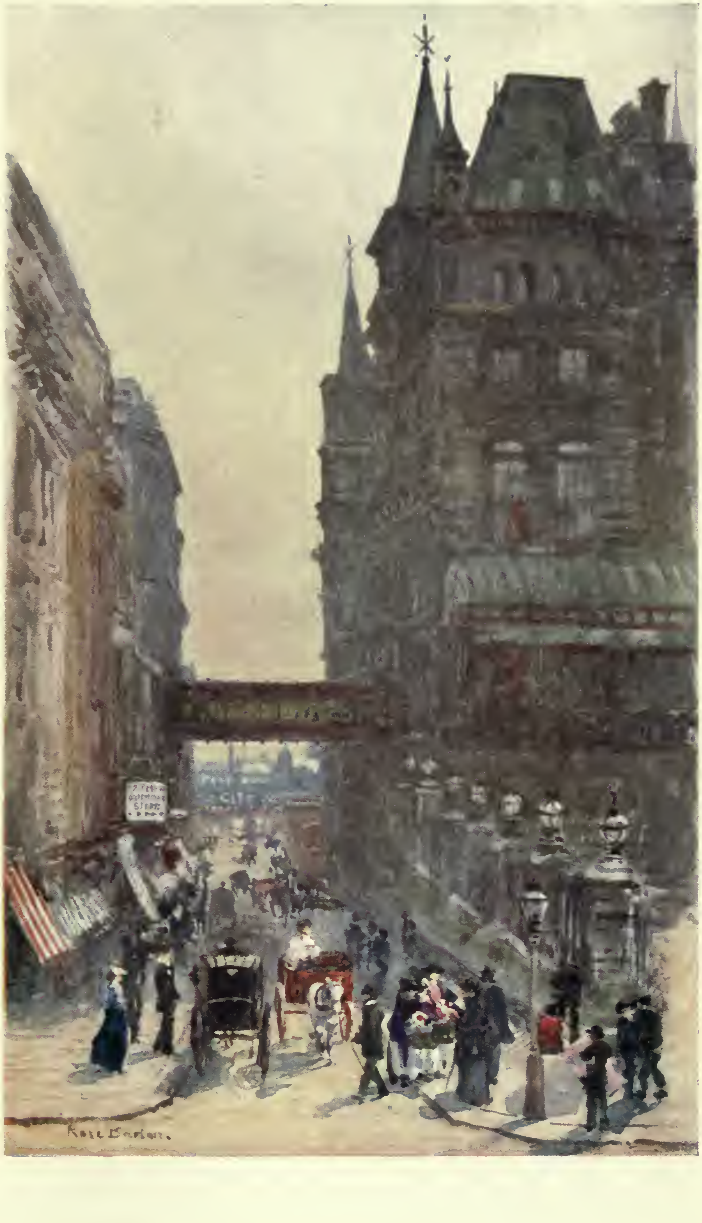
altered if at all, except that the walls were lowered when the place got free; will look upon the rooms in which the debtors lived; will stand among the crowding ghosts of many miserable years." The modern church of St Dunstan's, which I have mentioned, was built on an ancient site, in 1831, by Shaw. Wedged between the offices of the Law Life Assurance Society on one side and those of the *Dundee Advertiser* on the other, it forms a quaint medley. At the back of the church, and extending from Chancery Lane to Fetter Lane, stands the Record Office, a splendid building in the Tudor style of architecture. Here are deposited the great chronicles of the kingdom, from the Doomsday Book of the date of William the Conqueror to the records of our own times.

There are many interesting facts connected with Leicester Square, so long the favourite resort of foreigners, of whom the majority appear to be French. Until the time of Charles II. the ground was called Leicester Fields, and was unenclosed country. It has had many vicissitudes. The Sydneys were the owners of Leicester House, which was built in the neighbourhood for Robert Sydney, Earl of Leicester; and here Pepys came to visit Colbert, the French Ambassador. Here it was, also, that George II. resided when he was Prince of Wales. The house was afterwards joined on to Savile House, where Peter the Great was the guest of Lord Carmarthen. It was looted by the rioters at the time of Lord George Gordon's riots. William Hogarth died in Leicester Square (1764), at the house of his father-in-law, Sir James Thornhill. At No. 47 the great Sir Joshua Reynolds lived for over thirty years. In Allan Cunningham's *Lives of the Painters* we read of Sir Joshua's studio: "His study was octagonal, some twenty feet long by sixteen broad, and about fifteen feet high. The window was small and square, and the sill nine feet from the floor. His sitter's chair moved on castors, and stood above the floor about a foot and a half. He held his palettes by the handle, and the sticks of his brushes were eighteen inches long. He wrought standing, and with great celerity. He rose early, breakfasted at nine, entered his study at ten, examined designs or touched unfinished portraits till eleven brought a sitter, painted till four, then dressed, and gave the evening to company."

There is an amusing sketch which describes the great contrast between the ideas of two great men,



VILLIERS STREET, CHARING CROSS


Rose Barton.

Hogarth and Reynolds. It occurs in Leslie and Taylor's Life of Sir Joshua:—

"Never were two great painters of the same age and country so unlike each other; and their unlikeness as artists was the result of their unlikeness as men; their only resemblance consisting in their honesty and earnestness of purpose. It was not to be expected that they should do each other justice, and they did not. . . . . 'Study the great works of the great masters for ever,' said Reynolds. 'There is only one school,' cried Hogarth, 'and that is kept by Nature.' What was uttered on one side of Leicester Square was pretty sure to be contradicted on the other, and neither would make the advance that might have reconciled the views of both."

Sir Isaac Newton passed some few of his later years at No. 35.

The old square was noted as being a place where duels were often fought. In Thackeray's *Esmond* we read of one between Lord Mohun and Lord Castlewood as having been arranged to be fought at this place. Later, the square began to fall into decay. A friend has told me that he well remembers it as being in a most disreputably dirty condition; the railings broken and twisted out of shape, and the square itself plentifully bestrewn with heaps of refuse, dead cats, and garbage. From this condition it was rescued by the late Baron Albert Grant, who purchased the site, decorated it, in its present form, and gave it to the public—a very excellent act of a much-abused man.

Fetter Lane has been most interesting and marvellously picturesque, with its old gabled houses, so many of which have recently been taken down, giving place to modern and less beautiful buildings.

The quaint old doorways and windows took one back far into the past. Here are "Quality Court," "Fleur-de-Lis Court," and "Bolt Court," where still stands the last house in which Dr Johnson lived, in which he surrounded himself with such a crowd of the impecunious men of the locality, among whom was that genius Oliver Goldsmith. In Boswell's account we are told that Johnson said:—

"I received one morning a message from poor Goldsmith, that he was in great distress, and, as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea, and promised to come to him directly.

I accordingly went as soon as I was dressed, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived that he had already changed my guinea, and had got a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me that he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it and saw its merits, told the landlady I should soon return, and, having gone to a bookseller, sold it for £60. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill." The novel thus dealt with was *The Vicar of Wakefield*.

That "old familiar haunt" of Dr Johnson, The Cheshire Cheese, a tavern "that has sheltered so many men of wit and learning," has survived through many long years, unchanged since the time when the great honest Doctor and his friend Goldsmith regaled themselves, surrounded by their satellites and admirers,—as Hare says, "the most perfect old tavern in London."

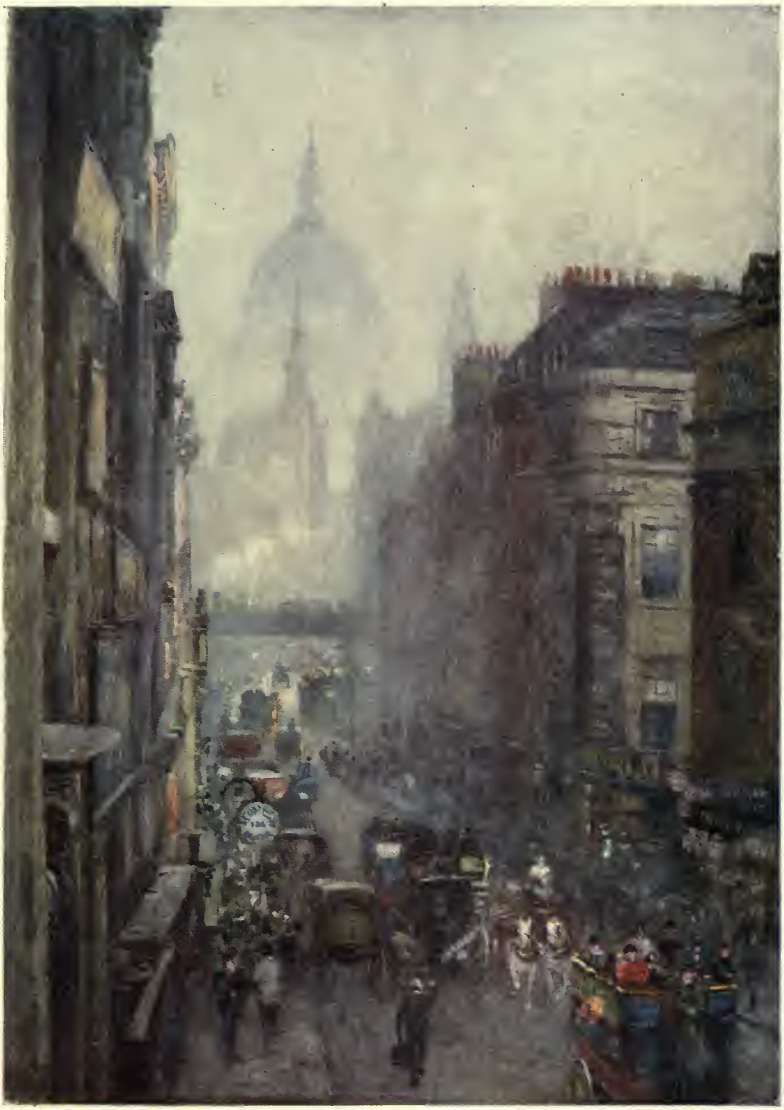
When Johnson lived in Bolt Court he was

surrounded by a bevy of old ladies who were dependent on the charity of a man "whose bearish exterior ever covered a warm heart." In writing to Mr and Mrs Thrale, he says of these ladies, "Williams hates everybody; Levett hates Desmoulins, and does not love Williams; Desmoulins hates them both, and Poll Carmichael loves none of them."

The famous prison of Bridewell, which stood until 1863 in this locality, is depicted in one of Hogarth's pictures of the Harlot's Progress. Here, in the reign of Charles II., died the famous Mrs Cresswell, a great criminal, leaving £20 to a certain preacher of the period on condition that he said nothing but what was good of her. He concluded his sermon with the words, "I am desired by the will of the deceased to mention her, and to say nothing but what is *well* of her. All that I shall say, therefore, is this—that she was born well, lived well, and died well; for she was born a Cresswell, she lived in Clerkenwell, and she died in Bridewell."

There was another famous prison close by, the old Fleet, celebrated for the well-remembered "Fleet marriages." Both these prisons were properly adjacent to that home of thieves and

FLEET STREET



lawless rogues — Alsatia. Dickens describes the incarceration of Mr Pickwick in the Fleet Prison. The Fleet River, from which the prison derived its name, still runs under the roadway, Farringdon Street.

Passing from the east end of Fleet Street, with all its interesting and often unhappy associations, we cross Ludgate Circus to Ludgate Hill, which, were it not for that terrible railway bridge, would be splendidly picturesque. On the left-hand side is Belle Sauvage Yard, where stood the old coaching inn (to which I have already referred); and farther on, on the same side, stands St Martin's Church, the spire of which forms a delicate outline against the solemn background of the great St Paul's.

Mr A. H. Mackmurdo wrote: — "When, in walking up Ludgate Hill, we see the spire of St Martin's brought clear against the dome of the Cathedral, we discern a new majesty in St Paul's, a new inimitable elegance in St Martin's. We see what scale and distance is given to the building behind, by the dark leaden tone of the steeple in front; we see how its slender form and subtle curves give size and boldness to the Cathedral dome. And in return for this good service done, the Mother Church lends the little spire a delicacy and a gentle loveliness surpassing that it would of itself possess."

Not much remains of the old Chapter Coffee-house in Paternoster Row. Record speaks but little of it. Nevertheless, it was frequented by some very celebrated men. Oliver Goldsmith was for several years master of the ceremonies there, and was allotted the seat of honour in the box at the north-east corner of the coffee-room, known as the Witenagemot. Around this box, wit, wisdom, and mirth reigned at all hours of day and night, and at the club meetings frequent and copious were the libations of the famous punch for which the house was celebrated. Poor Chatterton used often to come here. Here, also, it was that the starving clergy assembled, and offered to hold service anywhere "within the boundary" for two-pence and a cup of coffee. Hence the description of them as "threepenny curates."

In 1848 Charlotte and Anne Brontë stayed here on the occasion of their first visit to London. There were many others of great celebrity who frequented the old house, and from the parent gathering of its regular patrons various clubs were formed from time to time. Among these was the Wet Paper Club. The purpose of this select coterie was "to read the journals of the day as delivered fresh and damp from the press, before the primitive process of drying the ink before the coffee-room fire had been gone through," which was supposed to render the papers, in the eyes of these epicurean readers, flat, stale, and unprofitable. "Tokens" used to be issued at the Chapter Coffee-house, which passed current in the neighbourhood, a mitre forming the design. One of these, in leather, is in the valuable collection at the Guildhall Museum. There are others at the British Museum, both in leather and in pewter. The old house was, I believe, taken down about 1854.

IX

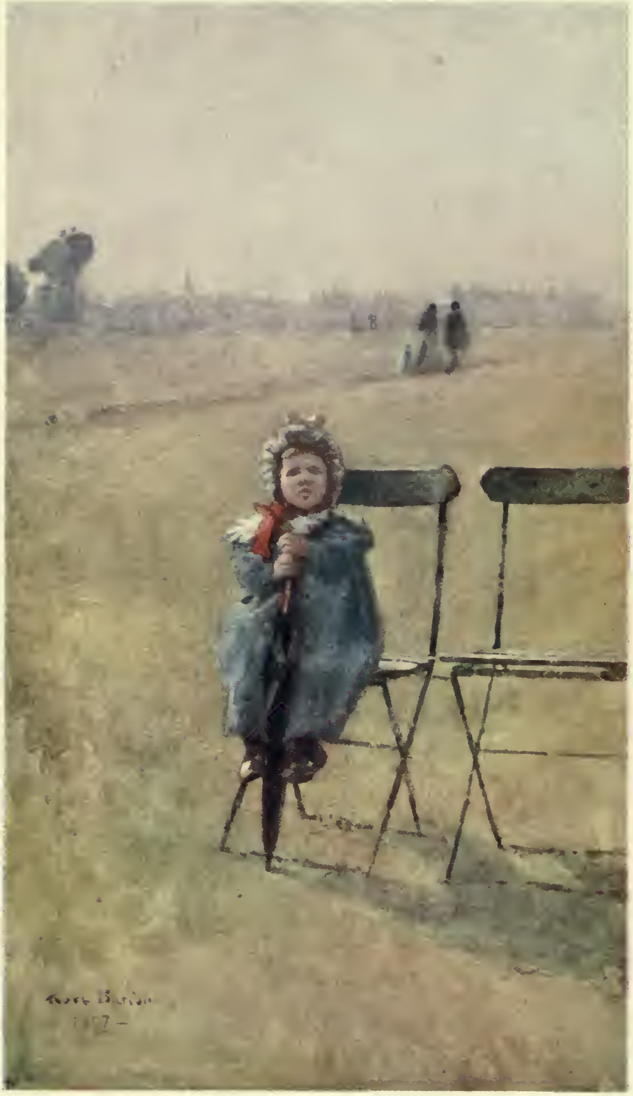
IX

THE SHOPS—THE EAST END—THE POLICE—FOGS—THE DOCKS — KELMSCOTT HOUSE AND MR WILLIAM MORRIS — THE PASSMORE EDWARDS SETTLEMENT — THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL — THE NATIONAL GALLERY

OFTEN I wonder what makes women love London so much. Can it be the shops? I daresay it is. No doubt the shops of London are extremely fascinating. Although we have been called a nation of shopkeepers, it is not so very long since our shops and their attractions were put very much in the shade by those of Paris. This is not so nowadays, for, although in matters of taste in dress I feel that we must yield the palm to our neighbours, our good friends, in France, I think that there can be no place in the world where shopping can be done with more pleasure or satisfaction (provided that your balance at the bank be well on the right side) than in London. What is there in the world that you cannot find in the busy mart of London ? We have everything spread out before our eyes—and at prices suited to meet the capacity of all purses. We pass from the wealth of Bond Street to the less fashionable localities where one picks up " bargains " at such prices as make one wonder how on earth the thing " can be made for the money." The rush to the " sales " is wonderful — a scrimmage. It is amusing to see the thrifty housewife laying in her stores for the coming year, and the delicate diplomacy with which she is tempted is " beyond compare." The clever shopman seems to know by intuition what is wanted, and has the faculty of so impressing you that you must buy what very often you do *not* want, so that often your purse is empty before your requirements are half satisfied. It needs great strength of mind to resist the temptations that are placed before one, and then there is also the delight of getting something at " less than half its value."

Far away from the shopping of the rich we come to the shopping of the poor—quite another matter, but no less interesting to watch ; and the open markets in some of the old streets are splendid

THE LADY IN WAITING


Rose Barton

places in which to study human nature: very pathetic they are, too. There are certain streets where the hawkers have vested rights, which the authorities have wisely upheld. In these you see at night most picturesque scenes — the rows of booths and costers' barrows, each with its pile of goods for sale—fruit and vegetables, fish and meat, tools of all kinds, china and earthenware, flowers, live stock in the shape of dogs, birds, etc.—in fact, a little of everything ;—and the picture that all this makes under the flickering glare of the naphtha lamps, with the crowd of figures around, is more than fascinating.

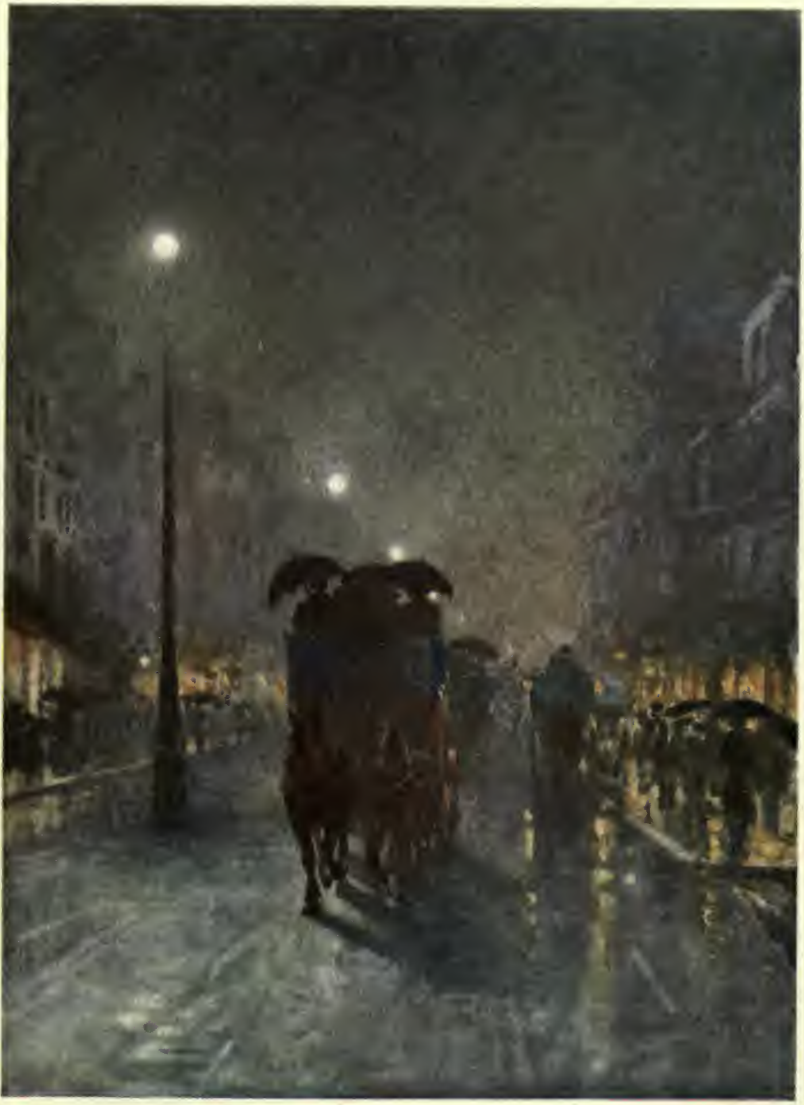
Dickens' descriptions of such scenes and people come before one at every turn in these localities, where the poor do their marketing on Saturday nights. The good-humoured chaff that flies about is delightful. I believe you get really good value for your money in these markets — meat and fish and vegetables of excellent quality. These buyers and sellers are not the very poorest of the poor. To help or to see those you must go quite to the East End of London, into what Montagu Williams described as "a land of beer and blood," where his work of charity was so ably carried out. His description of the manner in which he organised his Depôt for the relief of the suffering poor of the East End is well worth reading, were it only that it might stir up the spirit of emulation. He gives various instances of the many cases that came under his notice during the extreme cold of severe winter, when misery and destitution had been brought about by strikes. Here are some of them:—

"At —— Street, Cambridge Heath, husband, wife, and seven children huddled together in a small back room (rent two shillings and sixpence per week). Husband out of work owing to dispute in the boot trade. Absolutely and literally starving. Children on an old mattress, no bed covering. One child very ill, suffering from pneumonia."

"Family in —— Buildings, Shoreditch. Husband out of work for the same reason. Wife goes into the street to sell oranges. Her face terribly thin and pinched. No fire. Two children; no food to-day. The woman has no under-garments, not even a chemise. Covered by an old bodice and skirt. No boots. Children also nearly naked."

And so on—a long list of cases—the recital of which makes one's heart bleed. Suffering humanity is rife enough, God knows; but when one comes across the fact of tender little children in such dire

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD

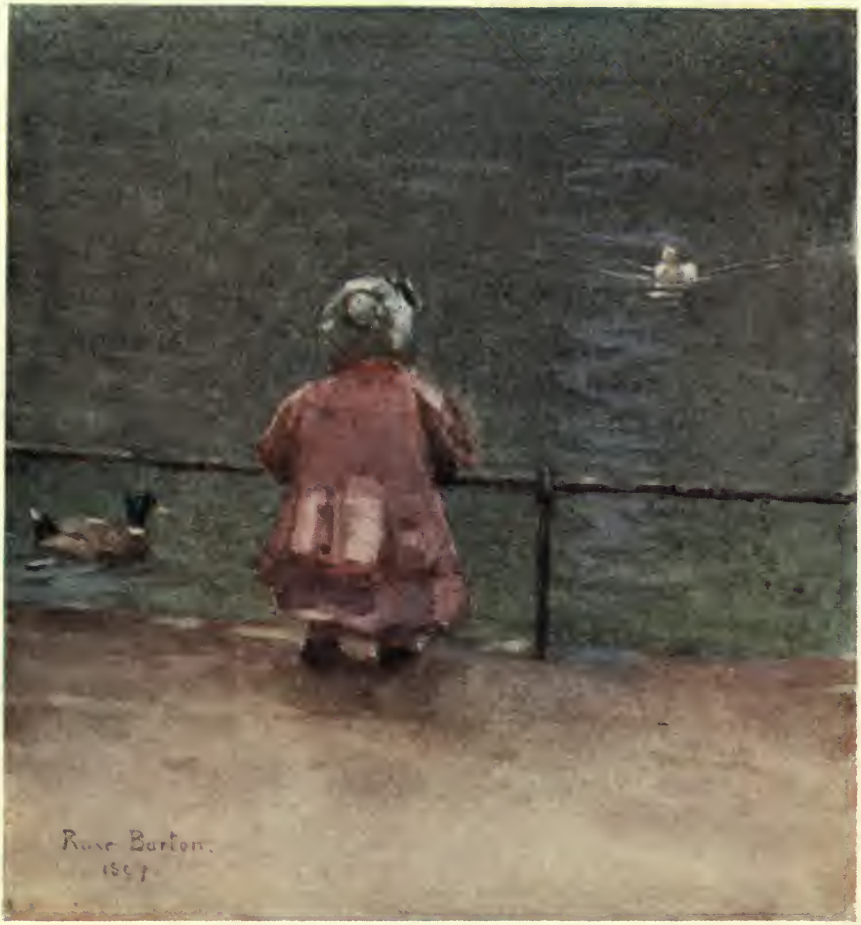


misery, numbed with intense cold, faint or dying from cruel hunger, and smitten with disease, O! it is terrible indeed. Their faith may be great, though sorely tried, their hope must be absolutely gone; but, thank God, there comes in to help them the "greatest of these" three, that beautiful Charity. I feel that Londoners can justly pride themselves on the possession of that great quality—for where in the world does one see so much of it? Possibly it may be, at times, prompted by mere ostentation. But in my own small world I have seen so much of true charity, freely given, not only by the rich to the starving or the suffering, but also held out by the very poor themselves to the destitute,—so often have I seen this helpfulness, that it cheers one in one's sorrow for the poor, and makes one very thankful.

One can hardly speak too highly of the courtesy of the London Police. Once only, in all my wanderings about, have I met with anything approaching to rudeness or incivility. It happened thus:—I had set my heart on painting a little old shop, with a gabled roof, in a street off Holborn. I looked about for a spot from which I could make my sketch, and saw that opposite to the old house stood a "public," closed for repairs and painting.

Two men were working on the front of the house, and I asked them if I might sit inside the window which commanded the view I wanted of the shop. They at once said, "Certainly, ma'am." So in I went, and was soon happily and comfortably at work, and not at all disturbed by the boys who came and stared at me, for the workmen, a painter and a whitewasher, threatened to paint and whitewash them if they were troublesome, and on they trotted. At last, however, a burly policeman appeared on the scene. He stopped, and, after staring rudely enough for some time, said, "If you want to make an exhibition of yourself, hadn't you better wait till between the hours of one and two o'clock, when the street will be more crowded?" Rage and mortification nearly choked me; but I had, fortunately, my sketching pass, which I had received from one of the authorities, in my pocket, and I handed it to the uncivilised creature. His consternation was worth beholding, and his apology was abject; but all my pleasure in my work was destroyed by his senseless discourtesy, and that sketch was never completed.—As I said before, that is the solitary instance in which I have ever met with anything but helpfulness and civility from the police of London.

THREE LITTLE DUCKS


Rose Barton.
1897.

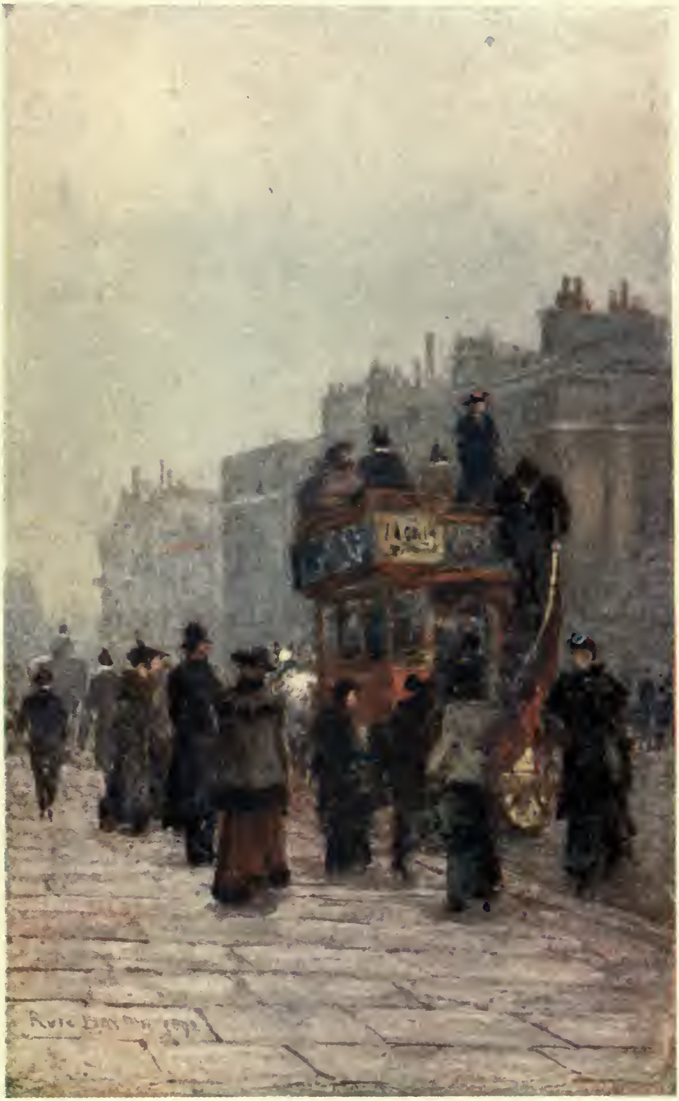
The opaque density of the London fog is at times very wonderful. A friend told me he had to go to call on a man at St Pancras Hotel at about nine o'clock on a winter's night. He went there by the Underground, and got out at Gower Street Station, to walk to the hotel. The fog was exceedingly thick; the gas lamps were invisible until you ran against them. On turning into the main road from the station my friend came into collision with a stout old gentleman, who at once grasped hold of him, saying rather wildly, "Where am I?" On hearing my friend's apology, and his explanation of the exact whereabouts, the old gentleman said, "Good heavens! I am within twenty yards of my lodgings, and I've been groping my way about here for half an hour at least, trying to find the house, and I've lived there for over ten years."

That was the kind of fog that Sam Weller called the "London particular," when the sounds in the streets are all muffled, and the people one meets are seen only for a moment, and then vanish completely, as if they had walked through a wall.

Then, there are strange fogs that float in the upper air above the houses—dense and black, shutting out all light from the sun—when the gas and electric lights rapidly shine out and one can almost fancy that midnight is over us, whereas it is only 10 or 11 a.m. The foreigner is, perhaps naturally, the most severe observer of our atmospheric changes, and he does not seem to appreciate the sombre beauty that is given to our streets by the fogs and the soot of centuries.

The sort of day I confess I do not love in London (in spite of Charles Kingsley) is when, under a leaden sky, a pitiless north-east wind is blowing. Then one sees in every face a misery, a shrinking from the keen and cutting air, that is quite striking. But what a delightful contrast one finds in the cosy fire in one's studio, in one's own ingle-nook, with the kettle on the hob, and that " dish of tea with one's greatest pal " ! Oh ! 'tis all glorious, and one can growl and grumble with a pleasant feeling that really there is sometimes an excuse for an occasional stab at the weather. There is one thing, however, in the winter-time which makes me miserable, and that is to see the struggling and suffering of the horses, with heavy loads behind them, going up an incline on a wooden roadway or on asphalt that is covered with a thin coating of ice or with slimy mud that renders it equally trying and dangerous. Wonderful creatures are our London dray and omnibus horses, so strong

HAMMERSMITH ’BUS



and determined, so patient and so plucky; and one's knowledge of those qualities makes one pity them and long to help them all the more.

But then the spring-time is coming, and the sunshine, and the gentle April shower; and the crocuses and daffodils will peep out after their winter slumbers, and flaunt once more before our eyes the glory of their purple and their gold.

I must not pass over the subject of the London omnibus. What an institution it is for people who, like myself, cannot afford the luxury of a barouche, or a victoria, and certainly not a motor car! As Mr Gladstone put it, where can one see London and London life so well as "from the top of a 'bus"? An omnibus is such a place, too, in which to study character, and very often anatomy, for it seems to be the vehicle *par excellence* for the two extremes of "fat and lean kine." Carlyle was wont to use the humble 'bus, generally wearing his broad-brimmed white hat. On one occasion, when he got out at his destination, one of the "insides" said to the conductor, "Queer hat that old gentleman wears!" "Ah! p'r'aps it *is* a queer 'at; but, lor', what would you give for such an 'ead as is inside it?"

Comparatively few people know anything of the grandeur and beauty of the London docks, the great treasure-house of the world. To the port of London comes the wealth of half the globe—the produce of the gardens of the East, and of the farms and ranches of Australia, America, New Zealand. To them come the wines of fair Burgundy and the Medoc, of Spain and Portugal, and (in more recent years) of California and Australia; tea from John Chinaman, and from India; vegetables and fruits, meat and meal, from East and West; provisions of every kind, raw and manufactured material for our looms and shops, and a thousand other things. Here one sees that forest of masts which so appealed to Turner as a boy. Here are crowded the leviathan vessels of the world—those great argosies that come to our shores, to this great trysting-place of the globe, laden with the treasures of every land, to feed the greedy man of London Town. Aye: a truly wonderful place is our London; and, seeing it as it is, and knowing the sturdy character of its children, one can the more fully appreciate the words of the great Napoleon, who, when he was contemplating the invasion of England, said, "Yes: I can land my men there; but I should never get them back again."

> Lord of the world's great waste, the ocean, we
> Whole forests send to reign upon the sea.

Sad ground, too, around the docks, when one contemplates the many tears that have fallen on its dust, from eyes that were never again to look upon the fathers and sons and husbands they loved so well, who had waved their last good-bye when they went to shed their blood so freely for the Fatherland.

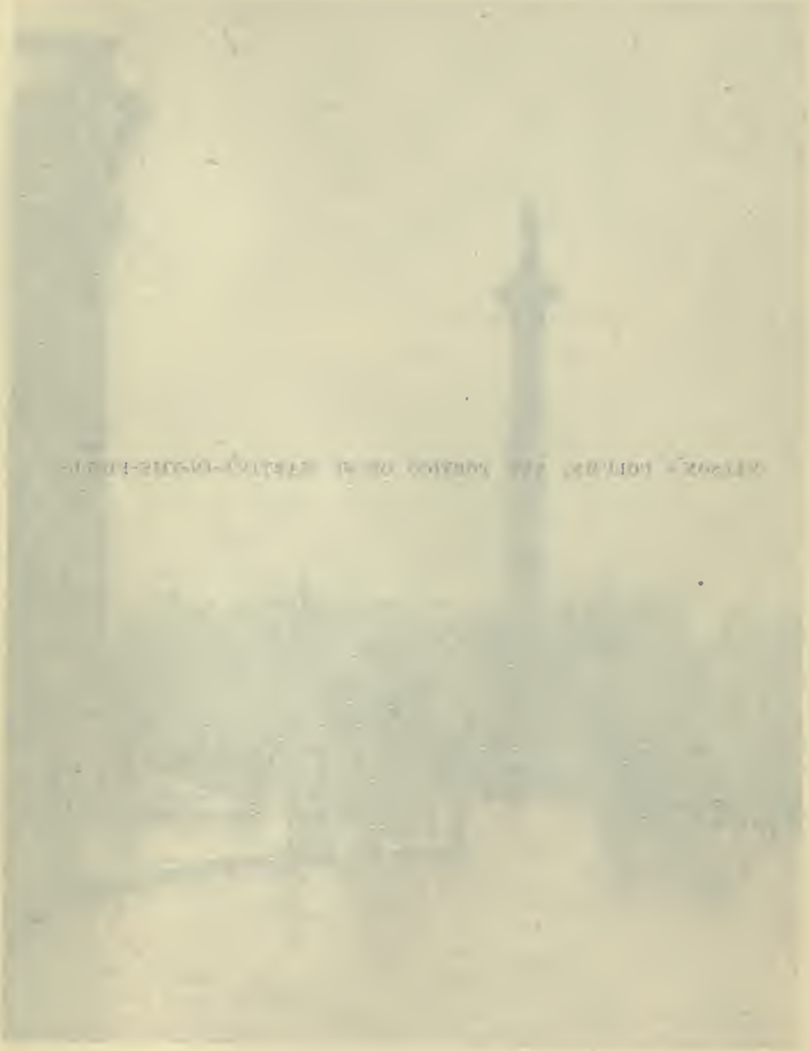
The wonderful glamour of the Thames seems centralised here; and it is weirdly beautiful to see the great "liner" towed out through the dock gates, and then to watch her floating down the stream suffused in golden light, or wrapped in hazy mist, until she sinks from sight into the dim uncertainty of the future. Then, when we turn back from the "laughing, weeping" crowd, we crush down our sadness, for we see the great dome of St Paul's, standing up in tranquil dignity, and telling us that our God is ever watchful over our lives, and that we, little atoms, are in the hand of Him whose name is Love.

I once had the pleasure of passing some hours at Kelmscott House, where lived William Morris, the poetic socialist, who was so closely associated with Burne-Jones, Holman Hunt, and Rossetti. I was making a sketch of the fine old Elizabethan house, when Morris unexpectedly arrived. I had an order to work there; but I was personally unknown to Mr Morris, and he was somewhat surprised, no doubt, to find the privacy of his garden invaded by a total stranger. I at once told him how I had gained admission, and he was courtesy itself. He took me all over the old house, showing me the points of interest in a delightful manner. He used to frequent the neighbourhood of Bloomsbury, where, in various houses, he lived from time to time.

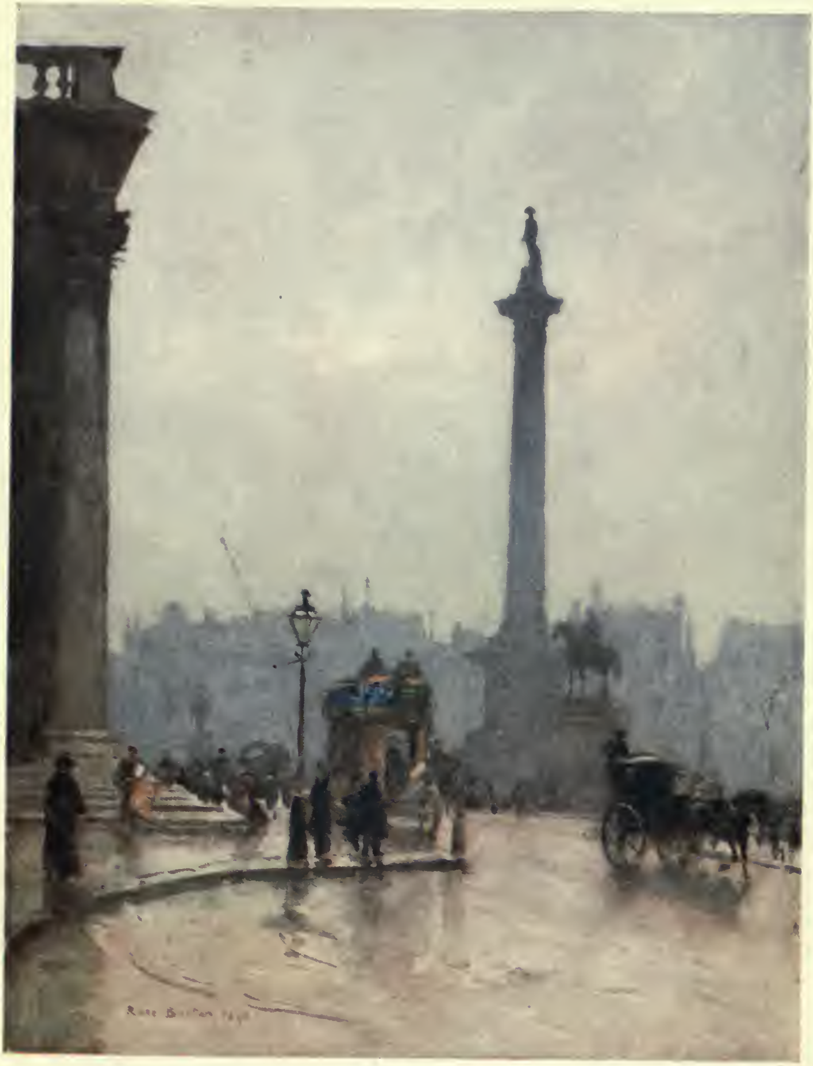
In Great Ormond Street stands the Working Men's College, with which Ruskin and Rossetti were closely connected as lecturers, and whose students were so strongly imbued with the doctrines of William Morris.

Then, there is the Passmore Edwards Settlement in Tavistock Place, where the love of Art, universal brotherhood, and *work* were so properly inculcated. These men knew the value and consolation of earnest work, of which Carlyle in *Past and Present* writes so forcibly:—

"But it is to you, ye workers, who do already work, and are as grown men, noble and honourable in a sort, that the whole world calls for new work and nobleness. Subdue mutiny, discord, widespread despair, by manfulness, justice, mercy, and



NELSON'S COLUMN, AND PORTICO OF ST MARTIN'S-IN-THE-FIELDS


Rose Barton

wisdom. Chaos is dark, deep as Hell; let light be, and there is instead a green flowery world. Oh, it is great, and there is no other greatness. To make some nook of God's creation a little fruitfuller, better, more worthy of God; to make some human hearts a little wiser, manfuller, happier—more blessed, less accursed! It is work for a God. Sooty Hell of mutiny and savagery and despair can, by man's energy, be made a kind of heaven; cleared of its soot, of its mutiny, of its need to mutiny; the everlasting arch of Heaven's azure overspanning it, too . . . . God and all men looking on it well pleased."

Darwin lived in 12 Upper Gower Street, as it was then called. He evidently disliked London much, though he was alive to its fascination in some measure; for he writes:—

"We are living a life of extreme quietness. What you describe as a secluded spot is, I will answer for it, quite dissipated compared with Gower Street. We have given up all parties, for they agree with neither of us; and if one is quiet in London, there is nothing like it for quietness. . . . . There is a grandeur about its smoky fogs, and the dull distant sound of cabs and coaches: in fact, you may perceive that I am becoming a thorough-paced Cockney, and I glory in the thought that I shall be here for the next six months."

In *The Newcomes* Thackeray mentions an old art school which he refers to under the name of "Gandish's." Frith and Millais were both there. It was conducted by a Mr Sass, and I believe it still survives.

The Millais family were residing, at the time of Sir John's boyhood, in Gower Street. Holman Hunt's description of the Millais establishment is charming:—

"It [alluding to the studio] was comfortably furnished with artistic objects tastefully arranged. . . . . The son put his hand on his father's shoulder and the other on his mother's chair, and said: 'They both help me, I can tell you. He's capital! and does a lot of useful things. Look what a good head he has! I have painted several of the old doctors from him. By making a little alteration and putting a beard on him he does splendidly, and he sits for hands and draperies, too; and as for Mamma, she finds me all I want in the way of dresses, and makes them up for me. She reads to me, too, at times, and finds out whatever I want to know at the British Museum library.

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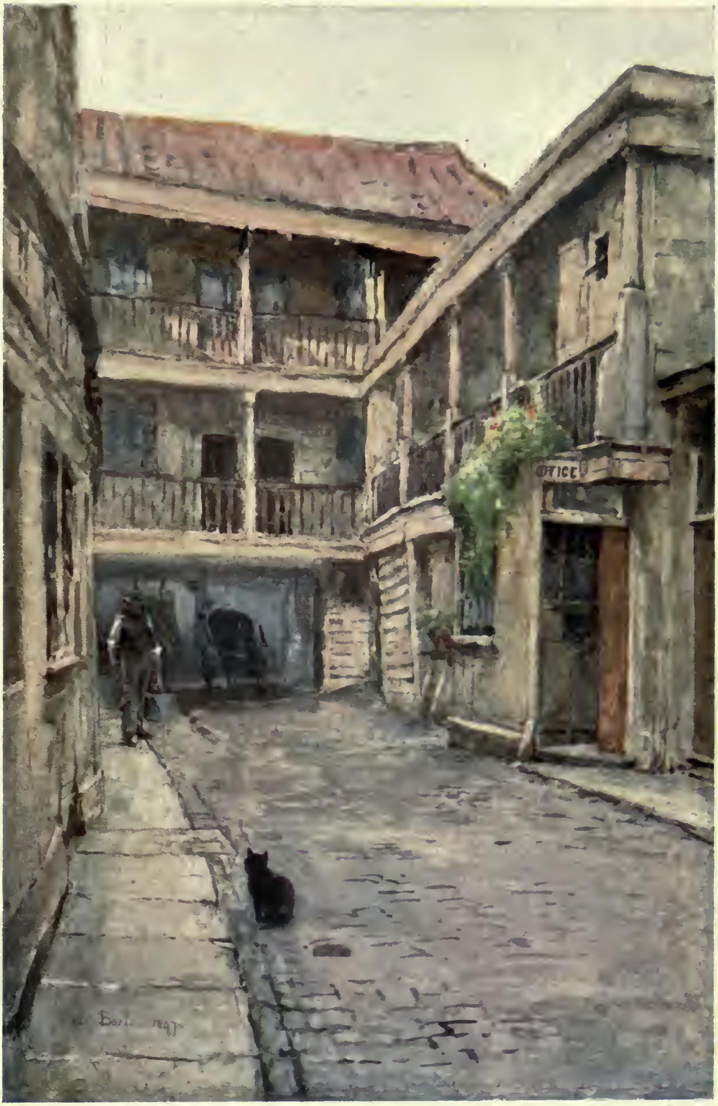
BELL INN, HOLBORN

An old coaching inn, pulled down in 1898.



She's very clever, I can tell you,' and he stooped down and rubbed his curly head against her forehead, and then patted the 'old daddy,' as he called him, on the back."

The world of Literature, as well as that of Art, has been largely peopled by the children of Bloomsbury. Carlyle lived here for some time. *Bleak House* was written here. Shelley, Ruskin, and that amusing journalist, G. A. Sala, also lived here.

Where in London can one hear more beautifully pathetic music than at the chapel of the Foundling Hospital? It has appealed very forcibly to many hearts. I knew, long years ago, a dear old soldier (he was major of one of our most renowned line regiments) who told me that he used, when in Town, to go there every Sunday and listen to the children singing, and that he could never keep back his tears. This was a man who had been all through the dismal horrors of the Indian Mutiny; but he had the heart of a child, and the devotion of his men to him was splendid.

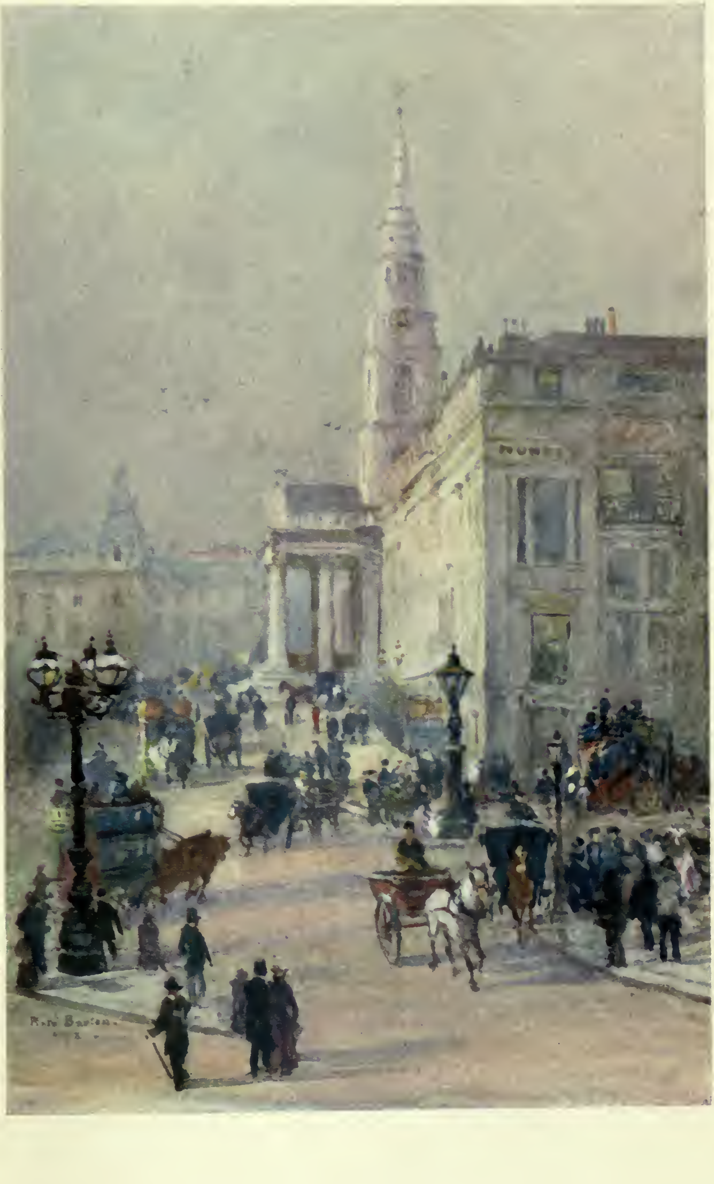
In *Little Dorrit* Dickens makes Mrs Meagles describe the scene thus:—

"Oh dear, dear" (she sobbed), "when I saw all those children ranged tier above tier, and appealing from the father none of them has ever known on earth, to the Great Father of us all in Heaven, I thought, Does any wretched mother ever come here, and look among those young faces, wondering which is the child she brought into this forlorn world, never through its life to know her love, her kiss, her face, her voice, even her name?"

The treasure-houses of London are manifold. We have in our National Gallery a collection of pictures which, from many points of view, stands unequalled. Founded in 1824, it has grown year by year, until now the mass of artistic wealth that lies stored within its walls is stupendous. Besides, there is now the National Portrait Gallery, founded in 1856, under the ægis of the late Prince Consort. In 1889 Mr William Henry Alexander offered to build, at his own expense, a Gallery, provided the Government would grant a site. This munificent offer was met by the grant of the site on which the Gallery now stands. It was erected at the cost of £96,000, of which Mr Alexander contributed £80,000. It was opened to the public in 1896. Carlyle wrote:—

"In all my poor historical investigations it has been, and always is, one of the most primary wants to procure a bodily likeness of the personage inquired after—a good portrait, if such exists;

ST MARTIN'S-IN-THE-FIELDS


Rose Barton

failing that, even an indifferent if sincere one. In short, any representation made by a faithful human creature, of that face and figure which he saw with his eyes, and which I can never see with mine, is now invaluable to me, and much better than none at all. It has always struck me that historical portrait galleries far transcend in worth all other kinds of national collections of pictures whatever ; that, in fact, they ought to exist in every country, as among the most popular and cherished national possessions. Lord Chancellor Clarendon made a brave attempt in that kind for England ; but his house and Gallery fell asunder in a sad way."

The number of portraits is now considerable, and a mere ramble through the various rooms is altogether insufficient. Many days must we spend before we can digest what is spread before our eyes. This applies, much more strongly, to the National Gallery itself, and many books might be, and are, written on the subject. It is one of deep interest, full of the romance of history. It takes one back into the lives of the painters of all nations, and of all schools,—back to their struggles, their successes, their sorrows, their joys. And then the history of the pictures themselves is fascinating in the extreme. How some of them have passed from glory to degradation, but, happily, only to emerge therefrom, as a solace to our hearts and a delight to our eyes!

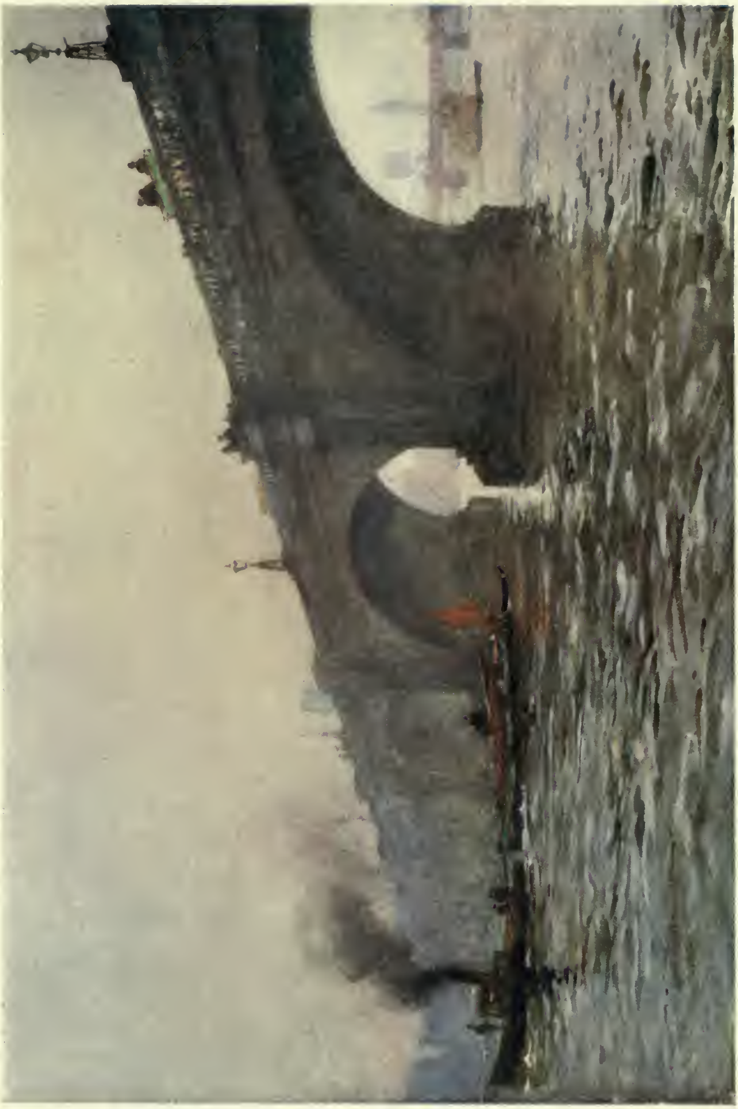
Waterloo Bridge, built early in the nineteenth century, seems to me the most beautiful of all the bridges that span the Thames, and this I say in spite of Ruskin's carping and somewhat contradictory criticism. He writes, of the arch under which passes the roadway of the Embankment, "As vast, it alone, as the Rialto at Venice, and scarcely less seemly in proportions." He goes on to say that it "is nothing more than a gloomy and hollow heap of wedged blocks of blind granite." Surely this is an unreasonable and hypercritical judgment?

Alas! the old-time beauties of London Bridge are gone, never to return; and, although the beauty of the present bridge consists chiefly in its great simplicity, one can hardly say more, from the æsthetic point of view, than that it is of excellent proportions.

The Tower Bridge is perhaps the most impressive of all—though by no means the most beautiful. As an engineering feat it is great indeed, and with its immensity is combined the idea of prodigious strength coupled with a grace and harmony of outline that delight and astonish one.

WATERLOO BRIDGE

Waterloo Bridge, built by John Rennie, 1811–1817, and opened on the second anniversary of the battle of Waterloo.



It seems to be much in keeping, too, with its environs, and has nothing offensive in its practical modernity. It looks, with its two massive towers, like what it really is, a great triumphal arch, through which pass the grand old river and the men and the ships that have made Old England what she is. Oh! the splendour of it all—(ah! the misery too)—of this, the richest and the greatest City the world has ever seen!

And now I must say Good-bye to dear old London, with all its wealth and all its poverty, with all its happiness and all its woe, with all its darkness and all its light. It has ever been to me a most enthralling place, not only on account of its intense attractions from an artistic point of view, but also from what it has always taught me to feel so strongly—how little and feeble each one of us is, and that therefore there comes the stronger necessity to try and work aright.

O what a glory doth this world put on
For him who with a fervent heart goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed, and days well spent!
For him the wind, ay, and the yellow leaves,
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings.
He shall so hear the solemn hymn that Death
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go
To his long resting-place, without a tear.

These pages that I have written are inadequate, incomplete. One's eye sees so much that it cannot fathom; one's heart and one's mind feel so much that can be uttered in no mere words; one feels, but one cannot express, the beauty, the grandeur, the might and power, that lie before one in the Capital of the British Empire. As Shelley says,—

> London: that great sea whose ebb and flow
> At once is deaf and loud, and on the shore
> Vomits its wrecks, and still howls on for more;
> Yet in its depths what treasures!

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